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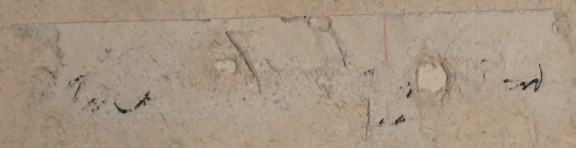
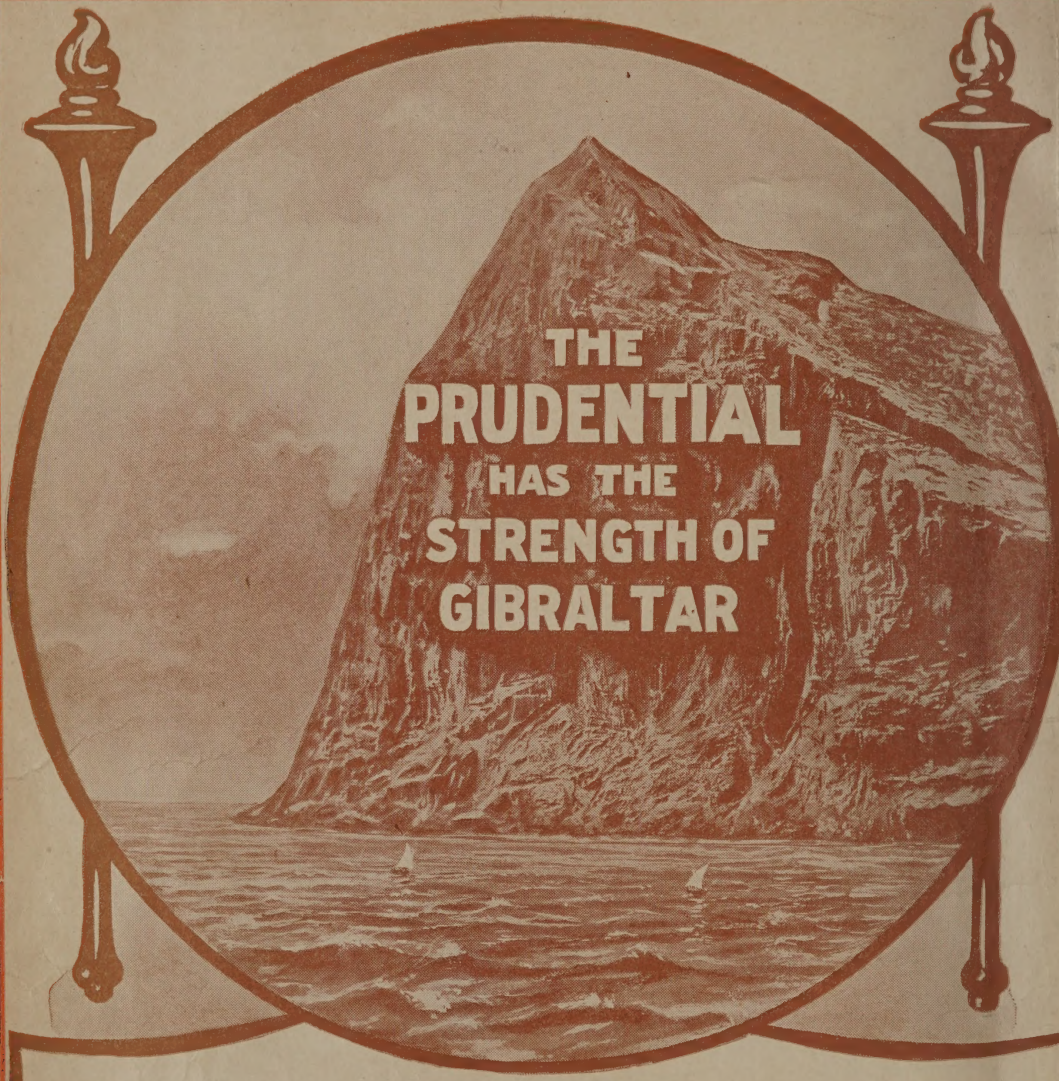


JULY, 1904

DONAHOE'S

HAWTHORNE'S DAUGHTER



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME LII.

Period
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1904

INDEX.

PROSE.

Afternoon in the Sunny South. (An) ..... *A. V. D. Waterson* 423
Afternoon with Pius X. (An) Illus ..... *Marie Donegan Walsh* 195
American Federation of Catholic Societies ..... *Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D.* ... 87
Bit of Irish Road. (A) Story ..... *Maude Regan* 234
British Distaste for Irish Genius ..... *John J. O'Shea* 468
Brought Back. Story ..... *Magdalen Rock* 289
Catholic Co-operation in Public Library Stations Illus. ..... *Mary B. O'Sullivan* 359
Catholic Indian Missions. Illus ..... *Jeanne Klache* 307
Catholic Students in Japan. Illus ..... *Rev. James A. Walsh* 537
Champlain Summer School Assembly. Illus ..... *Herbert Young* 123
Chauncey Olcott's Irish Drama. Illus ..... *John Talbot Smith* 77
Christmas Thought. (A) ..... *Cardinal Gibbons* 515
College Life for Catholic Women 282
Coming and Going of Billy Maguire. Story ..... *Rev. Hugh F. Blunt* 41
Consecration and Re-opening of Armagh Cathedral. Illus ..... *Nora Tynan O'Mahony* 260
Cup With the Blue Flowers. (The) Story ..... *Gabriel Francis Powers* 108
Daughter of Kings. (A) Story ..... *Katherine Tynan*, 62, 155, 208, 369, 426, 546
Depletion of Ireland ..... *Dr. R. Howley* 33
Eastern Wards. (Our) ..... *Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J.* 329
Episoding at the World's Fair ..... *M. B. O'Sullivan* 180
Experience of Folk Song Collecting. (My) ..... *Edith Wheeler* 448
Features of the World's Fair. (Some) Illus ..... *Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J.* 170
First University in the Louisiana Purchase (The) Illus ..... *Sullivan Osborne* 411
Fiske Season in New York. Illus ..... *John Talbot Smith* 350
Foreign Plays on the American Stage. Illus ..... *John Talbot Smith* 478
Forgiven Trespass. (The) Story ..... *Edward F. Harkins* 556
Fraulein Forschhammer's Studio. Illus ..... *E. M. Lynch* 217

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Guido's Acre. Story ..... *Mary Agnes Tincker* 229
Guiseppina. Story ..... *Frank H. Sweet* 393
Hawthorne's Daughter. Illus ..... *Herbert Young* 3
Homespun Drama. Illus ..... *John Talbot Smith* 559
Irish Country Post-Office. (The) Illus ..... *Seumas MacManus* 567
Irish Industries ..... *Seumas MacManus* 204
Irish School of Medicine ..... *James J. Walsh, Ph.D.* 338, 531
James O'Neill, Actor. Illus ..... *John Talbot Smith* 221
John O'Leary: The Veteran of Two Revolutionary Movements. Illus ..... *Curtis O'Leary* 585
Juvenile Spendthrifts. Illus ..... *Mary B. O'Sullivan* 614
Leading Tenor of English Grand Opera. Illus ..... *John Talbot Smith* 148
Leo XIII.—The Last Memory ..... *Marie Donegan Walsh* 489
Little Ones. (The) Illus ..... *William J. Fischer* 49
Mail Coaches in Italy. Illus ..... *E. M. Lynch* 358
Marguerite. Story ..... *Susan Gavan Duffy* 346
Mary in Bethlehem. Illus ..... *J. Gertrude Menard* 605
Maureen's Dowry. Story ..... *Nora O'Mahony* 12
Melodies That Stir Men's Hearts ..... *Frank H. Sweet* 74
Memory of Monsignor Merry del Val ..... *Sara Deane* 327
Method of Teaching Irish History ..... *Rev. J. J. Burke* 131
Mitherless Bairn. (A) ..... *Cecilia Martin* 397
National Problems. Illus 275
O'Connell and Parnell ..... *M. Desmond* 84
One Called of God. Story ..... *Maude Lawry* 71
One Sinner. (The) Story ..... *Grace Keon* 316
On the Wings of Song. Story ..... *Rev. Hugh F. Blunt* 575
Our Lady Immaculate. Illus ..... *Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J.* 516
Our Polar Possessions. Illus ..... *James Connolly* 241
Our True Position ..... *Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D.*, 91, 140, 280, 388, 474, 580
Parisian Brook Farm. (A) Illus ..... *Anna Seaton Schmidt* 437
People in Print. Illus 27, 121, 269, 378, 485, 609
Philippine Exhibit ..... *L. F. K.* 179
Portrait and a Prayer. (A) Story ..... *Martina Lamb* 498
Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary Life *Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I.* ..19, 133, 256, 398, 455, 606
St. Louis: The Man, the Monarch, the Saint. Illus. *Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J.* 99
St. Patrick's Purgatory. Illus ..... *Cahir Healy* 461
St. Rose's Settlement. Illus ..... *Margaret E. Jordan* 597

Summer Days. (From) Story.....*Anna C. Minogue*..... 251
"Un Canadien Errant." Story.....*J. Gertrude Menard*..... 525
Une Rose Effeuillee. Illus.....*S. L. Emery*..... 383

POETRY.

Baby Lawrence.....*S. L. Emery*..... 328
Black River. (The).....*Roderick Gill*..... 345
Brown Thrush. (Little).....*Helen Hughes*..... 120
Chord. (The).....*Martha Marie Hildreth*..... 504
Christus Consolator.....*Caroline D. Swan*..... 11
Christmastide .....*Helen Hughes*..... 545
Day. (A).....*Magdalen Rock*..... 467
Death of St. Francis.....*John Romaine*.....26
Heart of the Woods.....*William J. Fischer*..... 392
Heralds of Christmas Harmony. Illus.....*Mary West*..... 613
Kinship. .....*Charlotte Callahan*.....10
Lament. .....*Alice Furlong*..... 147
Legends. .....*Rev. Lucian Johnston*..... 473
Mary in Bethlehem. Illus.....*J. Gertrude Menard*..... 605
Moon-Bheg-Dhown. .....*Rev. James B. Dollard*..... 422
Power of Wealth.....*Edward F. Benson*..... 61
O Christmas Morn.....*Mary Allegra Gallagher*..... 605
One True Barque.....*Thomas A. Walsh*..... 460
Rondel. .....*Magdalen Rock*..... 447
Rose. (The).....*Mary M. Redmond*..... 203
Saint Uncanonized. (A).....*J. Gertrude Menard*..... 40
Song: In October.....*Maurice Francis Egan*..... 377
"Sorrow's Crown."....*Mary G. Manahan*..... 472
Teresa of Jesus.....*M. S. Pine*..... 368
"Three Stones of Islay."....*Florence M. Wilson*..... 17
To a Little Maid. Illus.....*S. L. Emery*..... 594
To a Slipper.....*Ruth Sterry*..... 344
To One That Died.....*J. T. Gallagher*..... 132
Trusting. .....*Mary M. Redmond*..... 367
Two Quatrains.....*William J. Fischer*..... 207
With Falling Leaf.....*Elizabeth Kelly*..... 524

DEPARTMENTS.

Book Reviews. 94, 190, 302, 404, 505, 621
Question Box. 96, 192, 304, 406, 510, 626

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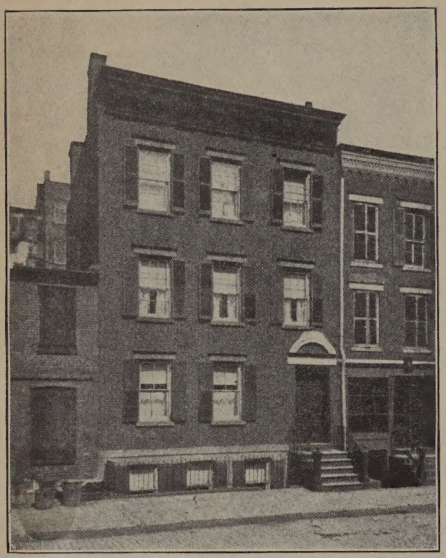
HAWTHORNE'S DAUGHTER.

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

The shifting sands of time have not disturbed the secure foundation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's glory. He holds a safe place in the temple of immortality, where the statues must be of adamantine resistance to the scorn of men. Nothing better pleases a generation than to throw into time's dust-heap the gods of its fathers. When Hawthorne's fame was very young the image-breaker of the time was Margaret Fuller. She pronounced judgment on all the gods of literary America, and prophesied woe to Longfellow in that twentieth century which she was neither to see nor to reach by fame. She admired Emerson, and also bored him with long speeches. She mistook a change of literary expression called by Carlyle "bottled moonshine," for a revolution; Longfellow, and all admirers of the mediæval, she consigned to eternal oblivion; Rome meant for her barbarism; when she married her Italian, Ossoli, and went to live in Italy, she wrote nasty and misleading letters on the Roman situation to the New York Tribune. These helped to give Horace Greeley a reputation among American Catholics, which did him harm in the sad days of his presidential campaign. Emerson and Bryant in her eyes owned the future. She had a share in the establishing of that Roman Republic which forced Pius IX. to fly to Gaeta and remain in exile two years. In the fall of the Pope she saw her visions come true; in the destruction of the mediæval capital, in the rise of the Republic, she thought she saw a sign of the regeneration of the world after her plan.

The twentieth century is here, and Margaret Fuller is not. Even her prophecies are forgotten. Emerson and Bryant are fading from the general view. Longfellow sits secure on his throne. The Roman Republic is recalled with a laugh. The Pope is still a power, even greater, as regards the non-Catholic world, than in 1850. The mediæval, in her sense, is stronger than ever. The Catholic Church is a power for good in the United States. That part of American literature which has survived the shocks of time is nearest in sympathy and expression to the mediæ-

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



ST. ROSE'S HOME, CHERRY STREET.

val spirit. In reading Longfellow for the first time it is impossible to escape the conviction that he is a Catholic; the work of Hawthorne is penetrated with the spirit of the fourteenth century; and his greatest book is that romance of Monte Beni, written in the shadow and in the spirit of Rome. Unfortunate Margaret Fuller! Her pet republic crumbled as she looked on, the ship which carried her home with husband and child went down in a storm off the Long Island shore, and the world which she had portrayed for this century has been engulfed by unforeseen tempests.

The Transcendental coterie obliterated the Christian principle in their scheme of regeneration. Or, rather, the principle itself fell dead of inanition, and they simply removed the carcass from the public highway. Imagine, then, Margaret Fuller moon-eyed with astonishment and scorn over Rose Hawthorne in her garb of Dominican Tertiary nursing the sick in a convent hospital. It is surprising enough to find the Puritan turning with melting heart into a papal Christian; and the more exquisitely Puritan the more tenderly Catholic. But to us of the faith more remarkable still is the Puritan convert's keen sense of the beauty and power of the Church, the keen sense of sacramental grace and efficiency. Mrs. Seton not only brings her entire family into the fold, but also breathes life into a wonderful community in behalf of the young, the sick, and the deserted. Bishop Ives directs his best energies to the founding of the famous Catholic Protectory, which to-day guards and educates over three thousand children. Brownson preaches the gospel by the printed word to a generation that almost despised printing while it admired him. Father Hecker burns to reach the non-Catholic masses, and finally starts the engine which in the charge of Father Elliot promises wonders. And Hawthorne's daughter devotes herself to the poor suffering from cancer.

Misfortune left Rose Hawthorne freed from all ties, perhaps ten years ago; death took her only child and her husband, and closed her home in New London. That sorrowful freedom she immediately consecrated to the most wretched among the poor. If you have any dread of inevitable death by the ordinary forms, fever, pneumonia, heart failure, betake yourself to the tenements and console and study the human being dying of cancer. Then will you greet pneumonia as a blessed messenger, and heart failure as a direct interposition of God. Since man must die, it is seemly that his exit be made with dignity and decency, if not quite so coolly as Bryant would have it: Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams. But to have the grave reach up and seize your flesh before the time, to begin corrupting while life thrills the blood, to smell of the charnel-house, and to repel the human kind in horror, even as the ancient leper; to become dreadful to those that love you, abhorrent to all others, and to carry about

your shame in the narrow, mean, hopeless limits of a tenement-house: the mind faints before the merest details of this misfortune.

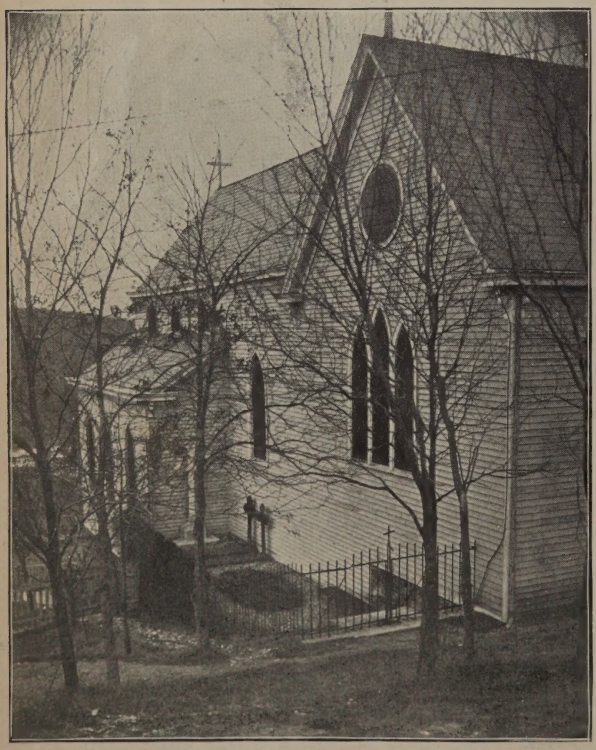
Government charity has not yet found its way to this calamity; it has hardly discovered how to deal with the acute cases of sickness. Its advocates, I believe, are often loud in proclaiming their ability to manage the whole body of human suffering without the co-operation of individuals. In the two cases of consumption and cancer government has done next to nothing for sufferers, and the patients are nursed until death in their own homes. Such nursing! Not to be sneered at, since it is prompted by affection! Yet what attention can the poor give to their sick, after earning a day's wages, and the work of to-morrow awaiting them? Even when affection finds a way to do something, ignorance leaves it only half done. Where affection fails, as it easily does under too heavy a burden, where strength is lacking, where skill and intelligence are absent, the cancer patient is only a few degrees removed from the outcast and abandoned lepers of ancient Palestine. Of all these

ONE OF THE PARLORS AT ROSARY HILL HOME.

Hawthorne's daughter made herself the servant. She dwelt in the slums and sought out the patients in their homes, discovering conditions too sad for description; with her helpers she redressed the wounds of corruption, and endeavored to throw about the sufferers at least the appearance of hope; and where it was possible stirred into life the hope of a nearing heaven.

Her mission aroused some curiosity at the time, and reporters called on her in the shabby quarters of her infirmary. Their surprise, incredulity, and kindly scorn illustrated one phase of American thinking. Charity for many begins with the State. They cannot understand individual enterprise and devotion. It means for them lack of system, overwork, and poor results. If there be need of charity for a widespread condition, this sort of American would apply to the State legislature, get all the money necessary, equip a fine hospital, and see that every official in it received adequate compensation. The reporters who visited the infirmary wrote of it indulgently, with sympathy of course, but quite without knowledge: and their words suggested that the work was superfluous, and the lady eccentric. The woman reporter in the case reminded us that the Hawthornes were often queer, and quoted a local curbstone critic to the effect that this particular Hawthorne was insane.

Nevertheless the work found an unoccupied field, and in time the foundress secured a house in Cherry Street, which had been the nest of gentility sixty years ago. The East River and the park were part of the horizon. I went there one autumn afternoon, curious about the venture, interested in this unexpected phase of character. The charm of the New London home lingered in my memory, from a fleeting glimpse years before; and one does not easily bridge the gap between the boudoir and the charnel-house. In this instance there was no bridge. The same personality presided and had simply brought the wretched into the boudoir. The ancient house touched the heart by its simplicity and its pathos. Whatever had been its history, some worthiness must have marked it to win this distinction as a climax. It was now the home of divine courage, of heroic charity, of resignation under the severest affliction. The nurses were dressed in the rough but picturesque and serviceable costumes of Holland peasants. The grewsome did not show, and the odor of death was absent. If one had not known, the refuge might have passed for a convalescent home, where hope of release solaced the slow return to health.



LITTLE CEMETERY OF THE FATHERS, ROSARY HILL HOME.

The experience of Hawthorne's daughter and her companions in labor revealed some depths in human suffering for which there was no necessity, which the generous stood ready to relieve, but about which nothing seemed to be known. As a rule, in great cities where misery abounds, only the insistent, one might say the

brazen, can get help from public charity for the asking: a sufferer must drop on the street, as it were, or endure the worry of proving himself deserving by law and testimony, before he can secure aid. And this happens, not because there is any lack of charity, or unwillingness to help, but because of the numerous sick and also because of the crowd of impostors. As for the cancerous patients, able to go about a long time, healthy looking, for them there was no room in any inn. Sad conditions were found. The dreaded disease destroyed natural affection. The nearest relatives, the friends of the sufferers, fearful of catching the disorder, often declined to aid in caring for them, and tried hard to get rid of them in any fashion. No care and no neatness was employed in dressing the cancerous parts, with the result of increasing pain, odor, and excessive corruption. As a rule the patients were found to be superior in character to the rest of the family, and had fallen into the disease by their devoted over-work in behalf of them they loved. In the end they were ignored, despised as lepers, and in many cases deserted.

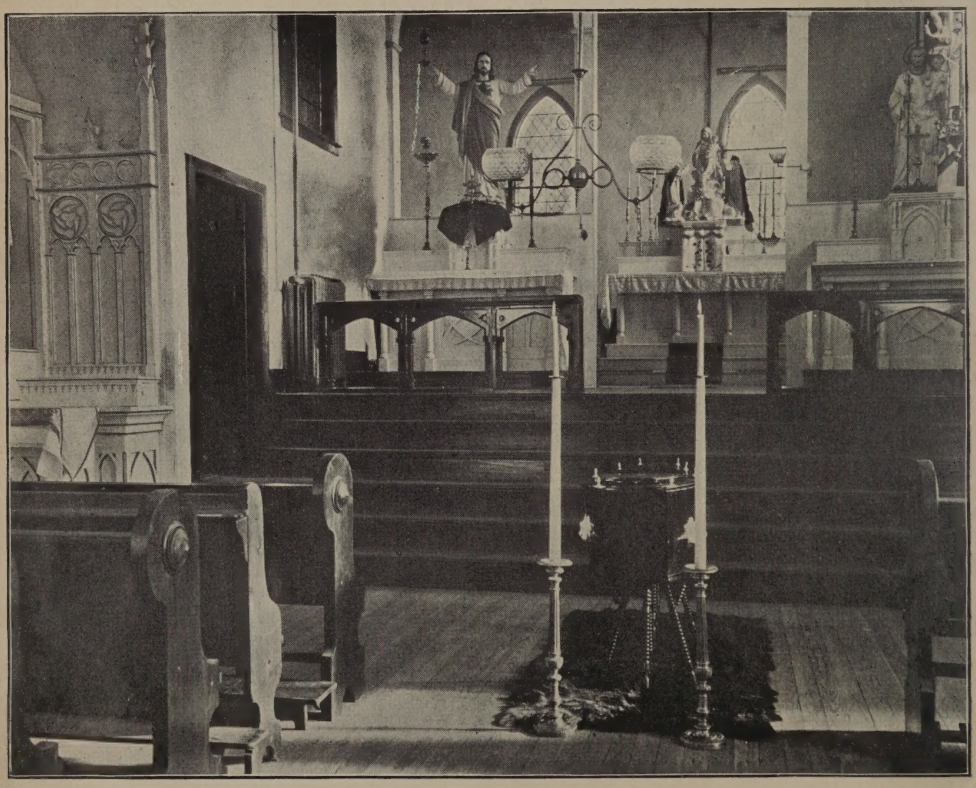
The little home in Cherry Street, too small for the nurses, yet caring for half a score of boarders, besides the out-door patients, proved by its neatness, fragrance, refinement, how much could be done to ease this most terrible form of suffering.

BACK VIEW OF ROSARY HILL HOME.

The more deeply the nurses went into their good work the wider and lovelier grew the field to their vision. The Head firmly believed that the charitable would most willingly support her scheme, when they knew the facts: and after turning her own income into it made her appeal. Up to this time it has not failed. For years there was the usual doubt on the part of observers and sympathizers, for no one knew anything about the conditions among the sick poor. The general belief favors

the idea that the government is doing all that can be done, and has capacities for three times more. Actually it touches only the circumference of the great body of human distress. The nurses lived in the manner of a religious community, and later became a sisterhood among the Tertiaries of St. Dominic. This action gave them ecclesiastical privileges and rights, known to the world as Mother Mary Alphonsa Lathrop.

I visited the place early this spring just to see the latest development of the work which began in a slum tenement with one woman in charge—less than ten years ago. The station and the post-office carry the gracious name of Hawthorne. A sympathetic station-man had hung a small



CHAPEL AND CHOIR AT ROSARY HILL HOME. FUNERAL OF A PATIENT.

and under the sanction of authority friends and helpers began to multiply. A few miles from New York a country home was secured, formerly the property of some French Dominicans, who had returned to France. The community was incorporated under the title of The Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer, and here at present resides Hawthorne's daughter, superior of the institution, and engraving of the great Nathaniel on the station wall. All around were typical features of a Westchester valley, abrupt hills running parallel to a crooked stream, patches of lovable forest, lazy roads traveled by occasional people who never know hurry, and vistas emphasized by suggestive steeples, bits of roofs, and other signs of the places where sleep reigns the year round. The monastery of the Domini-

cans, now the country hospital for the cancer patients, stands almost on the summit of a hill, to which by zig-zag approaches the visitor mounts for a mile; a building long and low, with a chapel at the near end, and a verandah on three sides; looking far more capacious than its reality, quaint in its position and its character. It seems to be leaning against the steep hill, with feet braced to keep from sliding into the valley. The chapel is a curiosity. The lower half seats a hundred people, the upper half is the sanctuary, elevated four feet above the first level, with the altar so far back as to be visible both to the worshipers below and the sisters in the choir at the left, though sisters and laity are unseen by each other.

Mother Mary Alphonsa in the Dominican habit shows hardly a trace of the cares and sorrows of past years. The keenest interest in her work, the steady labor, and the healthy air of the height seem to have strengthened her, and to have hindered the approach of age. I went about the home with awkward step. The inspection of the doomed inmates puts on the features of a friendly visit, but for me it was rather like the last visit to the condemned on the eve of execution. No mournful sights or sounds or odors harried the suspicious senses. If death was near, decency and dignity, even cheerfulness, were its characteristics. "To see a destitute incurable cancer-patient full of cheer and delight, and crying out in thanksgiving and contentment, is a remarkable sight indeed. Many do so, even the most terrible cases to look upon, where they are received and nursed with fraternal cordiality." This declaration from the sisters I saw illustrated by laughing patients, and by the general appearance of the Home. The scheme of relief has got to this point in a decade: the free home in the city carries on the work of outdoor relief, and to the country home the most desperate and pitiable cases are sent; attention has been called to the condition of the sick poor in general, the incurables; and Mother Alphonsa has included in her plan of relief all the sick poor in the incurable stage.

Her suggestions for their relief are based on actual conditions. She would have in every parish of the crowded cities a house or dispensary for cancer patients; she would interest the pious and capable women of the parishes, have them personally attend the patients, devote so much time each week to their service, and have them learn the art of attending them; and she would have patients nursed, where possible, by a member of their own family, paying the nurse for wages lost by staying at home, and, while securing proper treatment for the patient, strengthening the ties of family affection. Her experience and her success give her suggestions authority. Not that her success has been astonishing except relatively to the fact that she was alone. The country hospital has yet to be paid for, and the mere annual expense of ten thousand dollars a year has to be gathered somehow; there is room for new members in the community, and a wide channel, so far half empty, for the current of human sympathy and collaboration. The success has been emphatic nevertheless. Had no more been done than revealing the condition of the sick poor, the instant and pressing necessity of help for the incurables, her work would merit the highest praise. That it has gone beyond, discovered and invented methods, established itself against opposition, and proved its case, as it were, are due entirely to the faith and pluck of Hawthorne's daughter.

I have not dwelt on the details of this charity, since they are too frightful for cold print; the desolation of the sick poor, suffering from cancer and consumption,

in the tenements, the special miseries of their disease, and the lack of all treatment. Glimpses of these things are to be found in a little publication sent out regularly by Mother Alphonsa, under the title of *Christ's Poor*. The subtle and delicate spirit of her famous father lightens its pages, in which are mingled a candor of spirit and a reserve of expression unique in this sort of book. We have learned from her labors and her originality once more that strange truth: the poor you have always with you. No state schemes of aid will ever be able to dispense the true follower of Christ from his direct, personal duty to the suffering; no scheme of the socialist will ever banish the need of charity from the earth. Not even the vicarious work of the devoted religious communities will solve the problem of charity. Every man must do his part in the labor of relief, not only because the suffering have need of living sympathy, but also because the helper has need of that outflow of sympathy and devotion for his own betterment and final salvation.

KINSHIP.

BY CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

So like the sunset of a peaceful day
Your presence fell across my weary way,
Changing each gray rock into a mass of gold,
And gilding all the cloud-waves fold on fold,
Your twilight spell upon me settled down;
Your softly sandalled feet touched mine. Your gown
You gently wrapped about me, and grief fled,
For I forgot my heart had ever bled.
No longer sobbing pine or ebbing sea
Had power to sadden either you or me.

Unto the soul those deep eyes mirrored near,
I fondly told each secret wrong and fear,
And loved you more because you heeded me.
Then came the day when I did chance to see
A glistening tear upon your cheek, and knew
With tender pity, that you suffered. Few
Had broken from so brave a heart. The tear
Hung self-confessed, for lo! your sorrow, dear,
Was strangely like to mine: the likeness told,
Our silver-linked kinship turned to gold.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Around me hung a tangle of wild weeds,
Briars and thorns a-sting and rustling reeds:
Life seemed a barren heath, a weary waste,
Skyed with gray doubt and misery's foretaste.

The weeds defied me. Bitterly I cried—
Hard hurt and bleeding—"Sorrow's circle wide
Lies all around. No pathway out I see!—
Christ of the Thorns! Bend Thou to comfort me."

Then, all at once, I felt Him near at hand
And, kneeling, saw no more the barren land;
A rifted sky shone blue with faith and love,
His benediction from the Throne above.

Ere long He spake, "Child, stay thou close to me!
Here, all is well." Could narrower circle be
Than shut us in? A hedge of lilies white
And golden amaranths ablaze with light.

In that sweet Presence every sorrow died;
The solemn sense of pain was laid aside,
For He was bearing it.—O wondrous grace!
O help! O comfort of that Holy Face!

"Here, thou art safe.—Yet every thorn remains;
Not one is spared thee. This my love ordains.
Drain thou my cup! Its sacramental wine,
Its passioned sweetness, be thy draught divine!"

Such word, alive with power and lilied peace,
Still awed my soul. Would condescension cease
When all my sin—past and to come—had rolled
By those encircling walls of white and gold?

Again He met my doubt, in mercy mild:
"Why slow of heart to believe? Look up, poor child!"
And, surging round, past sheltering bloom and bud,
Lo, Pardon's crimson tide, the Precious Blood!

MAUREEN'S DOWRY.

BY NORA O'MAHONY.

Thady Donahoe was the owner of a snug little farm whose golden cornfields and luxuriant green pastures stretched themselves over many acres under the brown and purple shadows of the misty Wicklow Hills. "A warm man" was Thady, and no wonder, for where would you find another as close a bargainer as he, whether over the buying or selling of his cattle, or the disposal of his many tons of hay and corn and potatoes, his butter and eggs and new milk? And where would you find another as tight-fisted as he once he had got the bright silver shillings and golden pieces safely within his greedy grasp? He was a burly little man of about sixty-five, with coarse ugly features, a hoarse voice, and cute little eyes.

Neighbors and strangers alike often marvelled as to where Maureen Donahoe got her delicate features and bright winsome beauty; certainly it was not from her father. She was the youngest of a large family—the other members of which were now either dead, or married, or gone to America—a slender tall lily of a girl, with hair of pale gold and cheeks like the wild roses that trailed their starry radiance over the hedges and banks of her father's farm. Had she been the daughter of the lord of the soil, the great earl who was so often spoken of, but never seen, by the tenants who rented his lands, there would have been small need to wonder at it.

Despite her delicate beauty, however, there was n't a more industrious, hard-working girl, a better butter-maker, or a finer housekeeper, in the whole barony of Blackditches. Small thanks to her in a way, the people said, for Thady Donahoe was n't the man to put up with any sort of lazy or easy-going ways with anyone of his family, not even this youngest and fairest of his flock. He had been stacking the gold many a long year now, but still he was n't satisfied, and the more he got, the more he wanted, it seemed.

So it was that Maureen would be up and out at her milking long before the chapel bell beyond at Kilbride rang out the Angelus at six o'clock, whilst the white mist still lay like a fairy lake in the lap of Lacken Valley. For since Maureen's mother, worn out with toil and enforced money-grubbing, had at last given up the weary battle and gone to her rest, Maureen had had no one to help her. It behooved her to be up early, to get through the long day's work; the milking, the feeding of calves and pigs and poultry, the care of the dairy and house and all.

Like enough, it was those early hours in the dewy mornings that kept her face so rose-like and fresh, her eyes so bright and undimmed, in spite of her cares and the long hard days. To Tim Driscoll, looking over his boundary hedge at Maureen stepping briskly across the fragrant pastures, or listening to her lilting song as she sat milking "Brokenhorn" the gentlest and most docile of the milchers, Maureen seemed in some way to be the incarnation of the summer morn itself, so dewy, fresh and sweet. And even whilst he called her by name, and shouted some jovial salutation across the intervening hedge, in his soft Irish brogue, he would often heave a sigh and feel sorrow like a heavy stone weighing down his heart. For Tim was poor, so poor that it took him all his time to hold the bit of land which gave bread-and-butter to his widowed mother and himself. The farm had come to him

heavily in debt, thanks to a rakish and spend-thrift father. Only last year Tim had had to sell his interest in a large part of it, to pay long arrears of rent, and the man who bought up his interest had been Maureen's father himself.

To be sure, the old curmudgeon had plenty of means and to spare, but it was n't likely that he'd part with it to Maureen any more than the others, especially should she "make such a bad hand of herself" as to marry the handsome but ineligible Tim, or, for that matter, anybody.

Since the time that any of Thady's family had come to a marriageable age, he would always be boasting at market and meeting of the elegant fine fortunes he could give each of his girls and boys —200 pounds apiece to the girls, not less, and as for the boys, well, he'd give them a strip of the land, and let them make the best of it for themselves.

All would go well until the marriage was settled and maybe accomplished, and then he'd find some excuse and back out of his part of the bargain. The girl was maybe not rich enough, or of good family enough, for one of the sons, with his expectations, or the boy was n't steady enough or had n't land enough at his back to be thinking of one of Thady Donahoe's rich daughters; there was always some excuse. Anyhow, he stuck to his money, let the match be broken off, or the boys and girls emigrate to America in disgust. If the marriage did take place, the young people never saw the color of Thady's money, despite his boasting.

Some people said "it was an aisy way he had of getting shut of his long family, without ayther fortune or weddin'-clothes," as generally happened in the long run. "None of them would ever have the handling of a shilling till ould Thady was dead and gone, and that might n't be for forty years, God bless us, he was that wizened and hardy, like a little ould weazel."

Maureen knew all this well enough, and so did Tim. But for all that, one day they threw care and prudence to the winds. She was coming from milking the cows, carrying a heavy pail on each arm, and Tim, in spite of repeated forbiddings, had suddenly vaulted over that safe-guarding hedge, and stood before her with hands outstretched. "Maureen, astoir, mo croidhe, will you marry me?" he pleaded. "'Tis long enough I've waited to say the word, and I'm no better off now than I was two years ago. But sure God is good. He'll not let us want the bit to eat, or the roof to shelter us."

Maureen stood trembling like the fairy "shivering-grass" that quivered in the morning breeze on the hedge bank beside her. She was torn between fear of her father, and love for the man who stood pleading there.

"I'm a mean man, Maureen, to ask you," he went on. "I'm only a poor boy, and you are a rich man's daughter."

Maureen frowned. Her "fortune" was something of a sore point with her. She knew as well as her neighbors did how little likelihood there was of her getting it, and she resented nothing in her father's behavior so much as she did this, his favorite theme of boasting.

"Won't you answer me, alanna?" Tim pleaded, disturbed at her silence. "God knows I'd try to be good to you. And sure, 'tis the hard life you have of it here, for all his riches," bitterly.

"Say nothing about that, Tim Driscoll," she said, with a little air of hurt pride. "Surely, 'tis a hard enough life, and it could not be much harder with any poor man. Yet I have not complained. But as for riches, don't think of that. I'm promised 200 pounds, but I'm not likely to get it, not for a long time, anyhow. I'm only a poor girl

after all, you see, and you might be wiser to look somewhere else. There's Maggie Brophy, now; she has a hundred pounds of her own, in readiness for you any minute."

He looked at her reproachfully, with hungry, devouring eyes. The lilac frock she wore reflected itself in the violet blue of her eyes, and by contrast made the waving tresses that blew about her forehead shine golden yellow as the cowslips that danced about them in the fresh green grass.

"Do you think it's your money I want?" he cried. "Oh, Maureen, my love, don't you know it's you, only you!"

She threw aside the daisy whose pink petals she had been cruelly tearing to pieces; in a moment she was all softness.

"I'll marry you, Tim," she said. "We'll face the world together with a brave face. May God be good to us and send us some good luck," and in that prayer she was thinking rather of her lover than herself.

Tim brushed the soft hair back from her white forehead and kissed her eyes and cheeks and mouth.

A few weeks later they were married. It was the quietest wedding that ever was known in Glenruadh, no fun, or feasting, or jollification at all. For Thady, who was bitter in his complaints at losing his last and only housekeeper, held on, of course, to his daughter's dowry, and neither groom nor bride had any money to spend. However, they promised to be little the less happy for that.

A short time afterwards it began to be whispered that "ould Thady" was about getting married himself. "He could n't be expected to live the rest of his days without as much as one to keep the door open for him." The prospective bride was Maggie Brophy, who was only a year older than Maureen herself, and the wiseacres shook their heads as they prophesied another young family to Thady, with little likelihood of his elder children ever coming to their own.

One day it happened that Thady picked out a dozen of his best bullocks and brought them to Baltinglass fair, where he sold them at prices ranging from fifteen to eighteen pounds each. He got the money in notes and gold, which he rolled up together and put into a small and extremely dirty linen bag, which with him served the purposes of a purse.

When he got home late that night, after a long drive in his high rickety tax-cart, the linen bag, money and all was gone. Thady was distracted over the loss, which amounted to just two hundred pounds altogether. He could only conjecture that the bag had worked itself out of his pocket, helped by the jolting of the tax-cart over the rough uneven roads.

Though he made search and enquiries over the whole country, nothing could be heard of the money. No one seemed to be in the least sorry for his loss, and most people looked on it as a judgment on him for his greed and his harsh treatment of his family. He was so perturbed in mind over his great piece of bad luck that his intended wedding seemed likely to be indefinitely postponed.

Meanwhile Maureen and Tim seemed very happy in each other's company, despite the cares of wedded life and Tim's well known impecuniosity. Maureen's work was still hard and the hours long, late, and early, but she did n't murmur. Tim was gentle and kind and loving, and his mother, too feeble to look after things herself, was very glad to have such a dutiful and industrious daughter-in-law to take her place: and loving her son dearly, she was happy in his happiness.

Their little stock, whether through

Maureen's skilful help or not, seemed to prosper as it had never done before. In the autumn of that first year there stood in the little haggard behind the house four fine stacks of corn where hitherto there had been but three; three large ricks of hay instead of two small ones; and the after-grass was stocked with twenty young bullocks to fatten for the winter, instead of the eight or ten that used to be. Maureen had flocks of geese and turkeys preparing for the Christmas market, besides her calves and pigs, her chickens and ducklings, her fine rolls of fresh butter, and baskets of new-laid eggs to bring to town each market day. People said she had brought the best of good luck with her, and that Tim Driscoll was the lucky man to get her, fortune or no fortune.

Things seemed to improve as time went on. The war sent prices up with a rush. Hay grew dear, and corn grew dearer. Cattle and horses, sheep and pigs, all fetched a higher price than they had done for years. The following spring Tim sold his twenty bullocks for almost twice what they had cost less than a year ago.

A few days afterwards Maureen went home to see her father. She found him sitting lonely over a fireless grate; his intended marriage had not taken place after all. Indeed he had become in many ways a changed man since the day he lost his money at the fair.

As she looked round the comfortless cold room, his daughter felt sorry for him, and her heart smote her. He looked up at her with something like joy in his face, joy tempered with something else, shame perhaps, or compunction. Doubtless his loneliness had taught him many lessons.

She went and stood before him, faltering a little as she began to speak.

"I've come back, father," she said, "to give you your money, the money you lost last year."

He looked at her in amazement, then stood up with an angry frown. "The money I lost!" he cried. "Then it was Tim Driscoll that took it, the thief! the robber!"

She put her hand on his arm, and he sat down again, somewhat feebly, but obediently as a child might.

"It was n't Tim," she said. "It was I. But I did n't steal it. I found it down the yellow lane when I was going to milk the cows, at five o'clock on the morning after you lost it. It was lying beside a big stone at the edge of the gripe, and when I took it up and counted it, and saw it was yours,—for I knew the bag—my first thought was to bring it straight back to you, and then, rightly or wrongly, I thought that maybe I had the right to it, for you know you always said you'd give me two hundred pounds on the day I got married."

He winced as she stopped and looked down at him, then she went on again.

"Well, the day I found the money, I was wondering to myself where we'd get a few pounds to stock the farm. Tim had the land ready, and there it was nearly all going to loss for want of a few cattle to graze it. And when I looked two or three times at the money in my hand—I made up my mind just to take a loan of it. I knew you could easily spare it for a while. All the same, I did n't think I'd be able to repay you so soon. Tim was against my keeping it, but I reasoned with him over it. So at first, we only bought a few calves and pigs, because I feared people would wonder if we got too much stock about us all in a minute, and maybe they did suspect. Anyhow, we were able to save the crops better than Tim had ever done before, because now we had money to pay men to help us; and afterwards we

bought some bullocks to stock the land, and when we had sold the hay and corn and potatoes by degrees, and the twenty bullocks afterwards, we found we had made another two hundred pounds over and above that which you had lost. Everything went well with us, and we had a grand year. So now I give the money back to you, and if I have done wrong in keeping it, you must forgive me."

To her surprise, he pushed back the proffered bag of gold.

"Keep it, child, keep it! You want it worse than I do," he said. "I don't think as much about gold as I used to, before I lost that. Maybe 'twas all for luck, Maureen, that it went, and you were a clever girl, a clever little girl, to handle it as well as you did."

He looked up at her with affectionate pride. Maureen was dumbfounded, for she had expected a different reception. Mechanically she set about lighting a fire in the empty cheerless grate.

"I'm thinking," he went on, meditatively, "that I may as well let Tim have back that strip of land that I bought of him two years ago. I'll have more than will do me the rest of my time."

Maureen looked at him with eyes that filled with tears; this was her father in a new guise which she had never seen before. In a moment she had her arms about his neck and was kissing him. She had not kissed him now since she was a child, and he seemed pleased with the unusual demonstration.

"I've been lonely, very lonely, Maureen, since you went away," he said, and one big tear rolled slowly down his withered cheek. "Another thing troubles me, and keeps me awake at night. I'd be glad you'd write to Nell in America and ask her to come back. I didn't treat her fairly over that young Waters. He's a good lad, I see now, and if they like to get married yet, they could have a home here with me and welcome, and I'll give them a nest egg to start with. I must act fairly by the others too, for I feel that my time may not be long."

Maureen went home that evening with a joyful heart to tell Tim all the good news. And perhaps of the whole of it, the part that pleased her best was that Nell was coming home from America to get married and keep house for her father. She didn't care so much now about the money for themselves, since they had got a fair start.

But bye-and-bye, when another Tim and another Maureen in miniature, arrived successively on the scene no doubt the fond parents were glad of the money, and found it eminently useful.

"THE THREE STONES OF ISLAY."

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

There were Three Stones stood in Islay
By whose ban—none may know.
But Islay guarded their holding
With grim rocks streaked with snow;
And the swing of her blood-red sea-weeds
Shrouded black reefs below.

Ireland's kings came a-sailing
To war for the Druid Stones;
And Islay laughed when she saw them
And played with their bleaching bones.
There was none to call her wanton
But queens in their empty homes.

Their crowns lay drenched and golden,
Till the gannet and kittiwake
Feathered them round for the nestlings,
Which they brooded for wild love's sake,
With gems that once flashed in the hall-feast
Dimming by rock-pool and brake.

'Twas not ever spin-drift and foam-bells
Tossed to the grey North sky:
For summer clove through unto Islay
Hushing the sea-mother's cry,
Winnowing rose on the heather
But green where the brackens sigh.

At night she clothed Islay in fragrance,
In silence, with slumber and dew,
Weaving a garment around her
Whose silver deepened to blue.
But the Lone Isle moaned in her dreaming
At the fear of the red days through.

"How can I rest, O Summer!
When the Three Stones hurt as a wound?
And the dead hands grip me forever
From their houses underground?
Is there naught on earth or on ocean
To keep those pale hands bound?"

Was he kerne or king's son sailing
In his boat like a mussel-shell?
With its sail as a bird-wing trailing
O'er the surge and the sullen swell;—
Was he kerne or king's son sailing?
I know—but I need not tell!

His step was not loud on the Causeway,
O'er the sand or in the wood;
Only the brown seals saw him,
They herded—and understood,
As he fronted the Stones of Islay
And carved there the *Holy Rood!*

"And Saint!" he prayed, "who called me,
Thou art here as on the deep;
Where thou smoothed the wind-grieved waters
And soothed the storm to sleep.
I come, a boy—at thy bidding—
To salve the eyes that weep."

"By the Cross on these Stones encarven,
I sue for this Red Isle—*Peace!*
That the hands of my brothers may fold them,
The wraith of my father cease.
On these Stones let the Christ-sign whiten!
So His Kingdom may increase!"

* * * * *

Was he kerne or king's son sailing
His young face wet with rain?
Tears from the hills behind him
That were born of joy, not pain.
For the sorrow he bore from Islay,
Never lay there again!

* * * * *

There is a cross in Irish Arran
That the hills of Islay know.
And one in far Iona
That has seen her wisdoms go!
But the third still braves the sea-wind
For the Saint who carved it so.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

Another mission in County Wexford was that of Newtonbarry. There was a wealthy Protestant gentleman living near that town, who was so liberal in his sentiments that he ordered his dinner to be at an earlier hour than usual so that his servants, who were numerous and exclusively Catholic, might be able to attend the mission devotions every evening. His son, who was of a wild and reckless disposition, was riding on horseback with another gentleman, one afternoon, and having to pass by the chapel, outside of which were a certain number of stalls for the sale of objects of piety, he saw numerous scapulars of different orders and colors, and he asked his companion what was the meaning of all these little flags. On being informed what they were he alighted from his horse, saying that he would buy some of them, his friend cautioning him to say nothing offensive about them. Putting what he had purchased into his pocket he rode to his father's house, and after dinner he tied all the scapulars around a little dog's neck. He then carried the dog to the hall where the servants were taking their supper preparatory to going to the mission. Opening the door he threw the dog among them. Before he had time to retreat, the housekeeper, who was a privileged domestic, and had nursed him when he was a baby, cried out: "Master William you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It would be no wonder if God Himself should punish you for that insult to our holy religion." This was the last time any of them saw him alive, for in the morning, when some one went to his room to call him, he was found stiff and cold in his bed, having evidently been dead for some hours. This story, which was noised abroad, created a great sensation among persons of all creeds, and we were informed that it brought up some laggards to the reception of the sacraments.

My memory sometimes brings to my remembrance incidents connected not precisely with missions but with sermons which I was invited to preach. Thus I was asked to preach by the parish priest of Enniscorthy, in the same county of Wexford, for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. There were a considerable number of poor penitents under the charge of these holy nuns, and in order to cover the expenses they needed a separate building where linen and articles of clothing could be dried after being washed. There was a large old barn jutting out into the yard which belonged to the convent and the sisters were anxious to purchase it. But the proprietor, though he had no use for it and was willing enough to dispose of it, provided he could fleece the nuns thereby, asked such an enormous sum for it that all hopes of coming to terms with this man, who was a bigoted enemy to everything Catholic, had to be given up. I stopped at the presbytery the night before the sermon was and there was every sign of a terrific storm. In the midst of a deluge of rain the venerable Bishop of the diocese arrived from New Ross. When the hour for Mass arrived there were not six people in the chapel. Chimney pots and slates were flying about in all directions and crashing into the streets. But the Mass had to be said, not sung, for there was no choir, and the sermon had to be preached. The thunder was deafening, the lightning was blinding, the rain coming down in torrents. There was a narrow passage between the priest's house

and the chapel, and we had to traverse its full length in order to reach the sacristy. The Bishop led the way, the parish priest holding an enormous umbrella over his head. I followed a few yards behind them, but it was hard work to hold my umbrella. When we had advanced about half way towards the sacristy an enormous slate fell from the roof of the chapel, between the Bishop and myself, and sank down fully six inches into the ground. Had it fallen upon the head of any one of us it must have caused instant death. But this was not the only miraculous interposition of Providence in connection with that memorable storm. I preached a short sermon instead of the one I had intended to give. Of course there was no collection for there was no one to contribute to it. In the afternoon, when the weather had cleared up, we all went to pay a visit to the sorely disappointed nuns. The ravages of the storm were but too evident in all directions. We had to pick our way through the ruins it had caused. But out of evil cometh good. One end of the old barn had collapsed and half of its roof had fallen to the ground, so that the owner thereof sent word while we were yet in the convent that he wished to wash his hands of the whole affair, and that he was willing to sell the place for a mere bagatelle, in fact for far less than the value of the ground on which it stood. So that the storm sent by Almighty God was the most eloquent sermon of all.

Let me give one more anecdote here before I take leave of County Wexford. The Bishop of Ferns, in whose diocese the whole of this county is comprised, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, invited me to preach the panegyric of St. Aidan, the patronal saint of the diocese, in his cathedral at New Ross. This feast is observed in the parish church in Ferns on the day on which it occurs, and in the cathedral on the Sunday within the octave. When I arrived at the Bishop's house on Saturday he told me that on the previous Wednesday a great gathering of devout Catholics was assembled in Ferns for the festival. The Rev. Father Anderdon, chaplain to the Catholic University in Dublin, a nephew of Cardinal Manning, and a preacher of some celebrity, had been invited to deliver the sermon, but late in the previous evening a telegram had been despatched to Ferns announcing that Father Anderdon had been stricken with illness and could not leave his bed. In the days of which I am writing there were still numerous examples of zealous, excellent, but eccentric priests, who preserved the faith amongst the devoted people, and were rather admired than criticised even for their eccentricities. Of this number the Rev. Father Roche most certainly occupied a prominent position. His parishioners simply adored him and everything he said passed for gospel truth amongst them, and all that he did, no matter how extraordinary soever it might be, was in their estimation the action of a saint. Thus on the following day when the Bishop had arrived and scores of priests from all parts of Wexford were surrounding him, Father Roche went from one to another of them, canvassing for a substitute to Father Anderdon. But he failed in every quarter, and when the time for Mass arrived he said to them in a loud voice, "Well, I am sorry to find that neither the Bishop nor any of my fellow clergymen has charity enough to come to my help, but I shall give you a good dinner just the same. I see I shall have to preach myself." He let them all into the chapel and then went himself into his house to think over his sermon. In due time he mounted into the pulpit, but before doing to, when kneeling before the Bishop to get his benediction he said audibly, "You will have to give me a double blessing, my Lord, for I don't know what in the world I can preach about." However after making

the sign of the cross upon himself and explaining the reason of Father Anderdon's absence, he proceeded in the following manner:—"Not one of all of these priests, from the Bishop downwards, would offer to help me, so you see I am obliged to preach myself. I have often heard you say 'What does Father Roche do with all the books which he has in his library?' So when they left me in the lurch, God forgive them, I went into my library and took down one book after another to see what I could find about St. Aidan, and I came to the conclusion that it was very doubtful whether such a man lived at all, but that if he did he must have been a great saint to have given his name to this parish and to this diocese, and that if he were a saint he must have been fond of children. So I will speak to you about my school."

I met with frequent encounters with those unmitigated pests, the Orangemen, men whose only religion seemed to be to persecute and annoy their Catholic neighbors, wherever they happened to be in the ascendency as they are in some parts of the north of Ireland. In the year 1849 an infamous attack was made upon the Catholics at a place called Dolly's-brae in County Down. They were just assembling for Mass at their chapel when a brutal mob of their enemies was seen approaching. These were armed with cudgels and even more deadly weapons, for they cared not in their determination of wrecking the chapel, how many of the defenceless Catholics were maimed or murdered. Many were killed in both parties, and the cruel assault is commemorated in Irish history by the name of the Massacre of Dolly'sbrae. The lintel posts of the entrance door were stained with blood, and nothing could induce those who came to hear Mass to enter within the chapel itself. All the windows being smashed or removed the crowd of worshipers knelt on the ground outside. The priest was the only occupant of the desecrated house of God, the server at the Mass making the responses through a broken window near the altar. A zealous and energetic parish priest, Father Hughes, with the sanction of the Bishop went to England, and even to the United States of America, to gather sufficient funds for the erection of a beautiful church. In the year 1859 this gem of Gothic architecture was completed, together with a substantial house for the residence of the pastor. This was exactly ten years after the date of the Massacre. He then came to Dublin to ask me to preach the dedication sermon.

I stopped at Newry on my way, and dined at the Bishop's house. After dinner a covered car was engaged for me to continue my journey, for every one said that an open car would be dangerous, as I was certain to be pelted, even if not shot on the road. The parish priest had a younger brother, a curate in the Archdiocese of Armagh, whose character was the very antipodes of his own. He had been engaged in more than one bodily encounter with his Orange neighbors and on one occasion, when grossly insulted by a Presbyterian minister, he had knocked him down. Being brought before a partisan magistrate he was sentenced to pay a heavy fine, or to go to jail for a month. As he refused to pay the fine he was incarcerated accordingly. On my way I saw enormous placards here and there, announcing that the Bishop would bless the new church on the following day and that the sermon would be preached "by the Rev. Father Fox, O. M. I. a distinguished convert from Quakerism." I had to pass through a hamlet of about a dozen houses. There was not a single Catholic in the place, nor could I see even a living being, but to evince their bigotry they had hastily erected an Orange arch and as it was not the season for orange lilies they had profusely decorated it with pieces of yel-

low paper. I had to drive under this arch, though much against my will, and just as I was doing so, men, women, children, and dogs, all rushed out of doors evincing signs of contempt. While the dogs were barking, the human beings were shouting at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for the Quaker priest." Soon afterwards I had to drive through the village of Rathfriland. The word "rath" commemorates the burial place of some chief or Druid of former days and the place is always artificially made. The rath of which I am speaking is said to be one of the largest in existence. The village street goes straight up on one side of the rath, and then straight down on the other side, and at each end of this street there was another impromptu arch, but I was not personally insulted, for it was market day and no one seemed to see me. However, I fervently wished myself safe back again in my own home in Dublin.

When I reached Dolly'sbrae I found preparations were being made on a vast scale for the morning's festival. Already thousands of people had assembled, many of them having come thither even from Belfast. The younger Father Hughes tried to impress on me that I would never have such another opportunity of attacking the Orangemen as my sermon presented to me, but my views were totally opposed to his. During the night the noise and confusion outside the priest's new house, to which there was neither blind or shutter, became so great that I could not sleep at all, and I was afraid to sit up in bed or to go near the window, lest I should be shot. With the first dawn of daylight I peeped out and saw lights moving about in all directions, and later on I discovered that hundreds of booths and tents had been erected for the benefit of the crowds of visitors who were pouring in at every moment. When the Bishop arrived about ten o'clock, the last Mass in Ireland is always at twelve o'clock, I immediately consulted him about Father Hughes' advice, and his Lordship replied that if he thought that I should follow such imprudent counsel he would ask me to go back to Dublin again immediately. And he was right. I was glad to find that the views of the good Bishop coincided with my own. The hour for the Mass arrived. Some one told me that the chapel was crammed to the door with Catholics and that no Protestants had succeeded in gaining an entrance. As soon as I had informed the Bishop of this fact he asked me to accompany him to the sanctuary. Ascending the altar steps he turned round to the people and told them that there were tens of thousands of their Protestant brethren outside who had never yet heard a sermon from a Catholic priest. They had now an opportunity which might never fall to their lot again. He begged them therefore to retire, and he gave a dispensation to all that were present who had not yet heard Mass. There was a side door to the church as well as that at the front. This latter was closed and the large congregation passed into the open air by the side door. When the place was empty he sent for some of the many priests who were waiting about and directed them to have the smaller door shut and locked, and after opening the front door again they were to admit none but those whom they knew to be Protestants. In the space of a few minutes this was done. Meanwhile the Bishop and his assistants were vesting for the Mass, and the sanctuary was filled with priests.

The sacristy was crowded with people who could find no standing room in the church, and when I had to push my way through them to get to the pulpit a young priest who had just arrived from a distant place, asked me if I were the preacher. On informing him that I was he whispered in my ear, "Take care then what you say when you reach the pulpit. Just look at the wall opposite you and you will

see two tall young men. They are twins and exactly alike. They have loaded revolvers in their breasts, and have taken an oath to shoot you if you say anything to hurt their feelings." With the greatest difficulty I at last reached my place in the pulpit, for not alone were the steps thereto crowded with people, but the pulpit itself was crammed. However, I had a few minutes in which to collect my thoughts and to endeavor to calm down my excitement. My first glance was to search for the two young men who had vowed to shoot me if I exasperated them in any way. After announcing that after the close of my sermon a collection would be taken up to wipe out the debt of eight hundred pounds which was weighing so heavily upon the shoulders of the energetic and excellent parish priest, notwithstanding his indefatigable labors and the wonderful generosity of his friends and neighbors both Protestants and Catholics, I preached for more than half an hour on charity and forgiveness of injuries. I could not help seeing that the twins often looked at each other and smilingly nodded assent to anything I said which pleased them. When the sermon was over —I was going to say that I sat down, but that was impossible—I had to stand where I was till I could descend to the sacristy and walk over to the presbytery. The Bishop stood up when I ceased speaking, and told the audience that there were ten plates near him for collecting the offerings towards the liquidation of the debt, and he would be much obliged if ten gentlemen would kindly come forward and hold these plates for that purpose. Many more than that number volunteered, and it was remarked that there was not a single Catholic amongst those who were chosen. When the offering was counted up after the Mass it was found that the munificent sum of eight hundred and sixty pounds was given to pay off the total debt of eight hundred pounds, being a surplus of sixty pounds. Nor was this all. While we were at dinner a servant man on horseback rode up to the house, and asking for Father Hughes presented to him a letter from a neighboring magistrate, a prominent member of the Orange society. It contained a five pound note from himself and another from the Earl of Annesley, who was absent in England. There was also a basket of the choicest fruit for the Rev. Father Fox's acceptance. On my way back to Dublin the same people who had hooted and jeered at me as I passed through their hamlet came out to salute me and wish me a safe journey home, and there was no sign of an Orange arch there nor anywhere else on the road. All this proves that it is good to cast oil on the troubled waters, and that a soft answer turneth away wrath. I have omitted to mention that on my way from the sacristy to the priest's house I was met by the twins I have already spoken of. They were fine, tall, handsome young fellows about five and twenty years of age. They thanked me for my sermon, and hoped I should some day visit their own place, Portadown, a very hotbed of the Orange faction, and preach there also. We talked together for a while, till one of them, as if to emphasize the truth of what he was saying showed me the butt of his revolver, which he had sworn to use against me if I had said anything to insult him or his principles as an ardent admirer of King William the Third.

One of our missions was in a country village in County Tyrone, where the Orangemen, I believe, outnumbered the Catholics. It was held in a poor little chapel and the apology for a confessional in which I was seated was located in the sacristy. I was quietly doing my work there one Saturday evening near the window when a volley of stones broke every pane of glass. I was quite unhurt except from a slight cut on the cheek from a piece of broken glass. Two of the

constabulary who were in the chapel, preparing for confession, rushed out to catch the depredators if possible, but they could find no trace of them. We were told that it was well-known in the neighborhood who they were, but it was deemed safer to let the matter drop, or a worse thing might happen to the priest, his chapel, or his flock.

An amusing incident took place in another parish in the Black North, as it is called throughout the rest of Ireland. A rich landed proprietor who was Grand Master of the Orangemen, and of course a notorious bigot was repeatedly solicited by a parish priest to sell him a piece of ground on which he desired to build a chapel, where one was much needed. Over and over again he met with nothing but a blank refusal, but still he persevered in his endeavor to supply the spiritual wants of that portion of his flock who resided in the neighborhood. The gentleman wearied at what he considered the P. P.'s persistance, at last seemed to relent, and told him he would give the desired piece of land rent free forever on which he could build his church on the following conditions. First—there was to be no large bell hung up wherewith to summon worshipers to what he called an idolatrous service: secondly, there was to be no cross visible on the gables outside: and thirdly, there was to be no cross or crucifix standing on the tabernacle or the altar. The parish priest, being a cute old man, foresaw at once how he could evade these conditions, and to the amazement of the landlord accepted his terms. The deeds were duly signed, and the priest, having obtained the necessary sanction of the Bishop, at once commenced to erect his much needed chapel, which was finished and furnished within a few months. Meanwhile the former owner of the ground was gloating over the prospect of getting possession of the chapel and the land on which it had been built, for sharp as he was, he could not comprehend how the priest could say Mass without having a crucifix on the altar, but as soon as the Bishop had dedicated the sacred building to the service of God, the Orange landlord received an invitation to come to see what had been completed. This gentleman accepted the invitation, but brought his lawyer with him, being convinced that the conditions which he had imposed could not have been complied with, and that in the presence of his legal adviser he would lay claim to the land once more with all that was standing on it. But the good old priest was too much for him. First of all there was no belfry needed, for before Mass two strong men would ring a large bell between them to summon the worshipers, secondly with the Bishop's advice he could dispense with external crosses until a future and less bigoted occasion, and thirdly as regarded the crucifix over the altar, instead of having it resting on the tabernacle he procured one of large dimensions and had it suspended from a chain which was fixed in the roof, and was kept immovable by an iron bar behind it. The landlord had to acknowledge himself nonsuited and went home disappointed. As his death took place a few years later his son and heir, who was a different type of man to his father, gave permission for the external crosses, but the altar cross remains as it was first placed for the Bishop complimented the parish priest on his conformity with the rubrics in not having it standing on the tabernacle. How true it is that whenever any one labors for the greater glory of God, the inspired words of our Immaculate Mother in her glorious "Magnificat" are verified. "He hath showed might in his arm. He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Luke I., 51.

(To be Continued.)

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP IN REPEAL ASSOCIATION. From an Original Certificate Loaned by Mr. John Twomey.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS.

BY JOHN ROMAINE.

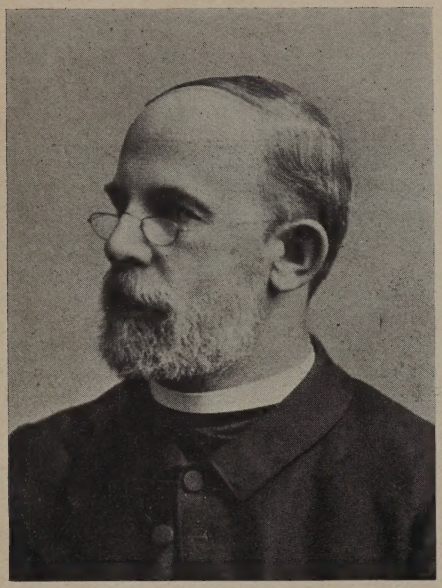
O Lord, for Sister Death, all praise to Thee,
For, from her grasp no mortal can escape,
And, though she come to man in varied shape,
Her touch is laid on all,—as now on me;
And I, who, in my heart, have ever borne
A tender love for all my children dear,
My blessing leave to them, though far or near,—
My one desire, that not for me they mourn.

Photograph by courtesy of Catholic News, New York.

MONSIGNOR LAVELLE AND HIS CLASSMATES AT TROY SEMINARY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, V. G., rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on June 6, celebrated his sacerdotal silver jubilee in the Cathedral where he had spent all the years of his priestly life. At 11 o'clock the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was begun with the jubilarian as celebrant. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley occupied the pontifical throne, with the Right Rev. Monsignors Edwards and McCready as deacons of honor. The deacon of the Mass was the Rev. Edwin M. Sweeney and the sub-deacon was the Rev. Francis E. Lavelle, a brother of the jubilarian. There were also in the sanctuary His Grace, the Most Rev. Patrick Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco; the Right Rev. Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg; the Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid,

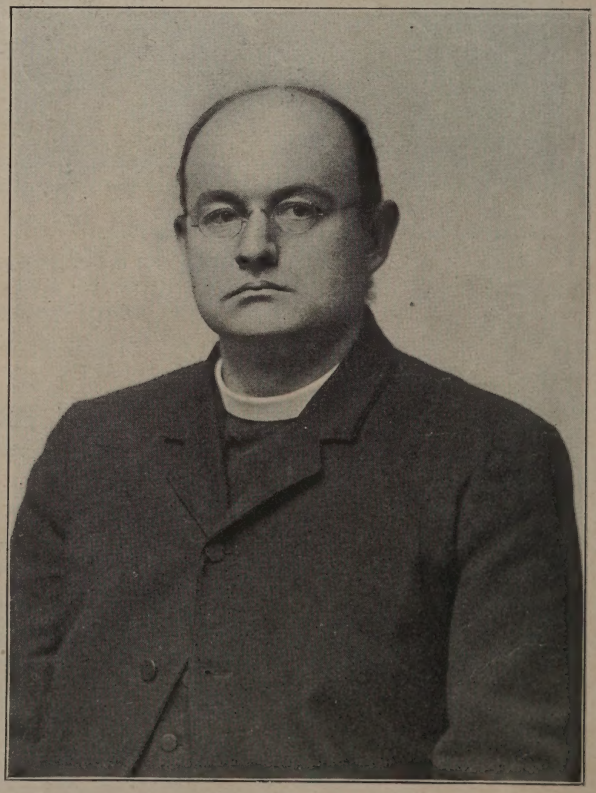


REV GEORGE M. SEARLE, C. S. P.

of Rochester, and the Right Rev. Bishop McFaul of Trenton, who delivered the sermon, a most eloquent and appropriate eulogy of Monsignor Lavelle. Among the Monsignori present were the Right Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, V. G.; the Right Rev. John Edwards, V. G.; the Right Rev. John F. Kearney, the Right Rev. Patrick F. McSweeney, the Right Rev. James H. McGean, the Right Rev. Charles H. McCready, the Right Rev. Cornelius G. O'Keeffe, the Right Rev. Edward McKenna and the Right Rev. Patrick J. McNamara of Brooklyn. During the Mass there were in the sanctuary about three hundred and fifty priests, of whom nearly a dozen were classmates of Monsignor Lavelle at old St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy.

At the close of the Mass an address of congratulation was read from the sanctuary by Mr. John D. Crimmins on behalf of the laity of the Cathedral parish.

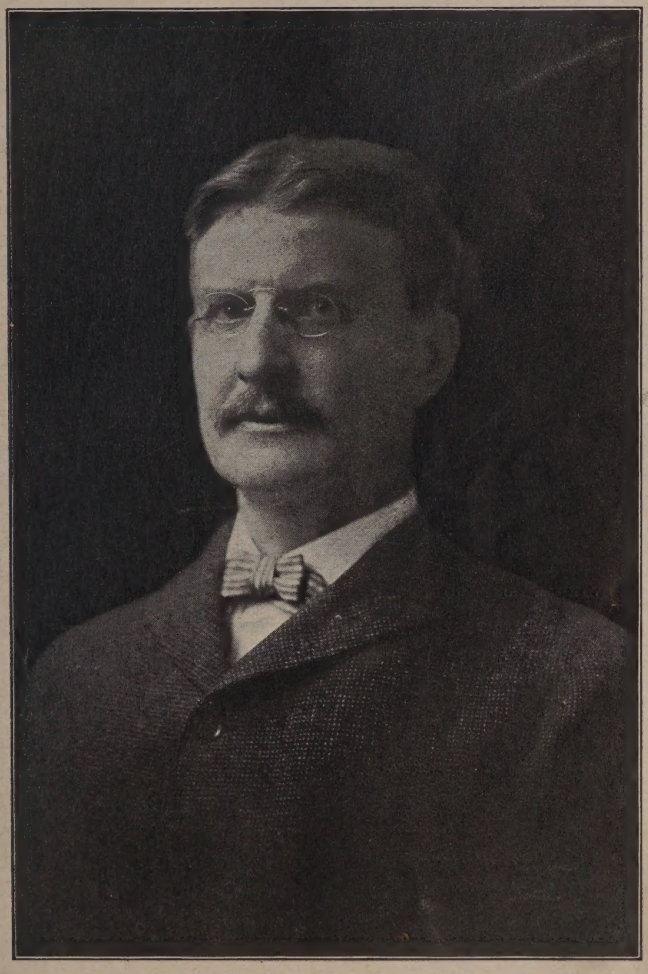
Throughout his priestly career Monsignor Lavelle has been a staunch advocate of Catholic education, serving for many years as a member of the Diocesan School Board, having had a large share in the administration of every religious educational and charitable institution of the archdiocese. The parochial schools have been raised to such a high standard of excellence that they are considered to-day among the banner schools of the city. The Catholic Summer School at Lake Champlain, whose destinies he guided at a critical period, is now established on a sound intellectual and financial basis, and must ever remain a monument to its reverend promoter's zeal for the spread of higher education.



REV. JOSEPH MURGAS.

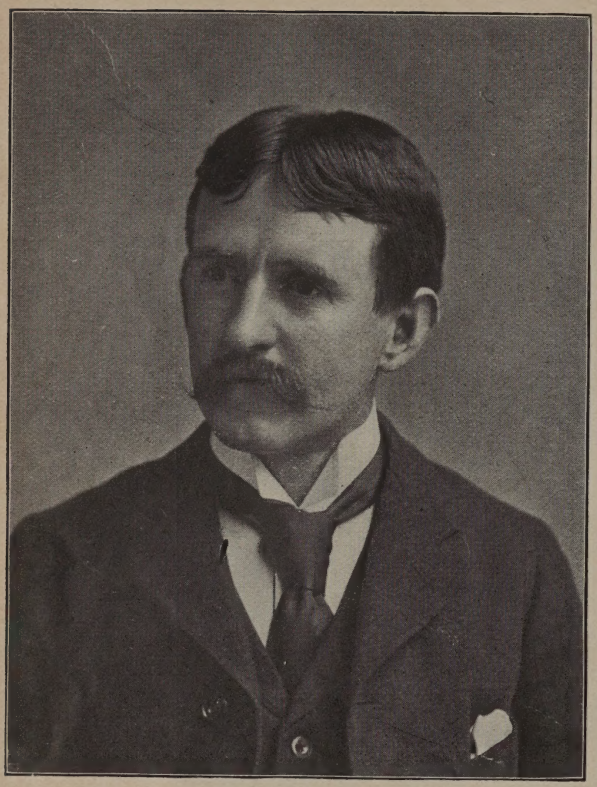
The Rev. George M. Searle has been chosen to succeed the late Father Deshon as Superior General of the Paulist Fathers.

Father Searle is a convert. He is a direct descendant of the Dudleys, father and son, who were Colonial Governors of Massachusetts, and is a second cousin of President Eliot of Harvard College. Father Searle was born in London on June 27, 1839, and came to this country with his parents one year later. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1857 and became an assistant at the Dudley Astronomical Observatory at Albany, N. Y., where he remained two years. From there he went to work with the Coast Survey and then became assistant professor of mathematics and astronomy at the U. S. Naval Academy at Newport, where he remained until 1864.



HON. JAMES M. WEBB.

It was during his professorship at the Naval Academy that he embraced the Catholic faith in 1862. In 1866 he went



EDWARD J. McDERMOTT.

to Harvard University as assistant professor of astronomy, and there remained until 1868, when he joined the Paulist order and was ordained priest in 1871. Father Searle was appointed teacher of science in the Paulist Seminary and was appointed chief professor of mathematics at the Catholic University, Washington, in 1895, and in September, 1899, was appointed professor of theology.

While he was with the United States Coast Survey, from 1859 to 1862, Father Searle discovered the asteroid Pandora. He is the author of "Elements of Geometry," "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," being an exposition of the Catholic faith, and a contributor to scientific journals both here and abroad.

Father Searle was suggested a few years ago for the post of scientist at the Vatican and chief overseer of the Vatican observatory.

A wireless telegraph system invented by Rev. Joseph Murgas, of the Sacred Heart Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been perfected.

Father Murgas believes this system to be greatly superior to that of Marconi in that it is more simple and speedy, and says that exhaustive experiments made with it have all been satisfactory, and that it is complete.

For seven years Father Murgas has been working upon his invention, having established his workshop in the rear of his rectory. He has also established a station two miles away from his home, and from these two points the messages have been sent and received in all the stages of the invention's development.

Father Murgas took degrees in electrical science in Vienna eighteen years ago, and has ever since kept abreast of the developments in electricity.

Mr. James Henry Webb, Instructor at the Yale Law School, was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, December 22nd, 1854. His father, James Josiah Webb, after retiring from business purchased a large farming estate in Hamden, Connecticut, where he developed a wide reputation for intelligent agriculture. It was his earnest desire that his son should become versed in scientific agriculture, and in accordance with that wish the young man entered the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts, after early training in the Winchester Institute, Connecticut, and the Hudson River Institute at Claverack, New York.

He graduated from the Massachusetts

Agricultural College, in 1873, with the degree of Bachelor of Science. After a year of post-graduate study in history and political economy at Yale, he entered the Yale Law School where he graduated with honors in 1877. The same year he was admitted to the Bar of Connecticut, and at once opened a practice in New Haven, which he has continued up to the present time. In 1883 he went into partnership with John W. Alling, President of the New Haven County Bar, and the firm now known as Alling, Webb, and Morehouse, has an extensive and important practice.

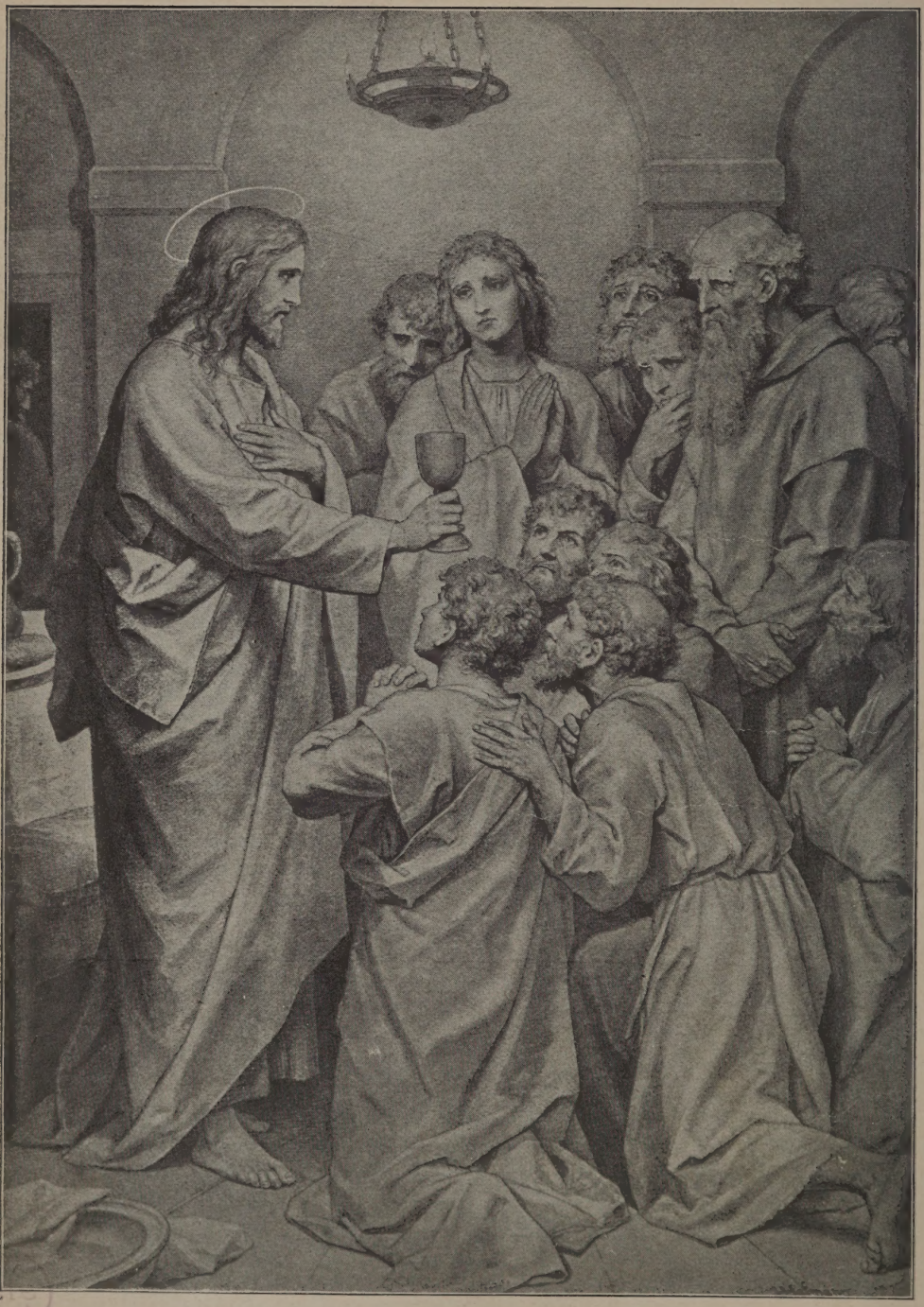
For several years past he has been a member of the Board of Control of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, located at New Haven, and in addition to his other duties, is largely and practically interested in agricultural affairs.

He was appointed Instructor of the Yale Law School in 1895, and since that time has given instruction there in Criminal Law, Criminal Procedure, and Expert Testimony. Mr. Webb is a member of the United States Supreme Court, in which capacity he has argued important cases. He is a member of the American Bar Association, the Catholic Club of New York City and of the Graduate Club of New Haven. Mr. Webb is a fluent speaker and forceful writer.

The orator of Kentucky day at the World's Fair, June 15th., was the Hon. Edward J. McDermott of Louisville, who has a wide reputation as a lecturer and writer. Mr. McDermott was born in Louisville, and graduated from the high school of that city. He studied in Belfast College, Ireland, and in the University of Goettingen, Germany, and took the degree of L.L.B., in Harvard in 1876. In the same year he was admitted to the Bar.

Mr. McDermott's activity in public lines is indicated by the various offices he has held,—member of the Kentucky Legislature, Democratic Presidential Elector member of Constitutional Convention of State, Chief Supervisor of Elections, Chairman of Commission on City Charter, Vice-President of Kentucky Bar Association, Secretary for Kentucky of Harvard Law School Association, and membership in many other organizations.

At the meeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies last July Mr. McDermott delivered an address on the Papacy that clergy and laity alike pronounced to be one of the most eloquent, entertaining and impressive of the public addresses at the convention.



"To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin."

THE DEPLETION OF IRELAND.

BY DR. R. HOWLEY.

There have been two stages in the outflow of Irish emigration, each having a distinct actual impulse, though both were due to the same radical cause. This was, and is, the traditional misrule of the country and the presence and operation of an intolerable system of land ownership. In the earlier stage the impulse to emigrate was that of necessity. In the second, the present stage, it is that of choice fostered by easy opportunity and tempting inducement.

These two stages or periods of Irish emigration belong, in order of time, to the years closely following the "great famine" and "the great clearances," and to the last ten or twenty years when the Irish exodus may be regarded as a voluntary exile of the race seeking expansion and reunion under foreign but more favorable conditions.

This contrast of motive and circumstance in the great out-flowing of the race lends special gravity and meaning to the character of the Irish emigration of to-day.

The emigrant sets out to-day methodically and with calculated purpose to reach a higher and broader plane of living. The life conditions that exist, or are likely to exist in the near future, for the youth of Ireland in Ireland hold forth little promise and present little attraction. Whether well or ill-founded it is the fixed sentiment of the growing generation in Ireland that "there is nothing to do" in that country that is worth the expenditure of youthful years, hopes, and energies.

Thus we see the vitality of Ireland poured out now almost as abundantly as ever (considering the decrease of the population by one half since 1846) without the same visible and outward signs of popular decay presented to the world by the horrors of that period. The population at present abiding in Ireland could no doubt continue to abide there, if stationary, without positive destitution and distress, but it could not risk great increase there, under existing conditions. Where there is scant maintenance for less than five, there would be none at all sufficient for nine millions of people—the amount of population in 1846.

But let us approach the question in an ordered way, premising only that these pages are the result of thought and observation exercised during six months of the past and present year spent in Ireland. This experience is also strengthened by argument of contrast drawn from memories of youthful years that witnessed the work of extermination carried out in the old land just after the famine and the political unrest of '48. The writer deals in no easily gathered and easily confuted statistics but simply narrates what he saw, and from that builds his theories and draws his conclusions. The following are the heads which he proposes to discuss:

1. The actual state of feeling in Ireland regarding latter day emigration.

2. The actual existing causes, in Ireland, of the same.

3. Critique of the methods proposed to stop the tide of emigration.

4. Can emigration be stopped and ought it be stopped?

The writer states without hesitation that there is no sentiment against emigration expressed, or apparently existing, to-day among the mass of the Irish people. Much less is there evidence of any strong popular effort to put a stop

to it. The leaders of the people in Ireland are not leaders in everything. There are important matters in social and domestic life in which the people are far better judges and keener seers than their leaders. In point of fact the people and the leaders view such a question as emigration from quite different standpoints. Both may and do deplore the loss to Ireland of the youth and hope of the country; but the people look upon the exodus as the inevitable result of the social and industrial conditions actually existing around them. They do not regard it as an unmitigated evil. They reap certain substantial benefits from it. They are full of the hope—nay, of the conviction—that the race is not run out through the running off of so many of its youth. They believe that time and nature and improved circumstances of life and labor in the country will preserve it from extinction. They do not believe that the threatened re-plantation of Ireland by the alien shall ever take place. They themselves (the producers of men and means) now hold the land with a grasp that nothing ever again shall loosen. They feel themselves within easy and assured reach of national self government. With the land of the country in their own hands and its legislation soon to be under their own control, their industries, their lines of progress, can be multiplied and extended and guided toward national revival and the national common weal. This result has not yet been reached, but it is visible and tangible to the multitude.* They have assets of value, even money assets to the amount of thirty or forty millions of pounds, in the banks and various small investments, which may hereafter be exhumed and exploited for Ireland and Ireland's uprising. These values could never before, and cannot just yet, be displayed since there is no good opening and no security for speculation in the country. This is the people's point of view and "nil desperandum" is more than ever their motto.

The leaders, whether spiritual or political, see things more anxiously and look upon them from a higher, or more ideal plane. The former are profoundly moved at the loss to religion involved in this flitting of the youth, the "Spes Gregis," of their future flock. At first glance the loss seems ominous. It is accentuated in the eyes of the pastors of the people by the fact that it occurs precisely at the moment of the splendid restoration of religious architecture and the thorough new equipment of the Church in Ireland. The portentous position thus reached by the Irish Catholic Church at home points to a future contrived to out-rival the greatest epoch of Irish faith and learning. Everywhere newer and more splendid structures have risen beside the monuments of ancient faith that lie scattered and ruined all over the face of the country. But behold! in the midst of this magnificent revival the hope and stay of a future stock of worshipers dwindles away to distant regions, regions, too, of the worship of matter and mammon. This is a direful coincidence and it is duly regarded with apprehension and abhorrence by the spiritual guides of Irish people at home.

Yet the people are proud and hopeful of their new churches and schools. Trusting in the wisdom and care of Him in Whose honor they have been raised, they believe that a future generation of Irishmen, happier if not holier than the past, will crowd those noble aisles in spite of the actual drain upon the vitals of the land. They shrewdly remark, besides, that the so dreaded and denounced emigration had its own share, and a large one, in upraising those fine monuments to faith and fatherland.

*The total in money received by Ireland, from first to last, from Irish America has been estimated at $50,000,000.

The political leader, though admitting that the national cause would have greatly suffered, perhaps failed, without the resources supplied by the emigrant—yet deeply regrets the thinning of the ranks at home—the household troops in the national campaign. He does his work well, this leader, both in the lesser and greater Ireland in cheering the national heart and sustaining national hope and effort. But the tide of emigration is to him but a weakening at home of the mass of manhood he can array on the side of the national cause. This loss however he deems counter-balanced by the practical sympathy and aid given to the cause by the Irish emigrant the world over. The Irish national leader does not see in emigration a positive hindrance to the attainment of the one aim toward which all the country's energies are directed. The expatriated Irishman is for him and with him as effectually and devotedly as the Irishman at home. The broader view and bolder spirit of the Irishman who has drawn the breath of freedom in self-governed countries, backed by the material resources he can supply, give splendid support to the Irish political leaders. True, they have, on occasion, recorded their regrets for the transfer of strength and numbers from Ireland to distant lands. But in this they have seemed to follow the movement of the clergy rather than to lead *motu proprio*. They have not spoken on the matter in sustained or strenuous tones.* The truth seems to be that both the spiritual and political chiefs of the Irish race at home view the emigration question from another (no doubt higher) than the purely economic point. To the former the loss thus occasioned is absolutely a spiritual and religious loss. To the latter it is a loss of might and momentum to apply near at hand to the demand for Irish self-government. But the question is regarded by the emigrant as one of purely material and temporal import to himself, a necessary step toward the betterment of his condition and prospects in this his present life. The young emigrant does not feel himself called upon to spend all his days at home either for the interests of a faith he knows shall not fail or the hope of national freedom that may never have accomplishment.

This is the actual popular feeling in Ireland on the subject of emigration. In his journeyings for many months quite lately, north, south, east and west, through the land, the writer never once heard an utterance of regret or witnessed a striking display of grief as the trains headed for Queenstown filled with the flower of Ireland's youth, moving on joyfully to the music of fiddle and concertina, while the tip-tap of the jig step "welted the floor" of every compartment. How different from the scenes he too well remembers during the emigration outrush of the early fifties! Then at every country station there arose the heart-rending wail of the grey headed parents and sorrowing friends left behind. The severance was as that of death in its agony and its completeness and the solemn death cry of the race attended it. Now the departure of the emigrant has the air of a jolly excursion. The boys and girls are in the height of humor and the old folks stand by, as the train starts, to give a last hand clasp with "pleasant journey to you!" "Remember us all to Mary and Nelly and Jimmie and Pat, and come back soon!" This may be witnessed to-day in any part of Ireland—the "parting is sweet sorrow," if it be sorrow at all.

The actual causes of the continued emigration from Ireland have been large-

*Michael Davitt is a notable exception. See his farewell address in Irish World, May 7th, 1904. He is joined in the Irish press by "The Freeman" and "The Irish People," and here by "The Irish World."

ly and variously dealt with of late by many writers. Those writers are of two classes, arguing from two extremes, both wrong. There are those who like Mr. Crimmins, maintain that Ireland is at present a prospering and plentiful land, which there is no other reason for leaving except pure perverseness. Others describe the country as still sunk in wretchedness and woe, a place that no self-respecting people would care to dwell in. Miss Milligan, in her bright article on anti-emigration in DONAHOE'S of November last, gives other reasons against emigration, some of which seem rather to favor than to discredit the movement. She writes that "children (of Irish farmers) are often actually in the position of slaves. They work for the father, who is also the master, without any reward." Then, "Girls are forced into loveless matches. They cannot gratify the simplest taste in dress." All this and much more, noted and not noted in the article, is the bald truth and one is scarcely surprised when the writer at last bursts forth with the exclamation, "How grand it is to be free, to earn your own money, and even to help those niggard parents" with the generous hands of youth. "Those independent workers in America," she continues, "have served Ireland well." No wonder she concludes, "There—I have apparently turned away from my standpoint of anti-emigration. I advocate the independence, even if accompanied by the danger, which the young workers gain in America, but I argue that they should be independent at home." So say we all. As they cannot however attain at home that coveted condition, they must needs emigrate.

In truth with a population so greatly diminished Ireland is no longer the home of abject want that it once was. There is poverty, especially in some of the large cities, and notably in Limerick and Dublin. Waterford and Cork with their districts do much of the producing and almost all the heavy sea-carrying trade for the English markets and there is a good deal of paying employment and no palpable signs of decay in those towns. But Limerick is only a name. Lately, employment was given there, to girls, in the work of making uniforms for the British Army. Other industries for which the city was once so noted, seem to have disappeared. Stately mansions, once the abodes of wealthy merchants whose ships discharged and loaded cargo in the bright ports of Nantes, Bordeaux, Lisbon, Oporto, and Cadiz are now dilapidated tenements occupied by unemployed parents and unfed, unclothed children. The grand quays, projected and built in prosperous days, lie useless along the city side with rusty ring bolts to which never cable or hawser is attached. The Shannon, the noblest river in the United Kingdom, flows past their cold granite barrier without a sail, except that of some lonely listless hooker, to enliven its majestic flow, without a mill to take tribute from its mighty but wasted waters.

Apropos of this, at a recent meeting of the Irish Industrial Association, Limerick, Mr. Charles Dawson says: "The Shannon Scheme is particularly interesting. It purposes to derive the electrical energy from the falls of that river, and there be some who think that the waters of the Shannon, now running waste, would not only supply Limerick, but all Dublin with light and power; and some enthusiasts dream of the time when great towns will be decentralized, when smoke will no longer defile, and when village industries will spring up all round, thanks to this Electric Talisman. Alas! I find the scheme fell through for want of capital. Want of capital while ten millions of Irish money lies buried in the Post Office Savings Bank at one and one-half per cent.! While thousands are

guaranteed for a passing show, all Ireland could not raise sufficient money to harness the Shannon to the motor and to vivify the silent villages along its banks!"

The same sad story may be told of Dublin, better situated, as regards English trade, though less endowed by nature for grand enterprise than the Queen City of the west. Day by day the writer, consulting the shipping list in "The Freeman," under the head of "Entered from foreign ports" read the significant word "Nil." The Murphy firm is about the only one that sends ships from Dublin to foreign ports, to Buenos Ayres, and other parts of South America principally. Take Guinesses' concern out of Dublin (with a few distilleries) and nothing notable would remain to give employment to labor. There is wealth in Dublin, along with great intelligence, great social gifts, but the wealth is distributed among officials of government, the professions, and a few un-Irish business firms or retired families. The mass of the people seem poor and dejected. There is no heart or old time mirth in them. Belfast is better but not quite the busy, bustling city so much be-lauded by some. The country towns, of which the writer saw very many, seem often snug and comfortable enough, but one remarks in them the empty market places and the absence of people. There is a small two penny trade doing all the time, but it is in wares of English manufacture supplied to order by English and Scotch drummers. These infest every country hostlery, invade every hamlet, and haunt every high-road and by-road of the land.

In the country comfortable farmers and graziers are often met with, but there is little or no gathering of farm laborers. These hang about the towns for jobs, or, if near enough, go to the cities and swell their unemployed population. Amid all this there seems to be little or no downright distress. But is this gloomy, hopeless situation of the people a much better condition? "What is there to remain here for?" is the unanswerable plaint thrown at the denouncer of emigration.

Ireland has become the mere storeroom and larder of England, her wealthy grasping neighbor. England consumes all Ireland can produce and clamors for more. In return she kills Irish industries in the very root by supplying everything Ireland could possibly manufacture—even at her very best—on cheaper terms than the Irish manufacturer could accept. A suit of real Blarney tweed can be had cheaper in Manchester than in Cork. Irish butter, eggs, fish, are cheaper in London than in Dublin, though this produce is swamped in the English market by Danish, Norman, Belgian and Jersey imports, inferior perhaps to the Irish in quality, but far more neat and cleanly placed upon the markets. The fact is that Ireland cannot prosper or retain its youth aspiring to better things, while hopelessly overshadowed by an English connection. She is forced to cater for and submit to England's industrial demands without choice of other issue for her productions. America does much to conserve this state of things by heavily taxing Irish productions and overwhelming the struggling island with her own cheaper and more abundant produce. England may be able to stand that. Ireland cannot. But if Ireland was free, self governing, she could and would frame her own tariff with America and open up new channels of trade elsewhere. But do the emigrant youth of Ireland reason over these things and leave their land on account of them? Well, they may not reason on them speculatively, but they feel them and touch them in their effects upon their own life and its happiness. So we may quite agree with Miss Milligan that the first and deepest cause of this emigration is the desire to

be free of the gloom that enshrouds their country and be in a position to earn and to own their own earnings. This position they can and do attain in America, but never shall at home as long as England controls the trade and industrial interests of Ireland.

Very lately the Rev. Archbishop Fennelly of Cashel confirmed all this, saying: "No doubt the evil of emigration would be palliated, to a certain extent, by an extended cultivation of the arable lands of Ireland, but still you would have large numbers, not wanted on the land, obliged to emigrate for want of means sufficient to enable them to settle down at home. In Ireland the marriage rate is the lowest in Europe, and will remain so until the land of Ireland is more fully and equitably divided, and industries set up and developed so as to give employment to such as the land cannot accommodate. When is this likely to be done? Under a Home Rule Government, which, in my opinion, is not far off."

This same overpowering grasp upon her vitals of the "predominant partner" is the cause of the dread of Irishmen who possess wealth, as many do, to employ it in founding and fostering home industries. All farming peoples (and of such is Ireland's chief wealth) are conservative in the matter of risking cash. How much more so the Irish farmer who has made it so hardly and at so much sacrifice and peril. He will not draw that money from the savings banks and put it into schemes and speculations. Not even under Home Rule, until Home Rule shall prove itself and give a reason for the faith that is in it. It is a mockery therefore to cry out to him "Encourage home industries;" "Start factories and spread employment, with Irish money, throughout the land and so arrest emigration from its shores." Who will do it? Who ought to do it? What has become of the few who tried to do it? The other day they had a meeting in the cozy town of Tipperary to promote there a bacon factory. Canon Ryan, the cultured and patriotic P. P. presided and largely contributed to the enterprise. Over two thousand pounds were collected. But "what is that among so many?" By what miracle can it and similar admirable, though pathetic, efforts be made to satisfy the country's needs. Localities in Donegal, and Baltimore in Kerry, aided by judicious outside patronage and intelligent methods, have no doubt made a great step in advance. But these exceptional successes only serve to emphasize the pitiful attempts elsewhere made to foster industries in Ireland, by Ireland.

It would be too great a demand in a paper like this even to enumerate the other complex and multiple causes that combine to drive the youth of Ireland away from their fatherland. We should have to evoke the spirit of history, dwell on national traditional usages, racial temperament and tendencies, all of which offered material and opportunity for the action of the prime cause of Ireland's industrial decay. That cause of causes is the fatal geographical and political situation that till now deprive her of initiative, of energy, and doom her to the service of an alien race and government.

To turn now to remedies for emigration and motives for its restraint so abundantly suggested of late. It need only be said that most of them are purely sentimental and many of them are absurd. Admitting that no loftier motive could be urged upon the youth of Ireland than that of the moral and religious benefit of home staying, both to themselves and their country, we yet must class this among sentimental arguments. It diverts the question from its lower but proper basis of the temporal and material to the regions of the ethical and the supernatural. They are deeply and solidly religious, these young emigrants.

They have been so at home and as a rule they remain so in America, whatever reverent or irreverent special pleaders may write to the contrary. There is no reason on earth or in heaven why those Irish girls and boys should lose their faith, or grow cold in it, or adopt loose habits here. As a rule (let us leave exceptions to those who delight in them) they do not. New York and Boston, good specimen cities, might challenge Dublin itself to-day for the practical evidence they present of devotion to religious duty and reverence for God's ministers and for His temples. The writer has seen those outward signs of inward faith grow apace in this great land during the last thirty years. To-day, in these cities, the Catholic clergyman is saluted as in Ireland wherever he goes with a reverence unmarked by servility. There are few Catholic laymen who pass the temple of God, whether in the crowded streets or the packed tram car, without raising their hat to the unseen Majesty that dwells within. The Irish people in the great cities here are Catholic to the core; enlightened, brave, and uncompromising Catholics. They would be ready if called upon to suffer and die for the faith as bravely as their fathers did before them. Their spiritual wants are well attended to and nothing in Europe, anywhere, can excel the work, the workmen, or the well-ordered equipment of the Catholic Church in this land.

What is Ireland's loss in this direction is surely America's gain. The case may be safely and truly stated that way. But it is false to aver that Ireland' loss, through emigration, is a loss to both the bodies and souls of her children.

The appeal to patriotism to keep these voluntary exiles at home is equally sentimental and ineffective. It is true that Ireland compared with other countries, such as Italy, Germany, the Danubian districts, etc., that send their burden to swell this population, has a special and growing need of her children and cannot, in all human calculation, afford to part with any of them. But no one of them considers that he or she in particular is the "eus necessarium" of Ireland or the chosen victim "to be devoted on the altar of slavery." The whole body of the exiles prefer solid opportunities abroad to shadowy possibilities at home.

In the like way we may dismiss what may be called the home improvement argument against emigration. It amounts to this: Since there are no industries in Ireland to employ profitably those young people they ought to remain at home till such industries grow up and flourish. In the interim of course they could wait. Old people can wait, who have nothing to await for themselves. Young people, with life and its needs and its comforts to satisfy and achieve, cannot wait and ought not. Moreover, do those debaters see this, that industries are for the people more than the people are for industries and that the more the people increase, where there are no industries and no instant promise of them, the more insufficient become the resources and the more wretched the condition of the country they inhabit. The present generation does not conceive it its duty to remain at home to create a new country and repair all the ills and damages accumulated in the past before it was born.

Other suggested remedies for emigration we note with scant comment. One is that Irish emigrants who have prospered abroad should return to Ireland bringing their wealth with them. They might rest assured that the wealth would be welcome, but they themselves would not. Moreover neither would remain long in the land. For the wealth would have no profitable outlet there, and the man no occupation suited to his acquired tastes and enlarged ideas. The Irish emigrant who has lived and labored long enough

away to make money could never brook the situation that exists, and is likely to exist, in Ireland. The methods of thought and living in Ireland would not brook him and his ways. Neither would change to please the other. Then, what about the wealthy Irish-American's family, for he is sure to have one? Would they be willing to go to live in Ireland and devote the family resources to her cause? No one has ever gone to remain in Ireland (or any other country for that matter) to give, but rather to take. What a youthful and ingenuous mind those must possess who suggest this argument.

Alongside this remedy, and from apparently the same source, we have this other more grave and authoritative appeal—"Stop the supplies. Induce the Irish-American not to send money to Ireland to be used for emigration purposes." How is this to be done? What machinery is yet invented to hinder people from doing what they like with their own money? Moral suasion! The exposing of the evils that accrue to Ireland from emigration! But the emigrants are not accessible to such suasion, and do not see those evils. On the contrary, loving their country and their relatives and friends, proving that love as no other people ever proved it they yet encourage and aid their own to leave their native country! Is not this a proof that they themselves have been bettered by leaving it and would extend to those they love at home the benefits they have thus secured? And this being so, is emigration an evil of any sort in the minds of those who have seen both sides of the situation in both lands? How cajole them into a refusal to aid emigration.

From all this may be gathered the answer to the question "Can emigration be stopped and ought it to be stopped?" Having reached this stage of the theme space and courage alike fail. We dread further to arouse the wrath of the editor on the one hand and the anti-emigrant on the other.

Meantime abjuring vain experiments and expedients let us trust in Him Who is the giver and preserver of life in men and nations, and Who has made her the elect portion of His kingdom on earth, to arrest in His own way and time the depletion of Ireland.

A SAINT UNCANONIZED.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Her name in missal calendar,
  Adorns no sacred place;
No halo bright, with tender light
  Enshrines her pictured face.

But I who know what martyrdom
  In common lives may be,
Trust her great love, all else above,
  To intercede for me.

THE COMING AND GOING OF BILLY MAGUIRE.

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Billy Maguire was the advance agent of the Irish in Hadley. Poor old Billy, "God be good to him,"—as he always said of his departed friends,—many a time told the story of his encroaching upon the sacred soil of Hadley, and heartily did he laugh at the recollection of that event. He had come to the new land with glorious visions and highest aspirations, but when these dreams had faded away in the light of day and he had wandered about the country for some time, he finally drifted by chance to Hadley and there secured employment with Deacon Philips, the remuneration being his board and a trifle over. A great acquisition was he to the Philips' farm, though at first the Deacon was extremely chary of receiving as help a man who reeled off the Queen's English with a richness that shamed the Yankee twang. But the heart of the Deacon's little wife—Billy always mentioned her name with reverence—softened towards the travel-stained wanderer and the Deacon was persuaded to give him a trial. Billy was a curiosity to the Deacon, who had never before seen an Irishman. With a strange feeling of wonder, mixed with an innate fear that Billy might be a "Papist" spy in disguise and therefore apt to be murderous or skilled in the black art, he watched him at his work until the curiosity and the fear wore away, and the ability of Billy as a general workman finally established him as a necessary appurtenance to the farm.

The news soon spread that there was a real live Irishman in town. It was like the announcement that a circus tent had been pitched during the silence of the night, and the Deacon's farm became the Mecca of the Hadleyites.

The nine days' wonder passed, and Billy became a usual factor in the town-life. The Deacon urged him to become a member of the Congregational Church, but Billy gave him a look of scorn that settled all further attempts at evangelizing on the part of the Deacon. Billy was surely a hard-shell Papist.

But the Deacon was not allowed very long to have a monoply of the Irish element in Hadley. The social rivals of the Philips', Jonathan Adams and his spouse, were bound not to be out-done. After many a battle of words on some very important topic they startled the native quietness a month or so after Billy's arrival, by driving home from Boston with no less a treasure in the back seat of the wagon than a buxom sweet-faced lassie with the brightness of the old land still playing in her eyes. The Deacon was certainly thrown into the shade. But not so Billy when he heard of the newcomer. He had never been partial to making a business call on "thim haythens, the Adamses," but he now began to look for an errand to give him an opportunity to see the Irish girl, and from his heart he blessed the old Deacon when he was bidden run over to the Adamses to get the loan of a few rakes. Billy himself had put some out of order in hope of such an errand to Jonathan's. So he went over to the Adams' farm. And what great luck for him! There she was, standing in the front doorway, brandishing a maple branch in each hand to drive back a swarm of flies!

"Kill the divils," said Billy, coming up unobserved. The branches fell from the hands of the astounded maiden at the sound of a voice she knew could never belong to a "black Prodesan." She looked in amazement at the stranger till the

smiling countenance of Billy transformed the wonder into delight and brought to her face a smile akin to his own. That instant she became his friend. The war upon the flies was forgotten. They streamed back again to the abandoned fort as Maggie O'Rourke went with Billy to a place that was beyond reach of the "ould lassie's twang," and told him who she was, and from what part of the country she came, while Billy in turn went through the same self-examination. And of course Maggie had to cry with the memories of home brought back by the presence of one that lived in the next county, and knew her Uncle Owen's folks as well as he knew himself and better, in which trying moment Billy was forced to take the part of consoler, a rôle in which he was singularly adept. The smiles replaced the tears, and back again they wandered over a very roundabout way to the Adams' homestead. The meeting was too brief for Billy, but long enough for him to experience that awful emptiness of heart which some people say comes to a man when he meets some one he likes better than himself. Anyway when they arrived at the house Billy was loath to accept his dismissal.

"G'wan now, Billy!" Such shocking familiarity on such a short acquaintance! "G'wan now or I'll be kilt, an' the place swarmin' with flies. The Missis—"

Maggie was off on the instant, and poor Billy was face to face with his first disappointment in love. He started home, building castle after castle for a sweet-faced queen with the unroyal name of Maggie, and he never realized until he was confronted with several broken rakes that he had failed to do the business for which he had ostensibly gone to Jonathan's.

"Where be the rakes, Billy?" interrogated the Deacon.

"Oh yes, the rakes!" Billy now remembered of course. "The ould divil's usin' thim all. I had me tramp for nothin'. But I'll fix these in a minute." And he was true to his word, for the memory of Maggie O'Rourke added strength to his ingenuity.

But Billy was uneasy. There was a loadstone at the Adams' farm, and it was not very long before he yielded to the magnetic attraction. Maggie too, did not in the least object to such a state of affairs. She counted the hours as often and as yearningly as he, and was just as reluctant to see him take his departure. No human hearts could stand such a strain for long, and Billy was beginning to pine away, as he put it, when circumstances at the Deacon's arranged matters in a way that no fairy god-mother had ever excelled. The Deacon's wife was ill. She had labored hard from the day she had married, and the steady strain had done its work. The little woman succumbed,—to be henceforth a confirmed invalid. The Deacon was perplexed. Billy it was true could do almost anything, but the Deacon had not enough confidence in Billy's cooking to stake his life upon it, and so he consulted this right hand man of his on the way to get out of the predicament.

"Must get a girl, Bill. Got to. The wife is laid up for good. An' Bill, I want one of your kind—Irish. Jonathan Adams says his girl's a treasure an' can do 's much work ez any man. He wouldn't let her go, he says, if he had to sell thirty acres."

"No sooner said than done," said Billy. "Give me the wagon an' I'll drive over to Boston tomorrow an' pick y' out the purtiest Irish lass in the whole country."

"Ye kin hev it, Bill. Ye kin hev it."

"All right," said Billy, "I'll do me best."

There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he made his way to Maggie's. The talk was longer than usual that night, and

when it was ended both were happier than ever before. There was something evidently afoot which it would not be well for Ann Adams to hear of. Any way she suspected nothing and gave her consent with a very good grace when Maggie asked permission to drive to town with Mr. Philips' man to get some things belonging to her. That of course was a sure sign that Maggie liked the place and was going to stay. Bright and early the next morning Billy was at the Adams' farm, but none too early for the girl who for an hour or more had been listening for the sound of the wheels. There was no time wasted in unnecessary courtesies on the part of Billy. Besides they were useless, for Maggie could jump into a team as well as any man, and it saved a lot of time. So away they went to Boston town, chattering and laughing.

All that day the Deacon was wondering what kind the new girl would be. Would she be as good as Billy? Would she be the equal of Jonathan Adams' treasure? His anxiety increased with the hours, and little work he did between his reflections. It was a great relief therefore when he heard the rattling of the wagon that night, and he made haste to get a lantern and go out to meet Billy and the girl.

"Did ye get one?" he cried.

"Yes, sir, an' a fine wan, too—Whoa!" The team stopped, and the Deacon's lantern was focussed upon Billy and his companion.

"There she is for ye," said Billy.

"Where? There? Why that's Adams' girl."

"Not if Billy Maguire knows it. That's Mrs. William Maguire, that was Maggie O'Rourke this mornin'."

"Mrs. William—you married, Billy?"

The lantern fell to the Deacon's side and he muttered something like an oath, but of course it couldn't be.

"Well, come in an' tell the old lady. You're a cute one Billy."

The old lady smiled at the romance, and the Deacon—well the Deacon didn't frown, but he shivered on that August night as he drove over to Adams' to hand Maggie O'Rourke's notice, a notice to take effect immediately. Mrs. Adams heard the rattling of the old wagon. She had been getting quite anxious concerning Maggie "an' her out with that Billy Maguire." She was therefore glad when she heard the familiar sound of the deacon's coach.

"Why, Deacon!" she exclaimed as her sharp eye caught sight of the driver. "Why, where's Maggie?"

"Maggie ain't comin' back, she's married."

"Married!" Shrillest of exclamations that Maggie must have heard above the sound of Billy's blarney!

"Yes to Billy Maguire, my man. Did it to-day in Boston. She'll be over to-morrow to tell you all about it an' git her clothes. Git up, Pete, we must git hum for the weddin' supper."

"It's all your fault, Deacon. Y' always was an enemy to Jonathan Adams an' me, but—"

"Git up Pete—g'long," and the rattle of the wheels drowned the shrill tirade of the offended housewife.

The Deacon drew a sigh of relief, and old Pete rushed along as if he knew the wrath from which he was fleeing. Had he not been the prime aid to the union of two loving hearts?

"She's a tartar," said the Deacon when he came into the kitchen where Billy and his bride were making a hearty wedding supper on the warmed over dinner of yesterday. "But Billy yer all right, ye bet y'are."

* * * *

Luckily for the rejuvenation of Hadley, this first Irish couple was joined by others. Where one Irishman is to-day a score to-morrow. There was a special reason for it in Hadley. Jonathan Adams

had started his son Shubal in business. Jonathan had fallen heir to a few thousands and, as Shubal had never a taste for farm work but had applied himself to boot-making, his father thought the best investment he could make of the money was to start his son in the business for which he had an aptitude. Thus began the first industry of Hadley that by its steady growth became in time the making of the town.

This was a year or more after the marriage of Billy, who was now accustomed to make frequent visits to Boston in the same old rattling wagon that had been his matrimonial car. He had quite a love for the old wagon, a love that was intensified by the fact that on the first anniversary of their marriage it bore him and Mrs. Billy to Boston on an event hardly less of an epoch-maker than that very successful matrimonial venture. It was the christening of Billy's first boy, who was to be called Owen John in honor of several ancestors of the Maguire-O'-Rourke family. Proud father was he as he drove to the homes of several of his friends to announce this event, and at the same time obtain a god-father and god-mother for his heir. It was on this occasion that he began to dilate upon the glories of Hadley, and to entreat many of his countrymen to pack up their few worldly possessions and come out to the great boot-shop for work. Billy was oratorical when he wished to be, and his oratory was filled with the persuasiveness that convinces. The picture he drew of success for them in the town of which he—to hear him talk—was an indispensable resident, would sweep away stronger barriers of objection than his listeners could oppose.

"We'll go after you, Billy," they decided. "We can't be worse off there than here with them that burned the convent an' drove away the holy women of God."

So Billy and his wife and Owen John "Christened by the Bishop's own hands, God bless him!" returned home the next day. Billy was very happy, not only for the child, but also in the confidence that Hadley would soon boast of a few more of his faith.

He was thus the cause of immigration being directed to Hadley, but he never took that honor to himself in the hearing of any of the Protestant magnates. He knew what opposition there was to his countrymen. When he went to Boston he heard the stories of hatred against the Catholic name, and this was one reason that induced him to encourage immigration to Hadley. Though firm in the conviction that "Prodesans is Prodesans the world over," he felt that in Hadley, on account of the fewness of the Irish, there would be less cause for alarm on the part of the natives, and hence a better chance for the establishment of his friends. Besides Shubal Adams was anxious for workers, was willing to teach the trade to others,—and therefore the great opportunity which Billy thought it would be a sin to neglect.

So one family after another came to Hadley, till in the third year after Billy's abduction of Ann Adams' maid-of-all-work, the Irish population comprised eight families, every one of them increasing in such alarming proportions as to menace the ownership of majority on the part of the "Prodesans." The "Irish Colony" they were called, all living together in the square of little houses which the enterprising boot firm had constructed for the accommodation of its workmen, though at the time of building it had not foreseen that the village would be almost exclusively Irish. They were an industrious folk, united to a man from the fact that they had come from the same part of the old country. They knew how to make the most of opportunity, and night after night, when work in the boot-shop was over, the head of every family and

his boys could be seen hoeing and weeding in the little vegetable garden that lay at the back of each cottage. Billy was the patron of all. He had been their guide to Hadley. To him they owed their success and content of mind. He felt his responsibility too and kept an eye upon his friends to keep good order in the colony. Nor was his surveillance restricted to their worldly prosperity. Staunch Catholic that he was, he was ever solicitous for the "duty" of his charges, and so twice each year one of the cottages was the mecca for all the Catholics of the district. Here Mass was said by a visiting priest and the duties of Confession and Communion complied with. What joy in the colony then! The priest, the man of God was come! It was a gala day. All eyes were fixed upon him, and all ears intently awaited the words of advice that fell from his lips. He told them of the murmurings of discontent, the hatred that was brewing against the Catholic Church, warning them at the same time of the duty of giving good example and refraining from any show of violence. It was the same old message of Christian meekness.

Owen John had attained his fifth year. He was the idol of the Deacon, and more so of the little invalid slowly coming back to health and strength, who had never been blessed with a child of her own. He was a sharp little lad, with hair as black as night, and eyes as large and lustrous as those of an Egyptian beauty. Billy was enthusiastic over him. There was never a finer child in the country, God bless him! and well might the Protestant aristocracy stop on the road where "Owney" was playing and listen to the old-fashioned talk, touched with brogue and Yankee twang. Owney had just started on his sixth year when the sorrow of Billy's life closed down upon him—the death of Maggie. His heart was broken as he stood among the Irish colonists, holding his little Owney by the hand and watching the coffin of his wife and new-born babe being lowered into the grave—the first grave in the piece of land that was henceforth sacred as the Catholic cemetery of Hadley. Ah, it was a great blow, and the ambition that Billy had been nourishing of soon buying a little farm of his own and starting out for himself was buried in the grave with the darling of his heart. There was nothing to live for now but Owney, little black-eyed Owney, with the smile on his face even when the gravel was thundering down upon her who had often hugged him to her bosom. But Owney soon forgot. He did not want for care. The Deacon's wife was now able to be about the house, and seemed to get new life from the incessant chatter of the manly little Irish-American. She took as much pride in keeping him neat as if his name were Philips and not Maguire, and her tender heart resented keenly the gibes that were cast at him when he made his first appearance at the village school.

Owney was not the only Irish representative at that seat of learning. There were several there before him, ready to defend their rights by muscular persuasion and anxious to "smash any mouth that said a word against Billy Maguire's Owney." So Owney did not suffer. The native element was afraid of the foreign power, a submission evinced by blackened and bloody noses on more than one occasion until to an onlooker it was evident that the aliens were the masters by default on the part of their opponents. Owney progressed rapidly in his studies to the supreme delight of his father, who rejoiced on a winter's night to exercise his own elementary education in making the lad spell. Often Billy was at a loss to know how near to perfection was Owney's attempt at certain words, but he took it for granted that the student knew better than he, and so he always

smiled approval. Then came the part of the lesson that the boy liked best, when Billy would dilate upon the glories of Ireland and rehearse the romantic incidents of Irish history till his listener got to know nearly as much about Ireland as the lecturer himself. Billy wanted to train the lad in reverence for the old country and the old faith, when the environments in the new country were so full of danger for Irish patriotism and Irish faith. Every morning and night they knelt side by side to pray, always concluding with a prayer for the soul of Maggie. In such an atmosphere Owney grew up, loving the faith and the country of his parents and resenting the slurs cast upon everything Catholic and Irish, by so many of the townspeople. Many a time he would ask the Deacon's wife, whom he called "aunty," why there was so much abuse heaped upon the members of the little Irish colony, but she would only stroke his head and kiss him, and tell him not to mind.

"Yer jest as good as they be, Owney, don't mind 'em." He always received new courage from her, and it was no wonder that he loved the very ground she walked on.

So things went on until he reached his fifteenth year. The little colony had been increased by two new families and not a blight had come upon any household save for the few new graves that had been made near Maggie's. It was now time for Owney to follow the fate of the boys of his age in Hadley. Billy would n't make him a farmer despite the entreaties of the Deacon, and so his name was entered upon the pay-roll of the Adams' factory. The work was light, and he experienced a joy in the fact that he was earning something to repay his father for all the kindnesses of his life. But the new experience of work was not all joy. The ban of being Irish was upon Owney as upon so many of his companions. The mark of social inferiority was upon the Irish brow deep and broad. There was an agitation against the foreign element, and of course by foreign element was meant Irish chiefly. The spirit that had cast the burning brand within the the sanctified walls of Charlestown convent, and scattered abroad the noble women who were devoting themselves to the service of God and their neighbors, once more began its plotting to crush the undesirable element that was beginning to grow strong in its adopted home.

It was a spirit destined soon to spread through the land, and Hadley was not to be exempt. Thither came the news of the firing of churches by vandal hands, and the Irish of Hadley feared the coming of such a lawless spirit among themselves. Their fears were by no means groundless. Week after week some one tried to pervert the minds of the children by distributing tracts against the faith, to undermine their steadfast adherence to Catholicity. But persecution makes martyrs, and the effect of the accusations was to make the colony more devout, more firm in its attachment to the things of faith. Only let them have enough work, and they could bend their necks and snap their fingers at the foolish yet, for all that vicious tirades daily directed against them. But would they be given work much longer if such a feeling became as strong in Hadley as in many other places?

This was the topic of conversation on a May evening, a conversation that was conducted in tones scarcely above a whisper. It was the thought uppermost in the mind of Owney as he made his way to the factory the next morning. He was late. The old Deacon had not been feeling well that morning, and Billy had called the lad early to get him to help milk the cows before he went to work. He dreaded being late. Shubal Adams had a violent temper when crossed, and one of the easiest ways to

cross him was to come late to work. Once before had Owney quaked before his anger. He dreaded the repetition, and he sought to rally courage to meet it as he came towards the door. He had lifted the latch, when a sheet of paper pasted on the door caught his eye. He gazed at it, and the whole significance of the picture dawned upon him. It was a caricature of the Holy Father, that Holy Father whom Owney had been taught to reverence as the vice-regent of Almighty God. It was at the same time a libel on the land which his father had taught him to love with all the fullness of his heart, and his blood boiled at the slanderous representation that confronted him. He did not stop to reflect. Heedless of the consequences that might follow, with one sweep of his hand he tore the picture from the door and thrust it in his shirt bosom. Then opening the door he went quietly to his work. Shubal was not to be seen, and Owney, drawing a sigh of relief, began to apply himself to make up for lost time. The sheet of paper was like a load of stone upon his heart. What if he had been seen? What if Shubal found out what he had done? He would surely lose his work. What, too, if the paper fell from its hiding place? Some enemy would see it and report him, or perhaps take vengeance upon him for tearing it down. Listen, they were talking about it now! The picture had amused them all. What was that Owney heard? Shubal Adams had put it on the door? What if he knew that Owney Maguire had been the iconoclast? He heard a noise in the direction of the door. The voice of Shubal was raised in protest; his violent passion was aroused. He had just entered the shop, and everyone who heard his voice applied himself more vigorously to his work. What was the matter? Matter enough. Some one had torn down the picture that Shubal had posted upon the door. Who was the culprit? Surely some admirer of the Pope, and immediately every Irishman was the object of suspicion. Down the aisle came Shubal. Every few feet he stopped to ask a workman if he knew anything about the disappearance of the cartoon. No one knew what had become of it. Owney trembled. The last almost fell from his hand as he realized that the angry man was beside him.

"You were fifteen minutes late, Maguire. Did n't I warn you to get to work on time?"

Owney stood up. He trembled so that the boot he held in his hand fell to the floor, and when he stooped to pick it up the paper in his bosom dropped out before the gaze of all. He could feel the hot breath of the man beside him, and in a moment more the tempest of anger broke over him. Dealing the lad a blow that staggered him the infuriated bigot cried out, "So it was you who tore it down," and called to his adherents to aid him in driving out "the d— little Papist." The boy tried to escape, and had reached the door when his feet tripped on the threshold and he was thrown forward and down a long flight of stairs, his head striking against the rough stone flag at the bottom, where he lay silent and motionless—an innocent victim.

. . . . . .

Billy Maguire came up from the fields to finish the chores about the barn. Glancing down the street he saw some men coming towards the house, bearing among them a burden, and divining that something terrible had happened he ran out to meet them.

"The little lad is sick, Billy," said Barney Malloy, coming forward. "He fell and hurt himself, and we brought him home. No, no, man," as Billy tried to push him aside, "He's only stunned. He's—"

"Dead," said Billy in a strange, hoarse voice. "Don't lie to me, Barney Malloy.

It's dead my boy is, Maggie's little boy."

He had loved Owney with all his great strong heart, and this was the end. He asked no questions, realizing only that Owney was dead. What mattered it how death had come to him?

"Don't, Billy, don't," pleaded the Deacon's wife, terrified by the man's strange calm. She had loved the boy as her own son, and she put all thought of self aside as she tried to comfort the stricken father, but for him there was no comfort, nothing but darkness and desolation.

"Bring him in," said the woman, sobbing bitterly. "Come, Billy, let them take the boy in," and docile to her touch he stood aside, while the men took up their light burden and passed into the house.

For two days Owney lay in the Deacon's parlor, and from morning to night and again from night to morning the father sat by his dead boy, mute, unquestioning, conscious only of the great grief that was his. The day of the funeral came, and through the open windows floated the glad song of the birds, mingling with the voices of the mourners as they answered the prayers for the dead, read by Billy himself. The coffin was borne to the quiet corner where Owney was to rest with his mother. How deep the new grave was! How deep, how wide, and all of it for little Owney. The gravel crashed down upon the coffin, every pebble falling on the father's heart. When the last shovelful had been cast upon the grave and the prayer was said he went away by himself and wandered for hours in the field, and when twilight came he returned to the house to seek out the Deacon and his wife.

"I'm goin' away to-morrow, sir," he announced.

"Where?" asked the Deacon gently, "and for how long?"

"To Boston, and fer good. There's nothing here now to keep me. Maggie's gone and Owney's gone, an', an' I'd do murder if I stayed. I must go in the mornin'. Don't tell the men until I'm gone. They'd try to keep me."

All efforts to shake his resolutions were vain. Go he would. The rest of the night was spent in getting together his little effects, his and Maggie's and Owney's. When daylight dawned he took up the bundle containing what he held most valuable and for the last time looking round the room where Owney had been born and Maggie had died he closed the door softly and went down the stairs. The Deacon and his wife were waiting for him and he would not defer the parting any longer. He tried to speak, to give expression to his gratitude for what they had been to him and his, but words failed him, and breaking away from them he took his seat in the old wagon that had been his bridal carriage and that had carried Owney to his christening. How long ago that was, how long ago! Across the field he could see a new-made grave and beside it a grassy mound fair with flowers.

The Deacon picked up the reins, the little woman in the doorway, sobbing aloud, turned back into the darkened home, and the wagon rattled on, bearing Billy Maguire towards the future he must live alone.

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Photograph by Edy Brothers, London, Ont.

"THE WHITE SOUL MIRRORED IN THE BRIGHT, LIQUID EYES."

THE LITTLE ONES.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Who in all this wide world does not love the merry laughter, the cheery voices of bright-eyed little children? "Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God and little children," was the simple yet beautiful dictum of Richter. "The smallest children are nearest to God as the smallest planets are nearest the sun." Look into a child's face and study it carefully! What a picture of innocence—the very white soul mirrored in the

"CHILDREN BRING THEIR OWN LOVE WITH THEM"

bright, liquid eyes, a touch of purity in all the merry lines that run from the corners of the fat little mouth and in the expression, the sleeping dreams, the unexpressed hopes, the undiscovered future—everywhere a hint of the rosy coloring of the glorious present. To gaze into the care-free face of a child is prayer; it is more, it is a sermon—a sermon that sinks into one's heart unconsciously, for in those eyes—clear and tranquil as a brook—rests the shadow of a peace and a joy that we grown-ups so eagerly long for.

From the busy, throbbing, hot streets of life we steal into the companionship of these little ones. They are always cheerful, always glad. In our hearts, a hundred forces may clash, a hundred hopes may go down, but if there are children around to love us, if the music of their voices rings clear to cheer us, though suffering and disease stalk the wastes, sunshine is bound to surely come again to those who stand and watch in the gray of the lonely shadows. "Call not that man wretched," writes Southey, "who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love." "The man who never tried the companionship of a little child," beautifully writes Mrs. Norton, "has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value." One always feels refreshed in the presence of children. They never say anything gloomy; never hint at anything sad. Like the birds in the air, they never sing a haunting note. Their young lips cannot sound the deep notes of sorrow, they are tuned only to the thrilling sopranos of joy. And, then, the love of a little child! There is nothing purer under the white stars. The Divine Master Himself was the first great teacher of men. He always made much of love, sunshine, and flowers, and, in His large heart, lived a strong sympathy for childhood.

When He said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was a fiat, a revelation, that thrilled through the corridors of the long, weary centuries. "I love these little people," writes the immortal Dickens, who of the few really could appreciate the wavering pulse of humanity, "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

What would this wide, dreary world be without children? Nothing but shadows. Life's brightest flowers and most glorious sunshine fall in the paths of the little ones—

"His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes."

The love of children draws earth nearer heaven and shows us newer beauties, newer possibilities, as morning shows the day, for "where children are," in the words of Novalis, "there is the golden age." Every child wakes into life under the starry skies of love, and longing mothers press life's little roses to their warm breasts, unaware of the many thorns that hide beneath the soft leaves. Such is the boon of motherhood, such the joy of that womanly mother-heart, so wrapped up in the little sleeping form in the white cot. The youthful mother smiles to her first born and gladly the child answers in the silent language of two busy hands and feet. "Children, ay, forsooth," writes the kindly Jean Ingelow, "they bring their own love with them when they come—the pretty lambs! Why, the world's full of them, and so is heaven—they are not rare!"

Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

"LIFE'S FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE LIE IN THE PATHS OF THE LITTLE ONES."

Photograph by Edy Brothers.
"EYES, CLEAR AND TRANQUIL AS A BROOK, REFLECTING PEACE."

Lawrence Alma Tadema thus sings the praises of the little seer of childhood's kingdom. "King Baby," he calls him, and glad is the song—

"King Baby, on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
So tender O, so tender O!
His throne is mother's knee,
Where none may sit but he.

His crown is of gold
So curly O, so curly O!
His crown is of gold,
In shining tendrils rolled.
His kingdom is my heart
So loyal O, so loyal O!
His kingdom is my heart
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws
So simple O, so simple O!
Divine are all his laws
With love for end and cause.
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone."

How bitter must be the longing of the unsatisfied one who misses the patter of the little feet upon the floor and feels the sting of the strong hope unrealized!

What a responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Christian mother. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may forsake the one who has a right to their affection and heart interest, but a mother's love endures through all, through light and shadow, sorrow and despair. Napoleon one day asked Madam Campan: "What is wanting in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers!" was the telling answer she gave him. Napoleon stood for a moment and exclaimed thoughtfully: "Here, then is a system in one word." "An ounce of mother," reads a Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy," and "one good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," writes George Herbert. After all, do we not remain children all of our lives? The selfsame mother holds in her hands all the strings of youth and age; and, in the stooped, trembling form of the old man, she sees nothing but the outline, the picture of her child, her babe, though he be near the guide-posts of seventy. Time may have plowed furrows on his cheek and covered his head with the winter of age, yet, to her he is always a child.

A good mother! Ah! she is the best friend God ever gave us. Her life is nothing but a silent martyrdom, but she hopes on and daily models young lives into the picture of her own personality. Joaquin Miller has immortalized the Christian mother in his widely quoted poem, "The Bravest Battle." If this

poet had not written another poem, his name would still be handed down to fame, for this glowing tribute to the white-souled, fighting, suffering mothers of humanity.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wounded men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,

Photograph by Edy Brothers.

"THE SWEET SERIOUSNESS OF CHILDHOOD."

"The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;

But O! these battles they last so long—
From boyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot
And soldiers to shout and praise
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came
The kingliest warrior born."

Day by day we read poems dedicated to the little ones, some of them voicing a great joy, others again filled with the threnodies of sorrow. How our hearts go out to the anxious mothers, standing by the deathbeds of the little ones, watching their pure, white souls loosing their earthly bonds. Sallie Margaret O'Malley voices beautiful thoughts, laden with a wealth of human tenderness, in her poem "A Little Grave"—

"Sweet is the close of day and far
Shines down the fog-white moon,
But sweeter thou, my small pale child,
Whom Death has claimed his own so soon.

I saw his shadow in the room—
I felt his breath come close and chill;
But clearer came the call of Christ—
The voice of Love, so calm, so still.

Death leaves to me dear memories,
The little thoughts we keep alone,
The kiss, the clasp of tiny palms
That live, though life and you have flown.

O, when the hills grow green again
And small, wild flowers in beauty wave
Within the shadow of the cross
I'll smile above your little grave."

Photograph by Edy Brothers.

"THINKING DEEP THOUGHTS."

And the picture of the mother who has parted with life's bitter-sweet heritage! William J. Lampton gives us this pastel—a tender bit of word painting—in his searching lines—

"Deep in her eyes
There is a look that does not live
In any other woman's eyes,
Nor in the eyes of any man,
A wistfulness unsatisfied;
A light that fades with years
Yet never quite goes out;
A light that warms
And makes her beautiful;
A mother of dead children, she,
Has in her eyes
The pathos of earth's heritage of loss;
The pity and the pain."

Ah! the children that are gone before! Heaven is richer for their passing. God takes those little lives, and when we look towards Heaven we call in vain for their return. God's gardens lie about the blessed foothills of Eternity, but—O! they are so far away.

It is difficult to come across a poet who has not, at some time or other in his career, sounded a helping, songful note in honor of the little ones. Cradle-songs and mother-songs have been written in plenty; everywhere glows the strong devotion, everywhere throbs the strong love for the children, "living jewels dropped unstained from heaven." Ethel-

wyn Wetherald, the Canadian poet, has written a touching lyric in which she sings of the children she should like to know.

"I meet them in the country lane,
In village shops and city streets,
With cheeks all glowing in the rain,
Or voices gladdening in the sleet,

Photograph by Edy Brothers.

"HOW FAIR CREATION IS TO THEM."

Her poem, "Unknown Children," is sure to touch the mainsprings in many a responsive heart—

Or eyes enraptured with the snow—
The children I should like to know.

How fair creation is to them!
Unweighted by the cloak of years

They dance upon the lustrous hem,
And lose in rainbows all their tears.
How easily the hearts o'erflow
Of children we should like to know!

Their sleep is deeper than our peace,
Their waking gladder than our dreams;
Their guardian angels never cease
To speak to them in winds and streams.
The days are lifetimes, sweet and slow,
To children we should like to know.

Photograph by Edy Brothers.

"THEY ARE ALWAYS CHEERFUL, ALWAYS GLAD."

O little heart above this page,
The road is long, the road is hard;
But do not thou obscure in age
That early sky so thickly starred.
Keep sweet the faith of long ago,
Dear child, whom I shall never know."

Walk down any busy street on a clear, summer day and count the children that pass you by! The villages and cities are full of them. On all sides do we meet them and our tired souls listen for the music of their voices. Who does not love child-talk? It is just as necessary to most of us as the chatter of birds in the tree-tops. The children say such funny things, and, very often, there is a great deal of wisdom in their little assertions and smart sayings. A little, black-haired youngster was passing the church on Christmas day, and the mother, anxious that he should see the crib in all its beauty, said to him: "Come, Wilfrid! let's go in and see little Jesus in the manger!" The child opened its blue eyes and said, thoughtfully: "O muvver! he is old enub to walk. Tell 'im to tum out here. He won't be please do have me tatch 'im in bed, so late in de aftahnoon —will he?" With a great deal of coax-

ing, Wilfrid at last consented to enter the church with his mother. When they drew near the beautiful crib, in which was pictured the scene at Bethlehem, the child's eyes opened widely. He took in the situation at a glance. For a moment his eyes rested on the beautiful form of the Divine Babe in the manger, then they stole to the miniature sheep, angels, oxen, and shepherds that were grouped about the painted hillside. "Muvver!" he at last exclaimed gladly, "I am so dlad dat Santee Tlaws bro't da Baby so many toys to play wiv."

Photograph by F. B. Conlin.

"THE SILENT LANGUAGE OF BUSY HANDS AND FEET."

Some one may argue that the little ones of to-day have altogether too much to

say for their years and that we are leading them into the wrong direction—into the ways of selfishness and precociousness—by encouraging them to speak out the little original thoughts that burn within. "The children, who are allowed to explain," entertainingly writes Jean Blewett, the poet and journalist, "allowed to plead their cause when brought up before the powers-that-be, allowed to speak out the thoughts which vex and perplex them, are bound to grow up with better—perhaps I should say happier—natures than the children who dare not question or protest. They can never know the bitterness, the stinging sense of injustice, which has broken many a little heart." Everyone admires originality, and it is by studying the ways of the child that we come in contact with much that is strengthening, uplifting, and pleasant.

The deep pathos, the humor, the failings of childhood are all appreciated by us. What is more real than the sorrow of a little child? There is no flaw upon its surface; it is real, unstudied and convincing. The unwritten tragedies and comedies in the lives of children! The lesson of these young lives stands depicted upon many a glowing canvas and preaches and appeals to anxious, throbbing humanity, winding down the crowded by-ways. The dramas, comedies, tragedies of childhood! With the rising of the curtain, in the morning sunlight, glorious and refreshing, amid a bower of roses, we hear the patter of the little feet and the music of the thin, small voices, and, when the grand finale rings down upon the pleasant, shifting scenes, a vast regret steals into our hearts, for we realize that we will miss a *something* that has almost become a part of our own selves, and the big mighty curtain of Circumstance swings between us and those little ones upon life's rosy stage.

The days of childhood pass quickly and what glorious days they are! "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," writes Wordsworth. A small heaven of short duration, it is true, but into it can be crowded all the later days of joy and struggle. Let a child be a child as long as it can. Do not crowd into its heaven premature cares and premature troubles. Do not force upon it the weary day of rain too soon, but let it wander unguarded and free through the blossoming paths of May. The dreary Novembers and Decembers will come soon enough. Do not hedge in the little life with rigid rules, but let it expand in the fullness of innocence and happiness.

"Dear little Curly Head, careless and jolly,
Life as you view it is play;
Toiling is useless and fretting is folly
At least when you're having your way;
Shouting for fun
You romp and you run
Worrying not over work to be done,
Seeing no tasks that the years are to bring,
Thinking the future will always be spring."

In the education of these little ones there is also much to learn. The child is generally rushed into the "maelstrom" of a kindergarten, or a private school, at a period in life when the young buds have only opened to the sun, a period in which the class-room should be relegated to the broad open school of nature, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

"Dear little Curly Head why are they trying
To lure you away from your play,
To fret you with books while your childhood is flying
Like the brown rose's petals away?
Before you are care
And burdens, to bear;
Oh, why are they trying to hurry you there?
Dear little Curly Head, God never planned
That men should be men as they come from His hand."

A little girl is hustled off to school; she gives evidences of aptness, brightness. The child is encouraged on all sides. Day by day she sits poring over her

Photograph by Wilbert E Marshall, Arlington, Mass. Plate by courtesy of Photo Era, Boston.

'A ROSE AND ITS FRAGRANCE."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

books, working faithfully on, reaping new victories—and, why all this hurried educational "drugging"? Alas! often to gratify a vain, empty ambition of anxious parents, and oftener to set off the teaching capabilities of a young governess or teacher. The child reaches a period in life, a mental giant, but saddest spectacle—a physical derelict. Her brain has been allowed to develop at the expense of her body, and now she is nothing but a wreck, and, if not rescued in time, dire results are sure to come. This "cramming" monster, to say the least, has taken too great a hold on our present day educational system and is the ruin of more lives than many other living evils.

"Ah! Time, each rose
Her best for the children weaves;
Soon, too soon, as the wan world knows,
They will walk in the brown dead leaves,
Will you not wait for the children?"

"In trying to teach children a great deal in a short time," says Horace Mann, "they are treated not as though the race they were to run was for life, but simply a three mile heat." Children should be encouraged to use their muscles until

they are old enough to use their brains. And, when one considers all the grave ills the precocious, intellectual child is heir to, one realizes the importance of guiding the little life into more tranquil ways.

There is also much to learn in the bringing up of these little ones that are here to take their place in life and fill more or less lofty and responsible positions later on. "Children have more need of models than of critics," truthfully writes Joubert. The strong personality of the parents is generally stamped upon the daughter and the son. The rod or the fear of the rod is quite a wielding force in shaping these young careers, but it is not all. "You will never torture a child into duty," writes one, "but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding schoolmistresses in the universe." "A torn heart is soon mended," says Longfellow, "but hard words bruise the heart of a child." I believe it was Horace Mann who said: "When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offence, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom."

One of the saddest spectacles in this life is to see little children under the care of parents who are a stain on the name of humanity, parents totally unfit in every way to mould the lives of these little ones. The poor little street Arabs! We meet them at the down-town street corners every day, the sad expression on their thin faces voicing a silent protest to their Father in Heaven.

THE POWER OF WEALTH.

BY EDWIN F. A. BENSON.

Can money buy a mother's love;
Or win an infant's smile;
Or make our prayers heard above,
As others wait the while?

Can riches gain a loving wife;
Or build a happy home?
Can gold bring back youth's free, young life,
Wherever man may roam?

Is genius something to be bought?
Has art its market price?
Or can the sons of wealth be taught
Homer's fire to entice?

Can wealth with all the aid of art,
Make one poor cripple whole?
Can money mend a broken heart;
Or stay the parting soul?

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

"In one hour the sea will be in this bay," Anne went on. "It comes in very fast. If I weren't sure of Paudeen I wouldn't take this short cut with anyone but myself on the car. We've to get round that Point before the tide reaches it."

Mr. Corbett looked along the line of her whip to the distant spur of rock lying far out towards the water.

"We shall do it?" he asked.

"I shan't drown you," she replied. "I know exactly how the tide comes in. It will be well up in this bay before the Point is wet. I wouldn't trust anyone but myself."

They turned the Point with the water bubbling under Paudeen's feet. Once round it they were on a stone causeway well above the sea level.

'We hadn't much time to spare," said Mr. Corbett.

"Exactly what I calculated," she answered. "I knew there would be just time and no more."

"If we had had an accident?"

"There would still have been time for you and Angela to get in before the tide. There is a way up the cliffs. You would have been safe enough except that you might have got wet feet."

"And the horse?"

"I should have tried to get Paudeen round the Point, even if I had to leave the car and Gran's stores behind."

"Do you suppose I'd have left you to that?"

Anne's eyes looked at him tranquilly.

"You'd have had to. Paudeen would do things for me he'd never have done for you. However, there was no risk. Do you suppose I'd have run it with you and Angela in my charge? It is different when I'm alone."

"I hope you don't run risks when you're alone," said Mr. Corbett seriously.

"I never run risks," she answered lightly. "I'm too fond of Gran for that. But it is permitted to be a little more careless when one is by one's self. I often walk across here at low tide. It saves three miles of bog road: and now I come to think of it an accident in the bog would be at least as serious as an accident in the bay. I promise that you shall run no danger."

"I am glad you are coming back with us to the safety of Minster," said Mr. Corbett, smiling, while Angela looked at her friend with alarmed eyes as though she pictured her in desperate straits.

"That is Witch's Castle ahead!" said Anne, pointing with the whip to a glimmering light that showed itself against a black wall of mountain inland. The light was like a silver point in the tender blue of the atmosphere. "It is the lamp which Maureen, Gran's old maid, always lights in my room at evening when I am out and expected home."

They had turned off the sea-road now and were climbing a hard rocky lane that led upwards towards the mountains. Behind them the sunset had turned rose-color, had filled the Western sky with flying rose-leaves in drifted masses. The splendor began to light up the dark mountain, turning its sombre shadows to rose-color: and the fires were lit in every pool of bog water.

"How beautiful!" cried Angela.

"Yes: we are doing our best for you," said Anne, with a humorous fond glance at her. "I won't say we are so fine every evening."

The light had caught the windows of Witch's Castle now. It was a building of three stories with a square keep at one corner. The windows showed like eyes. All the building was densely covered in ivy.

"It is the ivy holds it together," said Anne. "If that were withdrawn the upper story would collapse upon the others. The house runs round a courtyard, or did once: but three sides of it are uninhabitable. Only the fourth turns a brave face to the world. It is as old as we are, and we are very old, as old as the mountains."

She said it so simply that there was no appearance of pride in the statement. While they looked back to watch the sunset Paudeen had turned in at an open gate. The house lay before them beyond a short avenue of trees full of enormous crows' nests, in which the inhabitants were settling themselves for the night, making a great to-do about it.

Presently they drew up at a door that was in line with the six windows which ran across the house. Beyond glimmered a low hall, panelled in wood, a staircase sweeping up from the middle of it, at either side two doors.

"I always stoop as I enter," said Anne when she had given up the horse and car to the hands of a wild-looking youth. "You had better do the same. Everything is little and low at Witch's Castle. It was built before the spacious days. The rooms are like birds' nests. Take the gentleman's coat, Nora,"—to the bare-footed, pink-frocked handmaiden.

The door at the right hand side of the hall opened, and old Madam Daly stood bowing on the threshold. Beyond her one caught a glimpse of the white-panelled room, an old girandole, a harp on a little raised dais, and the polished floor which reflected the leaping flames of a fire which was out of sight.

"What an enchanted country!" thought Angela, who had time to fall under the spell of the mountains and the waters, the clouds and the mists, who had thought so often during this last week or two of what Mr. Vallance would say if he could see the beauty they saw day after day, from the side of a long car, from the top of a mail-coach, from the windows of a leisurely train. "What an enchanted country, and what a dear little fairy godmother!"

Madam's face with its innumerable fine lines and wrinkles was looking graciously on her and her father. If Angela had only understood the extra graciousness was a concession to their lowly birth. She felt her hand caught in hands the skin of which had the texture and the softness of old kid gloves. A little nip of a kiss was imprinted on her cheek.

"My Nan's friends are very kindly welcome," said the old lady in a high, piping voice. "Pray come in, the night is cold and the wind rising. What a hubbub they make, to be sure, the wind and the sea. What did you say? That it was a lovely evening? We still have our sunsets and our scenery left to us. I hope you've had a pleasant journey. Ah, my friend and director, the Abbé O'Rourke."

The old priest had risen from his chair by the fire and stood by it, his old silver head bent in an attitude of humility that well became him. He had a tortoise-shell snuff box in his hand which oddly enough contained set in the lid an exquisitely-painted flying love which the Abbé liked to attribute to Boucher or Watteau. He was in the habit of apologizing for the possession of a bibelot so unpriestly when he met with anyone likely to misunderstand. "It is exquisite art," he would say. "I place it with my Theocritus, my Anacreon. Ah, how much we owe to the pagan world which lacking the Supreme Beauty had yet such intuition of beauty."

This thought was for the more discerning. For the less he would simply re-

mark that the snuff box was the gift of an empress. A little dust of snuff lay habitually on his white lapels. He engaged Mr. Corbett in conversation while Angela sat in the chair he had just vacated looking about the austere room with wonder and delight. She was thinking how white, how bright it looked, as though the morning sunlight must be always in it.

There was a bare stretch of floor since all the furniture was close to the walls. The few rugs though ancient were very good, old Persian, which kept their beauty although the colors had grown faint. There was a water-color portrait of Madam above the fire-place, set in the panel, with drooping black ringlets on each white shoulder and a rose set by her ear, with features ethereally delicate, and bright eyes under a night of long lashes.

The Abbé was laboriously talking to Mr. Corbett of things he thought likely to interest him, of the concerns of his own country; and the Abbé's English history was thirty years old. He had taken a fancy to the English people at first sight.

"The man has distinction in his fine face," he said afterwards to Madam. "Not perhaps our distinction, my friend, yet distinction all the same. And the child: there is nothing but innocence behind that face."

"You are looking at that little thing," Madam was saying with great animation to Angela. "It is myself, I see you have recognized it. Poor Lautree: he promised great things in the sixties, but he was killed in the Siege of Paris. It is a pretty thing but it did not do me justice. I was far, far prettier than that. When I came into a room everyone used to stop talking to stare at me. I was mobbed in the streets. I will say for the Parisians that they know how to admire beauty. Anne is not a patch on me, though I hadn't her height. I was *petite*, and beauty is not counted by inches. They said that only a woman so beautiful as the Empress could have borne to have had me constantly in her neighborhood. We made so complete a contrast, she being fair and I dark."

"Where is Judy?" asked Anne, handing the cup of fragrant tea to Angela.

"She has run away, the little shy creature. You must find her Anne, and tempt her out of her hiding-hole. How the wind rises! I cannot hear what the Abbé is saying about Prince Albert. A charming man. The Abbé met him at the Belgian court years before we all met at the Tuileries. This is an Empress' cup you are drinking from, my dear. She had the cups made for me at Sèvres."

Angela looked down a little awe-stricken at the cup she held in her hand, a delicaté thing of Sèvres blue with E on it in golden violets.

"Oh dear, if I should break it!" she cried involuntarily.

The old priest smiled indulgently at her. Madam Daly nodded her head.

"If you did, my dear," she said,—"well: a guest can do no wrong. And tell me now. What is the latest news? What are they doing in London? We are out of the world here. I know little of the latter-day statesmen. Ah, Lord Palmerston now,—that was a man. Your men of to-day do nothing but set us by the ears, set us by the ears. I hope you are not a Radical, Mr. Corbett. I remember Mr. Gladstone as a very handsome, courtly young man; too fond of theories even when he was supposed to be a sound Conservative. How shockingly he has retrograded to be sure!"

But at this point Anne came and took the precious tea-cup from Angela's hand, and carried her off upstairs to rest and refresh herself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOSTESS.

The low-ceiled corriders smelt of the sea. You heard the steady beat and with-

drawal of the sea upon the rocky shore as you went through the house. When Anne opened the door of a bed-room and motioned Angela to precede here within, the sea-wind from an open window blew in their faces. With a little cry of joy Angela went to the window and leant through it. The Atlantic was heaving before her mile on mile, the last colors of the sunset yet reflected on its greyness.

She drew a long breath before she turned round and looked about the room. The floor was bare as the room downstairs, not even a rug by the bedside. There was hardly any furniture except the great square, four-poster, mahogany bedstead, its hangings of blue and silver damask riddled through by time and moths. The curtains by the open windows showed as fine lace-work before Angela's eyes. There was a blackened, gilt-framed glass over the mantel-shelf. A basin-stand of common grained deal held a chipped basin and jug of the cheapest kind. A plain deal table served as dressing table, but the toilet-glass was Sheraton and had brass candle-sconces either side of it.

"I hope you will be comfortable," Anne said. "See, here is a cupboard for your frocks. I hope Rose has turned the broken chairs and all the other rubbish out of it. Yes, that is all right. I hope you don't mind sleeping on a feather bed. We have no others; and Maureen is very proud of these. She has made most of them herself from her own goose-feathers. Have you all you want? I shall send some hot water. How different all this is from Minster!"

"I was thinking how lovely it all was," said Angela. "I don't know much about convents: but what I have seen of the house is exactly like what I imagine of a convent. It is all so clean and pure."

"A ruinous old pile. Yet the first evening I was at Minster the luxury there nearly broke my heart. Ah!"—there was a knock at the door—"it is Rose with some hot water. I told her not to forget it. We don't bother much about hot water here. In fact I don't believe we have a hot water can in the house."

She poured the water into the basin from the broken-mouthed jug the maid had brought in, with an air of perfect unconsciousness, and handed back the jug to the black-haired Rose who stood wild and shy in the shadow of the doorway.

Angela unpacked for herself, and made her toilet, only noticing delightedly that the glass was cracked all its way, and reflected her with a dolorous scar from brow to chin. Left to herself she discovered other things; that the floor in places was rotten as touchwood, that the windows rattled, that there was a stain of damp on the ceiling above her bed, that there wasn't a whole chair in the room, that a pane of glass had gone and had been replaced by brown paper.

What matter! The fire on the hearth burnt brightly and sent its rosy light into every corner and under the tester of the huge bed. A bowl on the dressing-table was filled with primroses and wall-flowers. There was a blue pot with sea-holly in it on the mantel-shelf against the little ancient French mirror. As for seats, why one could always sit in the windows where the shelves were so broad and low.

She dressed herself in her prettiest frock, a downy thing of white chiffon in which she looked white and soft as snow. She put on her necklace of pearls, her father's last birthday gift to her and bound her soft hair with a fillet of pearls and turquoise set in silver, which was enchantingly fresh and girlish. She wanted to look her best to please Anne and do honor to old Madam and Abbé and Witch's Castle.

When she descended only the old priest was in the room. He was standing with his back to the fire taking snuff. He set

a chair for Angela and then stood looking at her with a fatherly smile, and tapping the lid of his snuff-box from time to time.

"When you talk to Madam, child," he said, "remember that she is a little deaf, but she does not like to have it known. She will always say that the wind is rising when she has not caught what you said. As it happens there is a great deal of wind on this coast. See there!" The wind cried in the chimney, and the flames of the candles shook in the draught. "So when she says that the wind is rising you can just repeat what you have said."

"Oh, thank you," said Angela. "I am so glad to know."

"She is a charming woman," went on the Abbé, "and she does not like to feel that her youth is left behind. I remember her in her hey-day. Ah well, she was very beautiful. Everyone admired her, and she was just the least bit in the world spoiled. I never beat her at chess now if I can help it because it annoys her: yet one has to be careful, for it would annoy her much more if she thought you were not putting forth your best play against her. It spoils my play, and she will never play with finesse, never, never, she is too rash, too impulsive. She has flung the chessmen on the floor when I have questioned her play."

He lifted his hands with an expression of dismay which brought two tiny dimples in play into Angela's soft cheeks.

The door opened and a very young girl came into the room. She had a straight school-girl frock of white muslin with a scarlet sash, and there was a scarlet ribbon through her dark hair. She came in a little way and then stood still as though she could come no further, as though at a breath she would fly like some wild, scared thing.

"Come in, little Judy, come in," said the Abbé: "This is only a child like yourself. You need not look so frightened."

He came forward and took the girl kindly by the hand, leading her towards the fireplace where Angela was standing.

"This little Judy would always run away if we would let her," he said. "She grows wilder and shyer when it is anyone she does not know. But she will not be long afraid of you."

For a second Angela looked at the downcast eyes, the color in the dark cheeks that was like the stain on a peach: she saw the breast flutter as though in fright. She put out her hand and took Judy's hand in her own. She thought that Judy was like the little mountain ponies they had seen yesterday, tiny, shaggy, bright-eyed creatures that were off at a breath.

Judy sent her a shy glance; then another. A light of assurance came into her eyes. She smiled, looked pleased.

The old priest took snuff with great satisfaction.

Meantime Anne was assisting her grandmother to dress. Old Madam liked dainty, clever hands about her. She reminded Anne for the thousandth time of Justine—"Wickedly clever, my dear: she went off with every scrap of jewelry I possessed exclusive of what I was wearing on the night of a Tuileries ball: luckily I was wearing my best. There was a married man too, a barber person. They said the wife was very glad to get rid of him. Poor Justine!"

Anne had dressed Madam's hair as she liked it, piling it up in a stately mass of curls and ringlets. She had become expert in the art by long practice. The hair was so white and soft that it looked as if it had been powdered. Madam would have a little patch of rouge in each cheek. Her grand-daughter knew her too well to protest.

"And now, what gown, Gran?"

"Why, the best my wardrobe possesses, to do honor to your friends." Anne

looked pleased. "My grey silk watered in silver, with the rose point."

"You will look like a queen, Gran."

"And my tiara. No one will know that it is paste. It is the best of paste. I wept as I took out stone after stone when you were a child so that I might keep you with me."

"Dear Gran. I wish the day might come when I could replace those stones."

"Not those, child. They are scattered. But who knows what ship may be on the sea for us? Who knows when we may have news of Brian?"

Anne sighed. She had the habit of sighing whenever she thought of Brian. She did not realize that she was capable of being happy for quite long stretches of time without thinking of her long-lost lover.

"Everything would be different, Gran, if Brian were to come home."

"What a boy it was!" sighed the grandmother. "Do you remember, Nan, when he dipped the exciseman in the bog? It was only Lord Talbot's friendship got him off that time. They had to give him a bath of poteen before the poor man came round."

"And they were the best of friends afterwards. And Brian wrote to the Commissioner recommending him for promotion. And when he was moved out of it got up a presentation to him of a silver-mounted Tantalus."

"And the time he rode Caubeen for the Mullinavat steeplechase because his friend Mick Spellissy had a sprained wrist, and he but sixteen, and came in first of a big field."

The two women sighed together at these memories of a glorious past.

"Never mind, child: he'll come back one day. Brian would take a deal of killing. Tell me now, Nan, my girl, how do you live at all over there in England? There must be so little happening."

"There's plenty to interest you, Gran, once you get used to it. I thought at first I could n't stand it, that my heart would break with the dullness of it, and the richness of it and the fat living. I used to hear the sea-wind sighing about my poor heart all day."

"Poor child, you should have come back to us."

"It's not in the blood to give in so easily as that, Gran. The money's useful, too."

"It comes in time to pay the interest on the debt. I hope the people understand, Nan, my woman, what an honor you do them."

Anne smiled faintly.

"They are very good to me," she said. "I am practically mistress of the house."

"That is as it ought to be. The man seems a respectable, estimable sort of person."

Anne winced ever so slightly. She was thinking of Miss Angel.

"More to my mind than I could have believed possible of an Englishman of his class. He conducts himself very well too. He really might quite well pass for a gentleman."

Anne winced more sharply.

"Dear Gran, he is a gentleman."

"Oh come, Nan, you're learning English ways. They tell me money will pass a man anywhere in England nowadays. You know, child, that a tradesman could n't be a gentleman, though he might have excellent qualities, and we might for one reason or another consent to receive him on a social equality. I trust I know what is due to my grand-daughter's—— employer."

Madam brought out the word with a wry mouth.

Anne's laugh would have amazed the Duchess. There was amusement in it, but there was also something a little hurt.

"What a crusted conservative you are, Gran," she said.

"You won't change me, my dear," said

the old lady. She was standing up now before the long swing glass surveying with satisfaction the magnificent little figure she presented. "Oh no, Nan, child. We may be very polite to and considerate of those who are not our social equals. In fact we are bound to be that as a matter of good breeding, to say nothing of religion. But as I said to the Countess when she asked me to meet those Jew people,—'My dear, we must draw the line somewhere, and personally I prefer to draw it at the millionaire.' What did I care about their titles and their houses in Park Lane? You will never make a radical of me nor make me believe that the old blood counts for nothing. Oh no, no, Nan. This Mr. Corbett is a very respectable and very estimable person: but a gentleman, oh no, no: a gentleman is not made in a generation, my dear Nan. And if you are going to forget an old tradition so far as to maintain anything else, I shall really be sorry that I was over-persuaded by the Duchess to let you go."

"Dear Gran," said Anne, rather alarmed. She wanted Madam to be in her most gracious mood, in which she could be very gracious indeed. "I don't forget my traditions. I should be the last in the world to forget them. Only, —there is something I must tell you about Mr. Corbett. It makes all the difference where he is concerned. Not now: it is quite a long story, and I hear the bell. To-night when I help you off with your gown."

"Very well then: I shall expect to hear it. I thought indeed he had a superior air."

Anne wondered what it was Gran expected to hear. However the promised story had quite the effect of turning the old lady's thoughts from her momentary grievance. Her manner to Mr. Corbett at the dinner-table was exquisite. Gracious, but not over-gracious as Anne had feared it might be.

And Mr. Corbett enjoyed his dinner immensely. He had not his daughter's sense of the delightful incongruity between the rare old china plates and the bare-foot serving-maid. He was only conscious that the brown trout was done to a turn and the lean chickens deliciously tender. The journey had made him hungry, and the simple meal with its excellent bottle of claret seemed to him as good as the world could supply.

Anne watched him as he sat, his courteous head inclined to old Madam, who chattered through the meal more than all the rest of the party put together. She was conscious of a certain pride in his comporting himself so well.

"Ah, but he is a gentleman," she said to herself; "and Gran would not take long to acknowledge it. If he had not been a gentleman would he have loved Angel Sachevarell? Would she have died with her hand in his?"

CHAPTER XIX.

YOUNG LOVE.

No one could have accused Willie Armytage of being a disconsolate lover in his lady's absence. Indeed it would be hard to imagine curly-pated Willie as disconsolate under any circumstances. He had bidden Angela good-bye with the utmost cheerfulness. There could be no question of his accompanying the party on the Irish trip since he had an examination just about the time they started, and he did not suggest that he should overtake them. Mr. Corbett watched the young fellow with some wonder the day of their departure. It was not his idea of how a lover should comport himself—but since Angela seemed satisfied no one else had cause to complain.

A triumphant telegram reached them when they were at Dublin:

"Passed, with honors."

"Ah, good lad, good lad," said Mr. Corbett. "He has really been working. Do you think, Angela, that he might be asked to join us by way of reward?"

"If you wish, papa," said Angela, faintly smiling.

"It is for you to wish, little girl."

Angela hesitated.

"I'm afraid there is not very much accommodation at Witch's Castle," she said. "Perhaps we ought not to add to our numbers."

"I had not thought of that," said Mr. Corbett, with a repentant air. "Probably you are right, Angela."

Fairglen, the house of the Reuben Armytages, was situated on a height quite three miles from the town of Elsdon. Although it was on a height it lay, as its name suggested, in a little glen or ravine which set it out of sight of Elsdon smoke. From the upper windows one looked quite across the reek of the manufacturing town to clear country beyond, and even the tops of the chimneys were almost hidden in the tangle of trees that lay between Fairglen and Elsdon.

The river that ran sluggishly and foully through Elsdon was in the upper valley a thing of translucent purity, with water-lilies and swans in the quiet reaches of it, and long stretches of solitude where it flowed, full of light and shadow, under the arches the trees made for it.

Mrs. Reuben Armytage was a gentle Quaker body to whom the young Corbetts were all much attached. She was as different from her aspiring sister-in-law, Mrs. James, as possible: and Fairglen was a place of delightful childish memories to the children who had played there. It was quite a simple and homely place, an old house, among trees, yet full of sunshine, where the old servants were unchanged year after year, and there was never an addition to the solid early Victorian furniture. The house rambled considerably, a house of many passages, with a couple of steps going up to this room, a couple of others descending to that. The rooms were all clean, cheerful and fragrant. Mrs. James might turn up her nose at the huge round mahogany table in the drawing room, with its circle of books, the children's school prizes, going round it like a wheel, at the Brussels carpet, and the knitted woollen antimacassars, and the dark red moreen window curtains. For all their unlovely furnishing the rooms had something that Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street could not provide.

There was "Mother's Room" where the children had come from time immemorial with their hurts of mind and body. If Mrs. James had only known, her own Miriam had brought there her shrinking aversion to a marriage her mother had desired to forward, and had had the wisest and tenderest counsel. For the young Corbetts Mrs. Reuben had an immense pity. They were always "motherless bairns" to her, and would be, as such, creatures to win a double share of love and consideration if John Corbett were ten times as wealthy and as important a person as he was. It was true that there was something at Fairglen which Minster despite its beauty and splendor lacked, which perhaps accounted for the great affection in which the young Corbetts held the place.

Mrs. Reuben had gladly taken charge of Hetty and Arthur while Mr. Corbett and Angela were in Ireland. Arthur was going up to Oxford in the Autumn, having taken a scholarship at the extremely efficient school to which his father had sent him, a school at which the Duchess had not been able to turn up her nose, although she was a bit piqued that John Corbett would not take her advice and make it Harrow or Eton.

Arthur looked after himself, and a good deal after Miriam Armytage as

well. Poor Miriam was in disgrace since she had said no to her mother's choice for her, a disgrace so complete that Mrs. James did not express as she would have done another time her amazement at her daughter's predilection for anyone so dowdy as Mrs. Reuben.

Miriam and Arthur seemed quite satisfied with each other. It was rather a joke to the lively young Armytages, because their friendship seemed of such a very quiet, not to say silent nature. They would sit half the day in a boat on the river, pulled in under the over-hanging trees, Arthur reading poetry aloud sometimes, at other times smoking innumerable cigarettes and saying nothing at all, or they would pass hours at the piano, Miriam playing and singing, Arthur sitting and watching her face. They never seemed to have any need for society other than their own.

"What is Quietism?" Anne Daly had asked the Duchess of St. Kilda one day.

"Upon my word I don't know, my dear. I think it's some kind of a heresy. You'd better ask the parson or write to your Abbé. What can you want to know for?"

"I've been thinking about that little girl, Miriam Armytage. She seems to me a Quietest saint. Did you ever see anything like the depth of her eyes, and the sweetness of her mouth when she sits there silent, hour after hour? No wonder that boy Arthur is in love with her. I should like to be a Quietest myself. How did she come to be Mrs. James' daughter?"

"I was afraid Arthur was going to have an attachment for you."

"He has," answered Anne, looking proud and pleased. "He would do anything in the world for me. But he is in love with Miriam, and the love will grow. There is plenty of time for its growth."

A few days after Hetty had come to Fairglen Willie came down from London, very much pleased with himself, and demanding a great deal of petting from everyone because he had done so well.

Hetty had been out of sorts. For some months past Mrs. Reuben had watched Hetty whenever she was under her eye as she might have watched an ailing child of her own. Hetty was languid, did not join in the easy jests and laughter, refused expeditions with the youngsters which she had been used to enjoy, hung about Mrs. Reuben as a sick child might who needed mother-comfort.

Willie would not hear of this malingering in his old playmate. The weather happened to be beautiful, clear, radiant cool weather such as comes sometimes with a northwest wind, between Easter and Whitsuntide. It was an ideal time for outdoor expeditions, and Willie was not going to take them alone, nor to be relegated altogether to the society of the children.

He caught up Hetty into the round of picnics and gypsy teas, and fishing expeditions and what not. His manner was perfect to her, a mixture of brotherly kindness and carefulness with little tender rallying ways. Hetty began to bloom fitfully, to be very gay at times, at others inexplicably dull. Mrs. Reuben watched her with puzzled anxious eyes.

"Take care of her, Willie," she said to her son. "Things are not quite right with the child. Don't let her over-tire herself."

"Is it Hetty?" asked Willie in stupefaction. "Why Hetty was always the little strong brown pony. Hetty delicate! If it were Angela now!"

All the same his way with Hetty was changed. He would heap up cushions for her where she could sit and rest, while he lay at her feet along the mosses white with saxifrage and wood-sorrel, and chattered of himself and his concerns with a happy confidence that Hetty would be interested.

(To be continued.)

ONE CALLED OF GOD.

BY MAUDE LAWRY.

Bright and fresh as the morning, Margaret O'Hara emerged from her cottage home, pausing a moment on the porch, as though to breathe in the beauties of the sunshine and the clear, pure atmosphere. Calling cheerily to her little brother, who was playing in the yard, "Don't go away, Willie, it will soon be time to go to church," she started down the street, happy in the apparent consummation of a long-cherished hope. Luella Gray had promised to go with her to Mass that morning.

The two girls had been employed for several years in the same down town office, sharing trials and joys as well as work. They had frequently discussed the disadvantages of paying rent and buying coal with the same salary check, and had held long discourses upon the becomingness, or otherwise, of the new style in shirt waists, thus nourishing their friendship with mutual sympathies. But Luella never went to church, knew nothing of the beautiful truths of Christianity, and Margaret felt that her friend was missing a great deal in this life, not to mention the hereafter. So it was with more than ordinary pleasure that she anticipated Luella's attendance at Mass that morning.

Mrs. O'Hara lingered beside the dining room window after her daughter's departure, and presently was surprised to see her returning alone. Being a sharer in all Margaret's hopes and ambitions, the mother hurried out on the porch to meet her.

"Mrs. Gray is very sick," Margaret explained, "she had another of those bad spells, and Luella was up with her nearly all night. I am very sorry for her, and I am awfully disappointed that Luella cannot go with me to Mass this morning."

"That is too bad. Poor Mrs. Gray!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Hara sympathizingly.

"Where is Willie?" asked Margaret, "it is time we were starting for church."

"He is around somewhere," replied the mother.

Margaret found him in the garden with another urchin of about his own age, Bobby Haddenbeck, the newsboy, and Luella's cousin.

"Come Willie," Margaret called, adding after a slight hesitation, "Bobby, won't you go to church with us. We would like to have you."

Bobby glanced shyly at Willie, who, remembering the many prejudices, explained: "We go to St. John's Catholic church, you know."

Bobby did not reply, but unconsciously looked down at his clothes. Margaret was quick to read the meaning of the action.

"Oh, your clothes are all right," she said pleasantly. "Just come in the house, and the whisk broom will work wonders."

It certainly did, supplemented by soap and water, for when the trio set out for church, Bobby looked "very creditable," as Mrs. O'Hara mentally termed it.

During Mass Margaret carefully pointed out to him the services in the prayer book, and when the sweet, plaintive melody of the Agnus Dei floated over the worshipers, and the odor of incense wafted about them, she glanced at the little newsboy. The delicate shades from the tinted glass windows rested like a halo above him, and on his face was an expression of sweet piety.

At the close of Mass Margaret lingered a moment in prayer for the little orphan boy whose life was surrounded by the evils

of the city streets. When she arose Bobby was not beside her. She looked around in surprise, and Willie pointed down the aisle. There was Bobby edging his way through the crowd as fast as he could, and by the time Margaret and Willie reached the street, he was more than a block away, running at full speed.

"He started out almost before anybody had left the pews," said Willie.

"I suppose he got tired. Perhaps I should not have taken him to High Mass, as this is the first time he has ever been in a Catholic church," said Margaret. "But I had not thought of asking him to go with us until I saw him playing with you."

Margaret was more disappointed than she wished to admit, and even her mother's kindly excuse that, "Bobby was only an uncultured child and probably meant no rudeness," failed to cheer her.

It was always difficult to start for the office on time Monday, more than any other day during the week, and so it was the next morning after Bobby's attendance at church, Margaret found it necessary to walk at a brisk pace down Farnam street. Her thoughts were occupied with the business duties before her, and she did not notice the little newsboy running across the street, a bundle of papers under his arm, nor heed the rapid patter of feet on the pavement behind her, until Bobby cried, almost at her elbow:

"Gee, but you are a walker!"

"Why, good morning, Bobby. I am late you see, therefore I have good reason to walk fast."

Bobby was not talkative, but trudged along beside Margaret, making no attempt to sell his papers. Once or twice he glanced up into her face. Finally he found courage to speak.

"Say, I suppose you think I was a sneak yesterday," he said.

"Well, Bobby, I was surprised that you did not wait for us," answered Margaret.

"Well, Miss, I just could not bear to have anybody even speak to me. I wanted to go 'way alone, and think about it."

"Think about what, Bobby?" asked Margaret a little puzzled.

"Why about it all, the little fellers in lace jackets, and the singing and everything."

"But why did you want to be alone?" questioned Margaret.

"Oh, just 'cause," he replied. And as that reason is as unanswerable as it is unsatisfactory, Margaret was silent. Moreover she was so taken by surprise that she did not know what to say to the child. He, however, did not give her time for much thinking, but asked: "Where can you buy them little books like you had at church yesterday?"

"What, the prayer books?" counter-questioned Margaret.

"Yes, I guess so."

"At the book store of course," answered Margaret. "But, Bobby, won't you go with me to see Father McGovern? He likes little boys, and will be glad to help you understand those things."

Margaret stopped in her rapid walk, and Bobby stopped too. She laid one hand on the boy's shoulder. They were at the corner. The people on the street were mostly employees on their way to the various business houses, and too much hurried to notice the girl and boy. Bobby looked up, his big blue eyes reflecting a soul unsullied by the worldliness they had looked upon. A broad smile accentuated his large mouth. It was a rough face, but Margaret now wondered how she could have looked at it every day and never have seen its beauty.

"Why, yes, guess I might," he answered.

"I will telephone the Father and find out when he will see us," said Margaret. "Meet me at this corner at my lunch time, about one o'clock, and I will tell you what he says. Will you be here?"

"You bet," was the answer, and away he ran waving a paper above his head. "Times or Herald, morning papers."

Margaret paused at the office door, looked down the hall and through the window at the brick wall of the next building. The one thought filling her soul was, "And I hesitated about asking him to go to church with us."

* * * * *

The bright sunlight filtered through the graceful foliage of a locust tree beside the open window, and frolicked upon the convent floor, slowly slanting as the sun receded, until the light and shadows fluttered and spotted upon the black robe of Sister Agnes, and the sweeping silk gown of her companion.

It was Sunday afternoon and Margaret O'Hara was visiting the Sister of Mercy who had taught her to read when a child, and had loved and counselled her ever since.

"Father Haddenbeck," murmured Margaret musingly. Then again after a pause.

"Sister, I shall never forget the Sunday morning, years ago, when I invited him, little Bobby Haddenbeck then, to go to church with Willie and me. And now he is a priest. Father McGovern took a great interest in him. It was Father McGovern who baptized him, and prepared him for Confirmation."

"You have reason to be happy and thankful," said the Sister, gently laying her hand on Margaret's head.

"Sister," added Margaret softly. "Up to the time that I invited Father Haddenbeck,—Bobby then—to go to church with us, not one of my non-Catholic friends, who had gone to church with me on my invitation, had been converted, and I wanted so much to bring someone into the Church. The Friday evening before I invited Bobby, I had no intention of inviting him then—I was in St. John's church for more than an hour, praying for Luella. I loved her, and wanted her to be a Catholic."

"And now?" questioned the Sister, as Margaret ceased speaking.

"And now, Luella and her little family, for she has long been married, have a pew in front of ours, and her mother, who is Father Haddenbeck's aunt, has recently come into the Church. And the once-little newsboy is a priest."

"He is one called of God," said the Sister.

MELODIES THAT STIR MEN'S HEARTS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

From remotest times nations appear to have had their patriotic chants, and even among barbarous peoples certain songs and melodies were employed to inspire courage and love of country when enemies advanced to battle. The impulse in this direction is shown by the war dance of savages—a rhythmical movement of the body accompanying strains intended to be harmonious.

Civilization has considerably developed the idea, as it has others, and at the present time almost every nation has some patriotic musical composition which is regarded as the national anthem. In fact, several countries, such as England, France, and the United States, have two or three of these popular and soul-stirring melodies; but there is always one which may be said to stand out from the rest and voices the thought and stirs the enthusiasm of the whole people.

France has her "Marseillaise," Norway her "Song of the Battle Axe," Austria her "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," England her "God Save the King," Prussia her "Heil der in Siegerkranz," and the United States her "Yankee Doodle." Each one of these anthems is characterized by a melodious versification adapted to an impressive musical setting. The words are harmonious and flowing, and have attached themselves to the popular memory. Each possesses, too, a certain simplicity, and is full of energy, movement, and inspiration.

Most of these national melodies were born of some special occasion, were written impulsively, and won their popularity by their spontaneity and dash. They breathe of courageous, high, and noble thoughts, of intense, fiery emotions, and several of them of a prophetic spirit. Not one of them is the patient, elaborate composition of a scholar in his sanctum. Nor were their creators poets of a first or even second class order; generally they have been those whose only passport to fame has been the hymn they gave to posterity.

The French national hymn was written by Rouget de l' Isle, an officer of engineers, who was stationed at Strasburg at the time of the declaration of war by France against Austria in April, 1792. Strasburg was then thoroughly, as now, French at heart, and was among the foremost in the national uprising against invasion. Volunteer forces were being raised, and to encourage the enlistment the mayor of the city asked De l' Isle to compose a song for the occasion. He complied, writing it the same night and hurriedly noting down at the same time the melody which has ever since been its musical interpretation.

The next morning he appeared before them singing in full voice:

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory."

All present were thrilled and enraptured, and with a common burst of enthusiasm repeated the refrain. During the day it was rehearsed by a number of soldiers, played by a military band, and the words and music produced an astonishing effect. More than nine hundred volunteers signed their names in the presence of the recruiting officers.

Thus was born that immortal song whose ever-growing inspiration no reverse can smother, and whose character, forever sacred to France, no profanation can change.

This song, born in Alsace, flew, echo upon echo, from the Rhine to the Mediterranean. Just then there was under formation at Marseilles, in response to a

call for twenty thousand Frenchmen, a battalion composed of most ardent patriots of the south. They departed five hundred strong, singing on their march through France this song of Rouget de l' Isle, and from them it was named "La Marseillaise."

The tune of "Yankee Doodle," which more than "Hail Columbia," or the "Star Spangled Banner" is the national air of the United States, has considerable antiquity. It was known as long ago as the reign of Charles I. (1640), being then sung to the nursery rhyme "Lucy Locket lost her pocket." In the time of Cromwell it was sung to the following rhyme, in which the words by which it is known first appear:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called him Maccaroni."

It is generally believed to have been written to satirize Cromwell. The tune was played by the British bands in colonial times, and during the American Revolution various doggerel verses were sung to it, many of them in ridicule of the Americans. Subsequently the American troops caught the tune, substituted other words, and it became the national anthem, famous the world over.

The "Star Spangled Banner" is comparatively a modern hymn. During the bombardment of Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, on September 13, 1814, Francis Scott Key visited the British fleet to obtain the release of his friend, Doctor Beanes, of Prince George's County, who had been made a prisoner of war, and was on board one of the ships, where he was detained until the firing ceased. At the close of the bombardment Mr. Key was permitted to leave the enemy's ship and was rowed to the fort, bearing with him the song of the "Star Spangled Banner," which he had composed during the watches of the night. The following day the author wrote out a fair copy of his verses and gave them to a friend, Judge Nicholson, who had the song published. It was sung publicly for the first time soon afterward in the Holiday Street Theatre of that city.

That other famous song, "Hail Columbia," was written by Joseph Hopkinson, in 1798. At that time the war between England and France was raging, and it was believed that the United States would have to take up arms. Congress was in session in Philadelphia. The people were divided, some favoring an alliance with France and others with England. One Saturday afternoon a young Philadelphia actor went to Hopkinson and said that he was to have a benefit on the following Monday night, but that no boxes were taken, and he feared that he would lose instead of gain by the occasion. The actor thought that he could fill the house if he could get a patriotic song to the tune of "President's March." He asked Hopkinson to write him one. Hopkinson promised to try, and the result was "Hail Columbia." The song was ready on the benefit night, and soon acquired popularity.

"God Save the King," the national anthem of Great Britain, adopted also by Austria and Germany, is apparently adapted, as respects the words, from the "Domine Salvum" of the Catholic Church. The authorship has been credited by some to Dr. John Bull, organist in Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, professor of music in Gresham College, and chamber musician of James I. About the time of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot he composed and played before that monarch, on a small organ, an ode beginning, "God Save Great James, Our King." It is not shown, however, that this or any other old composition of a similar title had any connection with the modern hymn. The words and the melody of the famous anthem were undoubtedly by Dr.

Henry Carey. He was a poet and musician, and composed the verses in honor of a birthday of George II., and they were sung for the first time at a dinner given on that occasion (1740) by the Mercers' Company of London. The words were changed on the accession of William IV., and also on that of Queen Victoria. Since the accession of Edward VII., it has undergone another change.

The Austrian "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," and the Prussian "Heil der in Siegerkranz," are each modifications of "God Save the King." The great German national song is, "Die Wacht am Rhein," whose leading lines are familiar to most readers:

"Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,
Fast stands and true, the watch by the Rhine."

The song was written by Carl Wilhelm, who had no thought that it would ever become the national hymn. Carl Wilhelm was a thorough Bohemian, and wrote some of his best compositions on lager beer tables, amid tobacco smoke. He had great difficulty in selling his productions at any price, and when he struck a bargain it was generally employed in settling a beer score. On one occasion a friend of Wilhelm, a schoolmaster, asked him as a favor to compose a chorus for his pupils which they could sing on prize distribution day. Carl Wilhelm acceded, and the result was "Die Wacht am Rhein." Afterward the schoolmaster sold the manuscript, and the song became immensely popular. Thousands of copies were sold all over the world, but Wilhelm in his poverty never derived a thaler's benefit therefrom.

The old national song of Norway is more than two hundred years old, and is called the "Hymn of the Battle Axe," the battle axe of St. Olaf being the insignia of the kingdom. Its style reminds one of Moore's "Dear Harp of My Country":

"Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumber,
Strike for old Norway, the land of the free.
Each heart beats the loudest, each cheek glows the proudest,
For Norway the ancient, the throne of the earth."

In 1848, at the time of the national uprising against Austria, the Hungarians adopted for their war song the soul-stirring poem of Petofi, entitled "Talpra Magyar," "Up, Magyar." The first verse of this poem runs in a literal translation thus:

"Arise, O Magyar! thy country calls.
Here is the time, now or never.
Shall we be slaves or free?
That is the question—choose!
We swear by the God of the Magyars,
We swear to be slaves no longer."

MAVOURNEEN. MR. OLCOTT'S FIRST PART AS A STAR.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT'S IRISH DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

If Dion Boucicault was not the inventor of the Irish drama, which had a good footing in England when that clever playwright arrived in London, at least he holds the palm as its most successful exponent. He made it fashionable and popular, presented his plays in the best theatres, and captured Broadway twenty-five years ago with *The Shaughraun*. Now the Irish drama no longer gets a hearing in a Broadway theatre on its popular or financial merits. Its decadence has set in, from the manager's point of view. However its vitality is sound, and the public like it still. Andrew Mack had the courage to present his picturesque but invertebrate *Thomas Moore* to Broadway audiences, and Chauncey Olcott introduced *Terence* last winter to the same patronage, without leaving a profound impression on the playgoers. The old-fashioned *Arrah-na-Pogue* caught the fancy of the public at the beginning of the season, to the point of attracting the speculator with money to invest in a good enterprise. Many believe that this form of drama still has a golden future, and it is reported that even the great Belasco

MINSTREL OF CLARE. SECOND PART.

will soon present Brandon Tynan, actor and dramatist, in all the glory of a Belasco production. This will be a test indeed. If it succeeds, undoubtedly a new era will open for the Irish play.

Irish wit combined with romantic melodrama has been the source of its past popularity. Wit is always acceptable, but becomes irresistible when dressed in the Irish brogue and with the Irish turn of a phrase. *The Colleen Bawn* charmed the world with the wit of *Myles-na-Coppaleen* and the pathetic story of its simple heroine. Moonlights, mountain passes, British uniforms, process-servers, the gentry, the rollicking peasants, the churchyard, the loch: what an array of romantic scenes and characters made up the play! Boucicault helped to kill its first popularity by the introduction of modern realism. His wake-scene in *The Shaughraun* roused the indignation of the Irish leaders. The late Frank Murtha, an old-time manager of New York, was in charge of the old Park Theatre in which *The Shaughraun* was produced. Not far distant was the church of the Holy Innocents with Father Larkin as pastor. The manager was surprised one Saturday night to see Father Larkin among the audience. He smelt trouble, for the priest was a noted character, original, fearless, and fond of the bi-

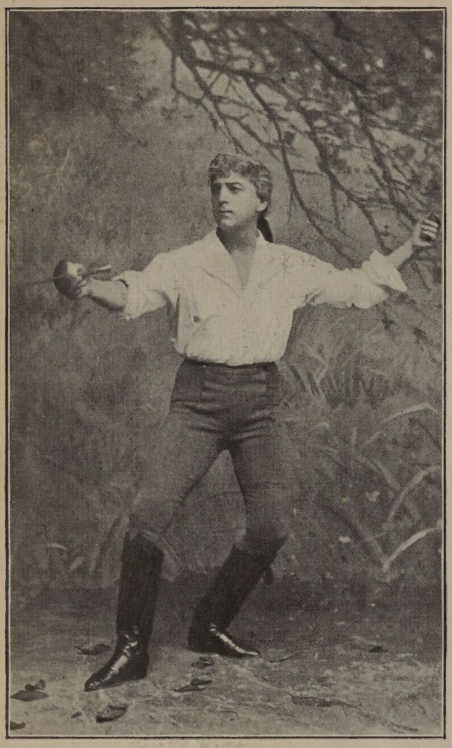
THE IRISH ARTIST. THIRD PART.

zarre. It was he who announced from his altar, on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee, that a solemn Mass would be sung in his church for the repose of all the unfortunate Irish done to death by English misgovernment during Queen Victoria's reign. He kept his word, and set the newspaper wires humming all over the world with his audacious and appropriate action. Manager Murtha felt that the priest was present for no good purpose, and his surprise was not intense when Monday's newspapers printed the terrific denunciation given to his people on Sunday by Father Larkin, a rousing and scathing criticism of the wake scene in *The Shaughraun.*

Realism does not suit the Irish play, and from the moment of its introduction the Boucicault play began to fail. His imitators however had immense success for many years. *The Kerry Gow,* written by Mr. Fred Marsden and played by Mr. Joseph Murphy, surpassed *The Shaughraun* in financial success, if otherwise inferior. There was nothing particularly Irish about it except Murphy's acting of an Irish blacksmith; but the prison, the British uniform, the brogue, the wit, the red-cloaked colleen, the gentry, the witching moonlight, were present in large quantities; and the actor is playing the same drama yet after thirty years of frightful repetition. What a purgatory for Murphy if in the next world he should have to go on acting his drama for a little century! It is safe to say that a new terror would be added to purgatory. All the hack-dramatists at one time wrote Irish plays, and their united imitations killed its popularity completely; for they were modelled on Boucicault's, intensified his faults, and missed his virtues. Actually the Boucicault play vanished from the stage. Carroll Johnson tried vainly to revive it. James Roach made a determined effort in its behalf with his drama, *Rory of the Hill,* really meritorious, but hardly strong enough in its idealism. Brandon Tynan came nearest to success with his *Robert Emmett,* because he fell back upon the old romanticism; and he might have succeeded altogether but for the commercial ferocity of his managers.

GARRETT O'MAGH. THE SONG OF "MY WILD IRISH ROSE."

Meanwhile the vital strength of the Irish drama displayed itself by taking on another form; shut out from one course of development, it seized upon another,



ROMANCE OF ATHLONE. FIFTH PART.

which has been much sneered at for various reasons, but undeservedly. The two necessities of the old Irish drama were singing and dancing. The hero and heroine had to own both accomplishments. These developed from the very emphasis laid upon them, while the play itself remained immovable. The singing and dancing of the conventional characters became more varied, more novel, less characteristic, less discreet, and finally intolerable. At that moment William Scanlan was winning popularity as an Irish singing comedian, and had succeeded in making popular an entertainment composed of the most engaging elements of the old Boucicault drama. There were the fascinating brogue, the happy impudence of the handsome gossoon, moonlight scenes, airy farce, two or three winsome children, no plot to bother the mind, a rare dance, and foremost six or more songs whose sentiment and music appealed to the crowd like daisies and buttercups. The affair, which the manager called a play, was really a form of entertainment. Mr. Augustus Pitou became responsible for it, as the manager of William Scanlan. After a study of Scanlan, his methods, and his audiences, Pitou secured a recipe for turning out this play, as William Brady secured his after a study of some years. The recipe is this, infallible, and warranted to make money: take a handsome young man with a fine tenor voice, call him Irish, and let him compose six songs; mix up a rocky pass with a bridge crossing moonlit water, stir in one firelight scene in a castle, add to these a tearful female; turn the tenor and his six songs loose at eight o'clock; and at eleven your play will be worth fifty thousand dollars.

TERENCE SEVENTH PART.

One may smile at this way of putting it, yet the facts cannot be disputed. When William Scanlan died, or rather became incapacitated for work, his successor was singing in London, a handsome, dulcet-voiced tenor, who had just signed for three years in opera. He applied for the position vacated by Scanlan and got it. Augustus Pitou felt sure enough of his recipe for an Irish play to accept an untried actor; the latter had the tenor voice, the good looks, the magnetism, required by the recipe; nothing further was needed. And there you have the genesis of Mr. Chauncey Olcott, whose achievements and limitations are to be discussed herein. One can see from his portraits that he is a handsome and engaging young man. The shrewdness of the eye indicates business ability, and the prominence of the chops a comfortable and pertinacious disposition. He was born in Buffalo not long ago, of an American father and an Irish mother; in the school of the Christian Brothers he found many opportunities to display his fine singing voice; and at last he went on the stage with a minstrel troupe. Having kept himself well together, he made such progress as only the sober and industrious can achieve. He knew enough of the Scanlan entertainment to get ambitious for a place in it; and behold him the successor of Scanlan!

His first appearance was made in a play with the tender title of *Mavourneen*. Perhaps of all the plays of this class, if not the best, it was the most typical. There were oceans of moonlight and song; the scene was in Dublin; the heroine went about in the daintiest costumes; the hero appeared now in silk and again in rags, and always singing; prettiness, daintiness, silveriness were the main qualities; until the veteran playgoer got nervous and shouted, fudge! The critics of the time did not compare him with Scanlan, which would have been hard enough; they candidly said he could sing, but could not act. When he sang the enraptured audience forgot the acting. Yet the critics were wrong as usual. They took it for granted, because his voice was being starred, that his acting did not matter. He played his part with intelligence and feeling, putting much more into it than did the playwright. It was all very sweet, rather luscious, and entirely successful. Chauncey Olcott has remained a favorite till this day, has made a fortune, and has enough charm in him to make one or two more. All the plays in which he has appeared are as like the first and one another as peas in the pod. Mr. Pitou was a careful manager, never allowing art to chase away a dollar by undue emphasis. He composed his plays or entertainments by rule, and the main rule was that the hero should not be allowed to act beyond his apparent powers. Consequently in the long list of plays interpreted by Chauncey he said only the nicest things in his best voice and prettiest costume. Indeed his clothes were so pretty that one got the feeling they would rip if he got into a passion. Therefore was passion avoided. In *Garrett O'Magh* he flew into a rage once or twice, but it was the most delicate in pattern, so gentlemanly, so zephyr-like, that no buttons flew from his faultless attire.

Probably the circumstances led Olcott to believe that he could not act, and therefore he never tried. In this laudable indifference, required by the recipe, Mr. Pitou encouraged him, and steadily provided him with plays which demanded no special effort of interpretation. The monotony might have been fatal, not to the actor, but to the audiences, and Pitou had to invent pretty devices to ward off monotony. Scanlan introduced children at various points of the entertainment; the same device was used for Olcott. It

would be quite interesting to point out the various schemes of the dramatist to keep up interest in his plays, and to promote variety; but this is of less consequence than the fact that Olcott awoke one day to the importance of being an actor. Just when this awakening occurred does not appear, but in a published interview of some years back he spoke out his mind in this fashion: "An actor must determine to be the greatest of all, contemporaries or predecessors, in his particular line. This will make him a student and progressive, for to attain the ideal progress is imperative. When a player . . . reaches the stage at which he says, 'I've got my public, now all I have to do is to stand still and let them admire me,' he has reached the limit of his possibilities. He will retrograde as surely as he has attained. When I went before the public first as a star twelve years ago it was my singing that was put forward, for it was as a singer that I was best known. I have worked and thought and studied to better my art as an actor, and to-day I have the happiness of knowing that it is as much by my power as a comedian as by my singing that I attract."

To this statement the public and the critics can give a cordial assent. Having a good share of mimetic talent, Olcott began to desire parts which gave him an opportunity to act. His ambition grew, but his dramatists did very little to provide him with parts. Ambition brought conviction and effort. The outcome of both was a severance of business relations with Mr. Pitou, and the presentation of a play called *Terence*, dramatized from a novel of the same name by another than Mr. Pitou. For the first time Olcott proved that he could act. The new play made demands upon his powers as a comedian, gave the other actors some consideration, dispensed with half the usual quantity of moonlight, and made up for the loss by enough human emotion to touch the hearts of audiences. It was really a play, instead of an entertainment. Olcott made a good impression as an actor. He will probably seek to intensify that impression. In two points the first part of his career was fortunate. He had a new play almost every season, demanding new scenes, costumes, actors; thereby creating an environment that did not deaden him. Think of Joseph Murphy playing *The Kerry Gow* for thirty years! And James O'Neill bound hand and foot to *Monte Cristo* for a quarter of a century! And Kate Claxton pursued by a Frankenstein like *The Two Orphans* for the same length of time! Olcott escaped that terrible fate. His plays never offended by vulgarity, or by misrepresentation of the Irish race; on the contrary they came as near as possible to offence in the opposite direction, by making the Irish altogether too dainty and sweet to be wholesome; but that excess could be pardoned by those who objected to the burlesques of Harrigan and others. In fact Mr. Pitou may deserve much credit, in the summing up of things, for his share in popularizing the stage portrait of an Irish romantic gentleman. His clean characters, and delicate scenes gave the crowd a view of another Ireland, quite unknown to the multitude. Can anyone recall that he was ever thanked for his good service?

The press agent of Mr. Olcott is authority for the weird tale that hereafter Chauncey will be seen and heard in shorter seasons. His fortune has been made, his investments have been prudent and profitable, he has built him a home in soporific Saratoga, and therefore in future he will play only in the larger cities, for the pleasure of his friends and the illustration of his art. As he is still young and handsome and vigorous, with much experience and some ambition, owning qualities of considerable value, it is

really worth while to make him a suggestion. The Irish and their friends and descendants in America have been very good to him, as no doubt he is willing to admit. Their interest in his singing and his acting and his fine costumes and his moonlight have built up his fame and his fortune, and secured to him that charming leisure which for many decades he may enjoy in Saratoga. Why not show his gratitude by doing something towards the restoration of the true Irish play? Before Boucicault appeared that drama flourished. He specialized it, and his imitators degraded and destroyed the very speciality. The Irish play of to-day, as far as it exists, is a burlesque on the real drama. Why not make a careful, studied, prudent effort to restore it?

What form would such a scheme take? The very simplest. The elements are already at hand; for example, Chauncey Olcott, with money, established reputation, and thousands of playgoers ready to be charmed by his songs and his acting. The method of his appearances is well known, and there need be no change in it; but into these old conventions put deeper meaning, richer feeling, larger capacity. The theme of a play determines its character. The Pitou plays have never had a theme worth while, simply innocuous from age or tenuity. If Chauncey be really ambitious to act let him choose themes which in the working out stop the breath of the spectator; let him put his elegant head into a noose once in a while, so that his admirers may be powerfully reminded of the vacancy his exit would leave in the world. The theme flowers into incident. The incidents of the Pitou drama have always been foreseen, and have lacked the charm of surprise and variety. One may ask, where are such themes and such incidents to be found? In the life around us of course, if people and dramatists will only look. Chauncey himself has already felt the force of these remarks, as may be seen in his latest play, *Terence*. He went far afield to get a new theme and a new set of incidents, and succeeded fairly. There's a step in the right direction.

The woods are full of good themes, but the dramatists are not so full of inspiration; nor have they studied the technique of the Irish play. Their idea of Irish drama is a broth of a boy raising the "divil" on the country-side, in other words an imitation of Boucicault. The majority of the Irish are now on this side the Atlantic, but no one has so far attempted an Irish play for the transplanted people. The period of the Revolution, early New York, the shanties along the Erie Canal, the Irish woodmen in the Adirondacks, the glowing Fenian period, the Civil War, the settlements in New England, where Pat and the Puritan fought out their social battles amicably: these provide themes innumerable, acceptable, full of feeling, rich in contrast, and comprehensible to the multitude. There is nothing on earth funnier than the relations of Pat to the Puritan in New England fifty years ago and more. It would tickle a modern audience to death to see handsome and witty Chauncey breaking into a Puritan family for the sake of the girl there. The burning patriotism of the Irish has never been expressed on the stage; their devotion to their own country, so passionate, so beautiful, is used only to ornament sentimental moments. Suppose both were united in a drama on the late war, and Chauncey could appear before his admirers, by moonlight and firelight, in the American uniform, in the Irish uniform, and illustrate his readiness to die for both causes, to die twice in fact: what an enthusiasm would he not evoke, at so handsome an expression of popular feeling.

This suggestion might profitably take up part of his leisure in his country home this summer. He has won personal suc-

cess; let him now add to it an achievement that would place his name high in the annals of the drama. If he is ambitious, here is a chance not offered to men of common calibre and common condition. Between you and me I do not think he will take it. The successful actor is temperamentally opposed to initiative; he can follow but never lead. He cannot even see a pathway through what is to him a realm of cloud, of vision, existing only in the fancy of the dreamers. Yet Brandon Tynan attempted the unbeaten path, or rather the old lost path, and came close to success with *Robert Emmett*. He is about to try again. Perhaps it is not to the man of money and comfortable position, but rather to the starving and courageous dreamer, that the gods give their great inspirations. Nevertheless here is thy chance, Chauncey, favored of the lesser gods, to prove the greater gods have not overlooked thy cradle and thy destiny.

O'CONNELL AND PARNELL.

BY M. DESMOND.

The story of an Irish movement which sprang from the peasantry of the country is told in the pages of Mr. Michael Davitt's latest book, "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland."* It narrates the ways and means by which a revolution more or less passive in character brought about certain reforms, and describes the men who were prominent in the movement.

Though presenting at length only one phase of the struggle of the Irish for their rights—that of recent agitation for ownership of the land—Mr. Davitt could not tell the story with completeness without a connecting narrative between the struggles of the present and the conflicts of past generations of the people, extending over seven generations engaged in agrarian warfare. Thus are included in this volume accounts of the various agrarian combinations, illegal and constitutional, that have waged war against an oppressive land system from the Cromwellian confiscation to that of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881.

The scope of the volume is indicated by the headings of the four parts into which the narrative is divided: Oliver Cromwell to Daniel O'Connell; O'Connell to Parnell; The Land League to the Special Commission; From the Death of Parnell to 1903.

When dealing with the Repeal movement* and O'Connell's leadership the author says, "Repeal stood for a landlord House of Lords and for a higher and middle class Irish House of Commons, in O'Connell's ambition, though it is fair to assume that the progressive views which he developed in his parliamentary career, especially during the thirties, would have found expression in his statesmanship at home, had he succeeded in his hope of being the first minister of a restored Irish Parliament." Of the man himself as a political force he says:

"He was the first truly great leader the Celtic people had found since the death of Owen Roe O'Neill. He was Irish to the very marrow of his bones, and combined all the masculine qualities of the race, along with many of its weaker ones, in a personality that towered far above any

*"The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," by Michael Davitt. (Published 1904, by Harper & Brothers, New York and London.)

* See facsimile of Repeal Association certificate on p. 32 of this magazine.

man of his time. Ireland has never produced a greater man than O'Connell, and Europe very few that can truly be called his equal in the work of uplifting a people from the degrading status of religious and political serfdom to conditions of national life which necessarily created changes and chances of progress that were bound to lead on to the gain of further liberty. His fame lies in the fact that he did this practically alone. He created a national public opinion in Ireland; without a press he welded an ignorant people into a huge combination, unparalleled in the annals of reform movements, and fought the enemies of his cause, in and out of Parliament, with an ability and a mighty resourcefulness of power, aggressive capacity, eloquence, knowledge, and wit, never equalled by any popular leader ever produced by any other race.

"It is claimed, and not without justice, that O'Connell was the originator of the reforming weapon of agitation and the founder of the modern political school of moral-force nationalism."

It is interesting to compare this estimate with his appreciation of Charles Stewart Parnell.

"Parnell's claim to greatness no Irish nationalist, and few Irishmen, will ever deny. To do so would be like ignoring the existence of a mountain or some other objective fact in nature. His work was great, and would of itself make the political fame of any man with a similar record. Like all the world's historic characters, there were limitations to his greatness.

"His immense popularity with the Irish people was not due to any Celtic qualities. Of these he had n't even a trace. There was no racial affinity between him and them. He was far less like O'Connell than even Mr. Gladstone. The great Englishman inherited a Scottish kinship with the Irish nation through his maternal ancestors, and had some traits of character more Celtic than Saxon. Mr. Parnell was born in Ireland. Beyond this, and his descent from English ancestors of the Pale, there was nothing in habits, temperament, or individuality that would establish relationship between him and those whose boundless confidence he had won, except in the common purpose of the national movement which he led.

He was a Protestant, leading a nation chiefly Catholic; a landlord, commanding tenants in a war against his own class; a cold, reserved man, at the head of one of the most warm-hearted and impulsive of races; a sober, unemotional speaker, who never quoted an Irish poet but once, and did it wrong; a public man and leader who treated his party with icy aloofness for years, who lived away from Ireland most of his time; and who appeared in his conduct towards the Irish people to be absolutely unconcerned as to what they thought of him until the personal issue involved in the unhappy event of 1890 roused him into a fierce contest with those who questioned his right to lead only when the leadership headed directly for disaster.

He was unlike all the leaders who had preceded him, in his accomplishments, traits of character, and personal idiosyncrasies. He had neither wit nor humor, eloquence or the passion of conviction, academical distinction of any kind, scholarship or profession, Irish accent, appearance, or mannerism. In fact he was a paradox in Irish leadership, and will stand unique in his niche in Irish history, as bearing no resemblance of any kind to those who handed down to his time the fight for Irish nationhood.

What then was the secret of his immense influence and popularity? He was above and before everything else a splendid fighter. He had attacked and beaten the enemies of Ireland in the citadel of their power—the British Parliament. It

was here that he loomed great and powerful in the Irish imagination. As Wendell Phillips put it on one occasion, "Parnell was the Irishman who had compelled John Bull to listen to what he, in behalf of Ireland, had to say in the House of Commons; and the personal force which had done this, and had flung the Irish question and representatives across the plans and purposes of English parties, in a battle for the Irish people, appealed instinctively to the admiration of those in whose name this work was accomplished.

"He had an essentially strong, but not a broad or comprehensive mind. It was slow in grasping all the bearings of a problem, or in seizing upon the chances or dangers of a situation, but once it caught hold its power of concentrated application to the task before him it made him a match for greater intellects within the sphere in which the issue was to be decided. He had a will of adamant, nourished more by a measureless pride than by any dominating conviction or faith. The best political history of Mr. Parnell is his own account of his life's work for Ireland as given on oath at the Parnell commission. He is the one leader among national heroes who was thus called upon to defend his actions against a powerful conspiracy organized to destroy him, and no better testimony to the value of his labors for the Irish people can be found than in the dramatic examination he underwent for nearly a week at the hands of Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster. It is a story of a wonderful career, told by the leader of a race, and if it is some day taken from the volumes of the Special Commission and printed as if written by Parnell, it will be a unique history of a great leader, in every sense singular in his fame, character, records, trials, and achievements."

The chapter recalling the dramatic trial of the Land League and its leaders in the Special Commission of 1888 is strong in interest, narrating how the unscrupulous plot was frustrated, and adding something not previously told to the history of a judicial inquisition unparalleled in the annals of political warfare.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

BY RT. REV. JAS. A. MC FAUL, D.D.

This is an age of organization and concentration. Never before was the saying: "In union there is strength" so thoroughly appreciated and so practically demonstrated. Nations unite for the advancement of their interests commercial, political and financial. Within the borders of the same country we find similar efforts. Recently a great impulse has been given to combinations in the same trade or profession because less expense is required with consequent lower prices and greater profits.

In America the benefits derived from union are very important and attractive. The very air we breathe excites activity, and we grasp at everything which will contribute to our welfare. This partly accounts for the rapid spread of modern life-insurance. On all sides there have arisen hundreds of companies, large and small, good and bad. Among others we find organizations formed to supply what is called "Cheap Insurance," in comparison with the premiums paid to the great companies, such as the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York.

Non-Catholic societies have connected with the insurance plan a species of "*secret work*," including an oath and a ritual closely resembling Free-Masonry. Organizations have grown up also in the Catholic body to compete with this "*Cheap Insurance*" for mutual assistance, and to keep Catholics out of either nominally condemned or forbidden and dangerous societies.

Federation proposes to unite all organizations composed of Catholics, whether they possess the insurance, the beneficial, or the religious feature, to add even the representative members of parishes who belong to no special society, and eventually to combine the entire Catholic people of the United States in a great organization and thereby to advance the interests of Catholics as members of the Catholic Church and American citizens.

This central organization was founded several years ago. Very much has been spoken and written regarding its scope and methods, yet they are far from being understood throughout the United States. Let us therefore draw attention to some of the ends which Federation intends to attain. The Catholic Church in America is composed of various nationalities, speaking different languages. One generation, and in some instances, two and even three generations, will be necessary, owing to racial traits, locality, and numbers, before this difference of language will cease to retard a full grasp of and co-operation in American life. During this formative process, these nationalities suffer great disadvantage as regards the progress and the elevation of themselves and their children.

In recent years, this condition has been emphasized. Take large cities, such as Buffalo, Chicago, etc., you will find, within their territorial limits, colonies of thousands of Poles, Bohemians, and other races. They have settled down like an immense flock of migrating birds; houses, churches, schools, halls, etc., have been erected, and newspapers published. All these are either owned by them or under their control. In a word, a portion of Poland and Bohemia, etc., has been transplanted to America. The people retain all their native customs, having very little intercourse with Americans. Undoubtedly temporary segregation has advantages; it protects, to some extent, religion and the race. It is impossible, however, that such a status should continue. The friction resulting from association with other races will gradually disintegrate these colonies, and their members will sooner or later be merged into and assimilated by the general population of the nation.

The importance of having all these nationalities touch, at certain points, with

the great Catholic body therefore is apparent. Thus they will be united more closely to the religious life of the Catholic Church in the United States, and to our national life. The distrust arising from race prejudices and race peculiarities, which has been and is so detrimental to the progress of the Church in this country, will slowly disappear as Catholics of different nationalities are brought into closer contact by the constant intercourse which will result from the meetings of the Federation.

The readiest and best method of accomplishing this central organization has been indicated by experience, viz., to take the present Catholic societies as a basis, and bring them together in a great association, without in any way trespassing on their autonomy, aims or objects. It is proper to accentuate the fact that a Catholic political party is neither contemplated nor desirable. Anyone acquainted with America understands that Catholics as Catholics cannot engage in *partisan politics*. Such a course would be very detrimental to our interests.

It is often asked: What is the use of Federation, if it does n't engage in politics? Is it not votes that count? In reply I would call attention to the term *partisan politics*. Federation cannot be swayed in favor of any political party. If, however, the School Question, Divorce, etc., are to be solved satisfactorily to Catholics, politics in this broad sense must form a very important feature of Federation. To illustrate: about a year ago, a bill was brought before the New Jersey Legislature. The text of the bill was ambiguous and offered a loop-hole for taxing our parochial schools. Several Catholic gentlemen called upon the introducer of the bill and requested that this ambiguity be removed. They were treated courteously, of course, but all their pleading was in vain. The matter was then taken up by the New Jersey Branch of the Federation. A committee representing both political parties, and different nationalities, was appointed to wait upon a committee of the Legislature, and state the objections to the bill. As soon as the majority-leader of the House of Assembly heard of the movement on foot, the committee of Federation was immediately assured that there need be no misgivings regarding the bill and that any change Federation desired would be made in its phraseology. This is the kind of politics Federation intends to engage in, and it is certainly high time that this method was resorted to. Our non-Catholic friends have been attaining their ends by these methods for a long time. We have been crying out against grievances, and have been too timid to exercise the prerogatives granted every citizen by the state and nation.

It is proper that all Catholics should know that those who are calling out Politics! Politics!! when Federation is mentioned, are either those who have given very little attention to the literature of the movement, or are interested, scheming politicians, who for selfish ends oppose it, recognizing that it is a factor which they cannot hope to influence and control. The broad-minded politician and statesman recognizes that Federation, in educating Catholics to use the rights of American citizenship, for their civil, social and religious advancement, is performing a very laudable and highly necessary work.

Non-Catholics, as a rule, in the United States are justice-loving, and anxious to dwell in peace and harmony with other citizens, irrespective of creed or nationality, and such a combination would render them suspicious, and perhaps make them our enemies. They have, indeed, many prejudices, handed down from a bigoted ancestry, which are cultivated and perpetuated by unscrupulous ministers, and very many of them are profoundly ignorant of Catholic doctrine, faith and morality. The policy we must adopt is that which will enable them to understand us and be our friends. Let, therefore, the teachings of the Church be brought home to them. In this work the

missions to non-Catholics, preached in almost every diocese of the country, are an important factor. Federation can give much assistance along similar lines by discussing the problems of the day and disseminating their Catholic solution. Further, its influence on Catholic societies composed of Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, Greeks, etc., will be of immense benefit; it will protect them from the onslaughts of proselyting Protestants and bring them into intimate relationship with their fellow-Catholics.

We may here ask what has Federation already accomplished? In a short time it has done noble work. It has formed Catholic public opinion on the great topics of the day; it has compelled the attention to the views of Catholics on them, so that the public ear eagerly awaits the proceedings of its National Conventions. These proceedings are published in the Catholic press, and scattered broadcast by means of the secular press. There can indeed be no doubt, that since the foundation of Federation, the Catholic solution of modern problems, the Catholic doctrine on education, divorce, socialism, etc., have been announced with an effectiveness never before experienced in the history of the Republic. This is encouraging, when it is considered that many of the grievances to which Catholics have been subjected in America must disappear before an enlightened, forcible public opinion, such as is created and developed by the Federation. There is besides another hopeful sign of progress in the fact that the National Conventions are gradually growing into great Catholic Congresses, assembled in our largest cities, attended by thousands of Catholics and non-Catholics, and addressed by the ablest ecclesiastics and laymen in the United States.

As practical results of the influence of Federation may be mentioned the concessions made in the Philippine difficulties; the present amicable relations existing in Porto Rico; the changed aspect of the Indian Schools; and the clear light thrown on the solution of the vexed Public School question. Other agencies were at work, it is true, but Federation performed its full share in every problem presented to it. It may not be amiss to state here the position of Federation on the Public School Question. The American public schools are supported by general taxation. No religious teaching is given therein, and, therefore, Catholics cannot conscientiously send their children to them. In consequence, they are obliged to erect their own parochial schools, to support them, and at the same time pay a tax for the support of the public schools. The injustice of this is evident; for as Catholics we must bear a double burden, and that a very heavy one, nevertheless the majority of non-Catholics are adverse to any change in the situation, pleading that it is impossible to satisfy all in a country where so many religious sects co-exist.

Heretofore, Protestants have been very much excited whenever anything was said against the public schools. This was due to ignorance of the Catholic position, and the evils following from the present system. As very few Catholics were able to give a rational explanation of their position, our enemies remained in darkness. Now, thanks to Federation, a solution has been proposed which is commended on all sides for its justice and practicability. It is as follows: 1. Let our parochial school property remain in the possession of the Church; 2. Let the pupils be taught by the Sisters and Brothers just as at present; 3. Let no public moneys be paid to any school for religious instruction; 4. Let the children in the parochial schools be examined, and if it is found that they have received the secular education required by the State, let the State pay for it, just as it does in the public schools.

This solution has found favor with many non-Catholics on account of its fairness. In truth, since Federation has begun agitation on the school question,

it has been discussed by the public press everywhere, and non-Catholic educators and ministers of the sects brought to realize the evils arising from the divorce of secular and religious education, have proclaimed that "the Catholic position is correct," the present public school system vicious, productive of irreligion and immorality, a menace to the welfare of the individual, society, and our free institutions. This is certainly making progress; and all due to the efforts of the Federation.

An advance, too, has been made against the evils of divorce and socialism, which is destined to become more powerful as this organization increases in numbers and its aims are better comprehended. Then it will be able to stimulate further public discussion on all these important questions.

The friends of the movement will be glad to learn of the power which it already possesses. Let them try to realize what it means to have close on a million and a half of male Catholics enrolled in its ranks. This accounts for the enthusiasm manifested in our National Conventions, the representative character of the delegates, and the large attendance on the part of the public.

The next National Convention will be held in Detroit, August 2, 3, and 4. It opens under the brightest auspices and under the patronage of so notable an American prelate as he who presides over the diocese of Detroit, the Rt. Rev. John S. Foley; its deliberations will be noteworthy in the history of conventions.

What has been said of a previous National Convention can be safely anticipated regarding the Detroit Convention: "In the representative and magnificent attendance; in the universal sentiment of harmony permeating the whole body; in the messages by letter and telegram of encouragement and confidence from prelates, priests, and laymen, throughout the country; in the unlooked-for but most satisfactory solution of the grave problems associated with the plan of organization; in the harmonizing of mistrustful and conflicting race feelings; in the unmistakeable evidence of the firm bond of union finally effected; in the wise, conservative, yet manly and outspoken resolutions officially voicing the Convention's judgment; in the public measures deeply affecting Catholic interests, in the calm deliberate wisdom of the entire work—in view of all these results, we cannot but believe that the soul-inspiring acclamation of other times is as applicable to Federation as it was to the Crusaders of old: 'God wills it.'"

Lest those who are timid regarding Federation and hesitate to join lest it may transgress the legitimate field in which alone safety can be found and inopportunely precipitate the practical solution of problems which are still immature, it will suffice to add that Federation includes on its Advisory Board some of the most eminent, the most prudent and conservative members of the Hierarchy, and no important step can be taken without their consent. In due time the organization hopes to have the whole Hierarchy acting in the capacity of Advisers. In questions affecting an archdiocese, or a diocese, the Archbishop or Bishop respectively will be the principal member of the Advisory Board; and in national questions the Board of Archbishops. Laymen will thus be guided in the proper channels, and there will be no danger of injury to our interests, arising from misdirection or misapplied zeal.

Federation will endeavor to redress grievances wherever they exist, employing means suggested by wisdom and experience. The redress of grievances, however, is only a small portion of its plan of campaign. Broadly stated its objects are: 1. The unification of the Catholic nationalities in America; 2. The voicing of Catholic public opinion on all the important questions of the day; 3. The destruction of divorce; 4. The banishment of socialism; and 5. The union of religious and secular education. If Federation enables us to solve only the last, it will have entered the wedge deeply into the others and merited well of both Church and country.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

DENMARK.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXX.

Denmark is a portion of that great territory formerly known by the name of Scandinavia, and received its modern name about the beginning of the eighth century. The historian Hume, who is certainly one of the worst authorities that can be named when religion is even incidentally concerned, states that "the Emperor Charlemagne though naturally generous and humane had been induced by bigotry to exercise great severities upon the pagan Saxons in Germany whom he had subdued; and besides often ravaging their country with fire and sword, he had in cool blood decimated all the inhabitants for their revolts, and had obliged them, by the most rigorous edicts, to make a seeming compliance with the Christian doctrines."

My intention at present is not to examine critically how many falsehoods are contained in the paragraph just quoted, but the weight of recent historical research enables me to distinctly assert that it was neither religion nor bigotry that caused this monarch to exercise those severities upon the pagan Saxons, but their frequent rebellions and their perpetual persecution and plunder of Christians, who were his subjects and whom he was bound by every law, human and divine, to protect. Hume frequently lays before his readers facts without stating their true cause and thus he is guilty of deceit by mis-stating their causes and their consequences.

I have carefully examined the edicts of Charlemagne recently published, and I must confess that I did not discover one which obliges the pagan Saxons to a seeming or real compliance with the Christian doctrines. The edicts in existence show that such edicts never existed outside the fertile brain of this biased and unreliable historian. This fact is borne out by other critics who, though they differed in religion as much from Charlemagne as did Mr. Hume, yet were broader minded and had less bigotry. These critics, who were equal to Hume in wisdom and information, give the true cause for the severity, perhaps cruelty, of the monarch: "He could place no dependence upon their promises nor their oaths; and the moment his forces were withdrawn after the conclusion of a treaty to observe which they had sworn, they were again in arms." How could General Miles trust such persons? The cases are parallel. Is Miles a bigot?

The Saxons retired into Jutland and the isles at the mouth of the Baltic and, to use the words of Hume, "meeting there with a people of similar manners they were readily received amongst them, and they soon stimulated the natives to concur in enterprises which both promised revenge upon the haughty conqueror and afforded subsistence to these numerous inhabitants with which the northern countries were now overburdened."

This was the origin of the Danish invasions. Their first descent upon England was in the year 787. In 794 they made another incursion upon Northumberland. Poor innocent, harmless creatures! Would it not be the excess of bigotry to punish them because they were pagans, particularly as the executioners must necessarily be Roman Catholics?

In 832 they began more formidable and systematic invasions, and by Mr. Hume's own reasoning, to oppose their burning the country, their rapine, their abuse of women, their enslaving and massacre of men would be unpardonable bigotry, and yet this same Mr. Hume calls them pirates.

It was no easy matter to govern this people; yet with God's assistance their conversion was effected, not by rigorous edicts, but by mild and Apostolic preaching. So in the year 822, we find that St. Adelard, Abbot of Old Corbie, and first cousin of Charlemagne, founded the Abbey of New Corbie or Corwey, upon the Weser, about nine miles from the city of Pederburg, and established strict discipline therein. Amongst the monks who came hither from Old Corbie in France was one named Anscharius. He, with a number of missionaries, was sent into Jutland and other parts of Scandinavia, and their preaching was very successful. They were favored by Harold, a prince of Denmark, who had been baptized in the court of Louis Debonnaire. In 832 Anscharius was made Archbishop of Hamburg and Apostolic Legate by Pope Gregory IV. In 845 the Normans and Danes in a revolution burned the city of Hamburg, and in 849 the See of Bremen becoming vacant the Pope united that of Hamburg thereto and made St. Anscharius Archbishop of the union. The more northern regions having relapsed into idolatry, the saint made new and more permanently successful efforts for their conversion. He was greatly aided by Ebbo, Archbishop of Rheims. The first Bishop of Bremen was St. Wilchad, an Englishman who was the first Christian missionary to cross the Elbe. He died in 790.

St. Rembert, a native of Flanders, succeeded St. Anscharius in the See of Bremen, in the year 865; he made great progress in spreading the faith in Denmark, and likewise began the conversion of the Vandals. He died June 11th, 888.

King Eric I. was baptized in 826. One of his successors, Swein, apostatized, but his successor Canute II., surnamed the Great, who succeeded Edmund Ironside to the throne of England in 1017, became a Catholic. During his reign many of his followers embraced Christianity in England, and many of the English ecclesiastics labored upon the Danish missions. Amongst these latter was St. William who had been chaplain to Canute, and was afterwards Bishop of Roschild in the Isle of Zealand. Upon the death of Canute he was succeeded in his Danish dominions by his own son Swein, whom the Bishop had more than once to reprove for his ungovernable temper and injustice, but who, entering into himself, subsequently became not only religious but greatly useful in the propagation of the faith. St. William and he both died in 1067.

About two centuries later St. Hyacinth, a member of the illustrious house of the Count Oldrovens, son of Count Konski, was a zealous apostle of this nation. He was born in 1185 in the old castle of Saxony and became a member of the Dominican Order, having received the habit from St. Dominic himself in Rome, in March, 1218. Catholic faith continued to flourish in Denmark till the anarchy and division of the sixteenth century.

In the year 1518 Christiern II. was king of Denmark; he was a tyrannical, ambitious, unprincipled monarch, and particularly aimed at getting possession of the crown of Sweden. Stenon, the Swedish king, suspected the Archbishop of Upsal and other prelates of his dominions of being favorable to the views of Christiern, who in the next year invaded Sweden and got possession of the throne. His cruelties were excessive. This man added hypocrisy and sacrilege to his murders and usurpations. Driven from Stockholm the Danish King no longer con-

cealed his sentiments but made open profession of his attachment to the Lutheran cause; he was rejected by Denmark, his uncle Frederic, the Duke of Holland, having been raised to the throne. Christiern took refuge in Holland, whence he returned with an army to regain his throne, in the year 1531; but being defeated and captured he was cast into prison where he died in the year 1559. Stenon having died in 1520 of a wound received in battle, Gustavus, the son of Eric Vasa, was chosen King of Sweden.

In Denmark the new monarch, Fredrick, introduced Lutheranism and proscribed and persecuted the Catholics. He died in 1535 and was succeeded by his son, Christiern III., a good and moderate king with the exception of his following the example of his father in attempting to eradicate the Catholic religion by violence. He founded a college at Copenhagen and greatly encouraged learning: he died in 1559 and was succeeded by Frederic II. Unfortunately, very few of the people preserved their Catholic faith, and the number of clergymen was almost reduced to nothing; a few stragglers who remained concealed in the country were seldom seen, and were helpless in defending the faith against the attacks of the reformers.

A little more than a century later an eminent Danish gentleman named Nicholas Stenon, who was born in Copenhagen in 1638, became famous in Italy for his knowledge of medicine and anatomy. He resided at the court of the grand Duke of Tuscany. His parents had been Lutherans and he himself was educated in that sect and imbibed the strongest prejudices against Catholics, but finding by his intercourse with them and his closer reading and accurate observation that his notions of their belief and practices were altogether erroneous, his prejudices yielded to his judgment and he sometime later became a devout Catholic.

Christian V., successor of Frederic III., was then king of Denmark and being zealous for the improvement of the College of Copenhagen he invited Mr. Stenon to fill the chair of anatomy, promising that he should be undisturbed on the score of religion. Mr. Stenon accepted the invitation but soon found that public prejudice was more powerful than the protection of a monarch. He returned into Italy and in the year 1677 he was consecrated Bishop of Titiopolis in *partibus infidelium* and appointed, by Innocent XI., Vicar Apostolic of the Northwest of Europe. His principal residence was at Hamburg. He died at Schwerin in Mecklenburgh on the 24th of November, 1686, after having effected much good. He gave as much attention as possible to his scattered flock. In the same way have they been carefully looked after up to recent years though their numbers have been increased and their religion now is tolerated.

The total population of Denmark is a little more than 2,000,000, of whom the Catholics are upwards of 75,000. There are at present fourteen religious orders laboring in this little kingdom. Nearly one hundred priests are looking after the spiritual welfare of the Catholic population. Two Catholic colleges have been established and are well attended, and charitable institutions in charge of the various religious communities are doing grand work and removing old prejudices from the minds of the non-Catholic portion of the community. According to competent authorities the day is fast approaching when the bulk of the population will return to the faith of their fathers. Fanaticism and prejudices are dying out and political and social disabilities are being rapidly removed by the progressive and aggressive Catholic minority. A brighter day is dawning for the Church of Denmark. Germany is setting the good example.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. By John Gerard, S. J. New York, Longmans Green & Co. 1904.

This is a brief and broad treatment of the varied answers given to the problem: "Whence Came the World?" by those who attempt to explain the origin of things without admitting the existence of a Creator. Father Gerard shows conclusively that he has thoroughly mastered the views of his opponents and that in all statements he accords them absolutely fair play, while his sifting of proof and clear judgment give evidence of a mind unusually adapted to grapple with questions of this nature. After all empirical investigation reason leads to conclusions which physical science cannot reach, and hence the recognition of a First Cause beyond the sensible universe is an intellectual necessity. Since the knowledge of this cause is attainable by reason, it is clear that God is the explanation of the world and that the world is the demonstration of God. The acceptance of a self-existent, all-powerful and intelligent Being can alone serve as a basis for any system of cosmogony which satisfies our intellectual need of causation, while, on the other hand, the nature of this Being, as necessarily beyond the scope of our senses, can be known to us only indirectly through the effects of which He is the cause. This book should be placed within reach of all the students in the higher classes of our colleges. The subjects herein discussed are those they will meet when they emerge upon the wide fields of professional and scientific life, and unless they are well-prepared for the combat they may fail either in the defence of their own position or in the attack upon the enemy's stronghold.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated from the text of the edition of Michael Joseph Pohl by W. Duthoit, D. C. L. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price $1.35.

Outside of the Holy Scriptures no book has wrought so much spiritual good in the world as the Imitation of Christ. Its lofty plane of thought, its fervid outpourings of spirit, its intense loyalty to the teachings of Christ, and its simple and practical application of this sublime doctrine to the busy, every-day life of the ordinary Christian make it a work of priceless value in the upbuild and up-keep of spiritual character. We are, consequently, delighted to see in an English dress another work by the same gifted author. We notice throughout the same charming spirituality as in the imitation, and the same practical applications to the general affairs of life. How quaint, and yet how practical is the following: "Give me grace not to murmur when I have to suffer wrong; but rather humbly to give way to an angry man, to submit cheerfully to being laughed at, and evilly spoken of; and when any one vexes and annoys me give me grace to curb my anger against him, to pray earnestly for his salvation, and, so far as may be, to set down his fault to the account of the old serpent who led him into it." Many a soul will be strengthened, many a heart will be consoled, and many an apostle will be spurred on to still greater exertions in the battle for Christ by the perusal of this devout work.

Manual of Confirmation. By P. J. Schmitt. New edition. New York, Schaefer. 1904.

This is undoubtedly the best manual we have in English upon the Sacrament of Soldiers, the source of spiritual strength for the mature. It seems to us that sermons upon this sacrament, upon the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost, would be of unfailing benefit to our people. The atmosphere of the day is alien to the life of the spirit, and we cannot too forcibly insist upon the inner workings of the Giver of sanctification. In the enumeration of the fruits of the Holy Spirit on p. 33, one, namely *mildness*, is omitted.

Under the Cedars and the Stars. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

Under this poetical title the illustrious author of "My New Curate" enriches the literary world by his thoughtful opinions upon men and things. It is difficult to say what pleases us most, the subjects chosen, the original methods of discussion or the polished and attractive style. The book is not intended to be read through at one sitting, it is written for quiet contemplation and for self-searching reflection. Just take the following and notice the reflective mood into which the reader is thereby thrown: "It is quite clear that thought and existence are not identical; and that each must have its own rules, aspirations, conditions. For example, the illimitable sea at sunset, with just one solitary sail on its way to infinity, fills us with the strangest emotions. We can gaze and gaze at it forever. It is a soul, emancipated, and passing out on its voyage to the unknown eternities. But, lo! some one says: Beneath that line is the coast of France; and that schooner is bound for Cherbourg! The spell is broken! Why? Because the abstract, the illimitable, is suddenly bounded by the concrete and determined; and the soul beats itself against that rude and imperious barrier."

How heartily we re-echo Father Sheehan's words when he writes: "What more worthy

language ever was, or could be, invented for the sacred purpose (of praise) than the Psalms of David? I have an idea that our piety, as Catholics, would be more robust, and that we would be brought more close to God, if the inspired words, the language of the Holy Spirit, formed a larger portion of our daily prayers. We have many and excellent books of devotion; but after all they are compiled by men and breathe but a human language. But the words of Scripture are the words of the Holy Spirit; and they are winged with the fiery tongue of the Paraclete."

Would that this saving advice would be hearkened to by the compilers of the modern prayer-book. We urge our readers to spend many a moment of quiet and of retirement in pondering over the treasures of wisdom to be found "Under the Cedars and the Stars."

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Elizabeth exploring "the biggest island Germany possesses" is quite as charming as when found in her German Garden, and readers will gladly follow her through an eleven days' trip during which she progresses leisurely through Miltzow, Lauterbach, Gohren, Thiessow, Sellin, and many other places, pausing frequently to narrate delightful incidents, describe scenery, or make soothing philosophic comment. One can readily forgive her for occasional impatience with the activities that engage so many of her sex in their leisure moments. Elizabeth is always good company, never exacting, never oppressively industrious, and always possessed of a fine sense of humor and an even finer appreciation of the things beautiful in nature. The book abounds in bits of description like the following:

"The sun was just down, and the sky behind the dark Putbus woods was a marvel of solemn glory. The reflections of the beech trees I was sitting under lay black along the water. I could hear the fishermen talking over at the jetty, and a child calling on the island, so absolute was the stillness. And almost before I knew how beautiful it was the rosiness faded off the island, lingered a moment longer on the masts of the fisher-boats, gathered at last only in the pools among the rushes, died away altogether; the sky paled to green, a few stars looked out faintly, a light twinkled in the solitary house on Vilm, and the waiter came down and asked if he should bring a lamp. A lamp! as though all one ever wanted was to see the tiny circle round oneself, to be able to read the evening paper, or write postcards to one's friends, or sew. I have a peculiar capacity for doing nothing and yet enjoying myself. To sit there and look out into what Whitman calls the huge and thoughtful night was a sufficient and comely occupation for the best part of me; and as for the rest, the domestic or inferior part, the fingers that might have been busy, the tongue that might have wagged, the superficial bit of brain in daily use for the planning of trivialities, how good it is that all that should often be idle."

Elizabeth in Rugen is an ideal summer book, every page a refreshing reminder of vacation days and scenes.

The North Star. By M. E. Henry Ruffin. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 1904. $1.50.

This tale of Norway in the tenth century is a Viking romance full of love and adventure, with King Olaf Tryggveson for the hero. It is marked by stirring incident and rapid action in the development of a plot that speaks of a fertile imagination and a happy capacity for making legend and history serve the purpose of the story-teller. The story opens in Ireland, at a fair in the city of Dublin, where many chieftains seek the hand of Princess Gyda, only to be set aside for a stranger of heroic stature, with fair hair and grey eyes. Attended only by a young harper, he enters the contest and wins the favor of the Irish princess. In reply to the taunts of the disappointed chieftains he proclaims himself "No Dane, but Olaf, the rightful King of Norway."

This is the beginning of a maze of adventures through which the hero moves with dignity and prowess, so conspicuous a figure that he holds the reader's attention until the end is reached, despite the distractions afforded by the intrusion of numerous minor characters who might be dispensed with without detriment to the interest of the tale.

The North Star will not disappoint readers of Mrs. Ruffin's other books "John Gildart" and "Chiaha the Choctaw." The latter appeared in DONAHOE'S in serial form some years ago and was much admired.

St. Louis Catholic Guide, published by the "Herold des Glaubens." St. Louis, Mo. 10 cts.

This popular guide to the different parts of St. Louis has been carefully revised and increased in size by the addition of much information relative to features of the World's Fair. It is complete in every detail and will prove a great aid to all who visit St. Louis. It contains a map of the city, a plan of the World's Fair grounds, all the street car lines, location of churches and institutions, hotels, public buildings, a directory of all Catholic societies and information that will be deemed indispensable.

QUESTION BOX.

(1) How are we to know what books are condemned by the Church?

(2) Are "In the Palace of the King," "Thelma," "Romance of Two Worlds" condemned?

(3) Is it wrong to read them when we do not know that they are condemned.

You can easily find out the books which have been explicitly condemned by the Church, if you consult the published List of Prohibited Books. This List or Index, as it is usually called, is drawn up by a special Committee appointed by the Pope for this purpose. The Committee or Congregation of the Index was founded by Pius V and confirmed by Gregory XIII, Sixtus V and by other Popes. Its office is to examine books submitted to its judgment by bishops or by others and to proscribe those it finds opposed to faith and morals. Leo XIII drew up a new code of rules for the government of this important body. The necessity and advantage of such an institution must be evident to every reflecting mind. When we consider the floods of dangerous and immoral literature with which we are frequently deluged, it is a comfort to have our course of reading directed aright and to be warned of danger by trustworthy guides. Similar measures are adopted in many places where the general welfare of the community is conscientiously sought. Thus in the Public Library of the city of Boston there is a committee appointed to pass judgment upon the ethical value and influence of the books to be admitted. Many popular books are, in consequence, justly rejected from its shelves because of their defective moral tone. How can we possibly keep the right moral tone in the community if we sanction a general spread of moral poison? Just as in physical matters the secular power forbids those actions which are destructive of life and limb and visits with severe punishment those who violate civic ordinances or in any way endanger the health of the community, so in the ethical and religious world we need to be safeguarded against all perils and dangers which can work havoc with our moral health and our spiritual progress. This restrictive legislation is only a precautionary measure to avoid serious evils. The Index is not intended to be a complete list, but only a guide concerning those works which are most likely to find their way into the hands of the guileless and the unsuspecting.

The works mentioned are not on the Index, though Corelli is certainly an unsafe writer. She is an exaggerator of the worst type, full of gush and of sentimentality, and prone to the morbid. The influence of such a writer is surely not healthful.

It is, of course, clear that we are free from responsibility for acts performed through ignorance that cannot be overcome, but not for acts done in ignorance that can be banished. The ignorance that can be removed, if we take the necessary measures, is assuredly voluntary and hence falls under the domain of responsibility.

Would you consider it a mortal sin to take stenographic notes of a sermon delivered by a D.D. who is not of the Catholic faith?

We are strictly forbidden to perform any action which can in any way be regarded as sanctioning a cult which is contrary to the divine legislation as expressed in the ordinances of Christ. There is no necessity to frequent a non-Catholic church in order to practice phonography. The case would be different if a reporter attached to a secular daily were commissioned in virtue of his office to bring in a report of the D.D.'s sermon; but under the circumstances the practice indicated could not be approved. Whether it would be a mortal sin or not, we must leave to the theologians to decide. Why does not our inquirer practice upon the sermons of our own famous preachers, many of whom are to be found in every city?

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IRISH POINT LACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Irish Point-Lace has long been renowned for its delicacy and fibre, and there is no falling off to-day from the excellence of the old standards. It is all hand-work, and infinitely more durable and valuable than any product of the machine.

A committee has been formed in Philadelphia with the Right Rev. Bishop Prendergast as president, to bring this industry more prominently before the public.

Mr. William McVeigh, has generously given his assistance to the sale of Irish Point-Lace, the product of the convents in Ireland. Very beautiful pieces, collars, scarfs, handkerchiefs, etc., can be bought at half the price at which the same lace is sold in the city stores. Mr. McVeigh will gladly send the lace to the residences of those interested, for examination, and will give the fullest information about this beautiful product. He can be addressed either at Dooner's Hotel, or at Room 308, Bornot Building, 1535 Chestnut street.

ST. LOUIS DISTRIBUTING ALMS.

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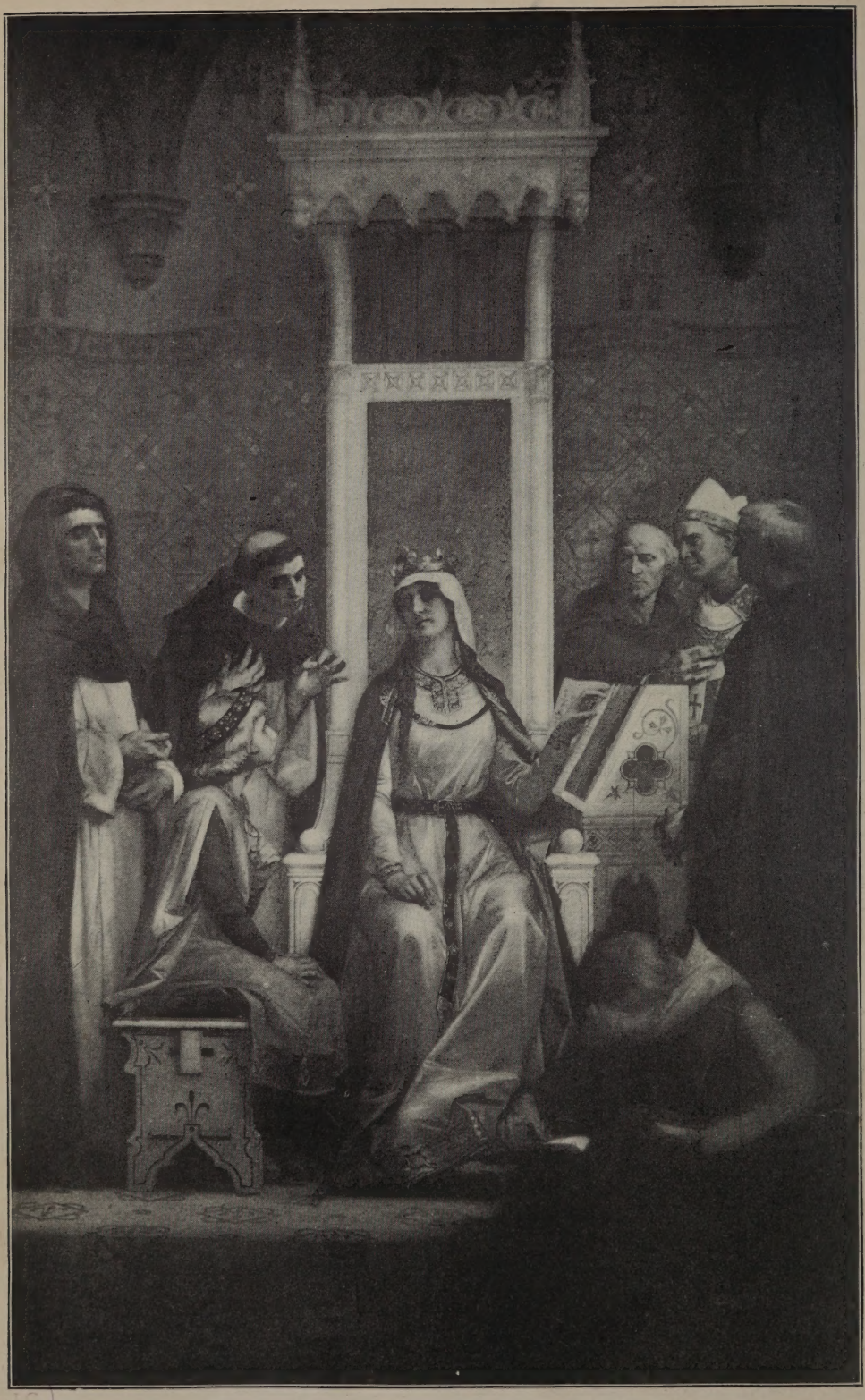

THE CHILD LOUIS AND HIS MOTHER, BLANCHE OF CASTILE

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SAINT LOUIS: THE MAN, THE MONARCH, THE SAINT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.

As the eyes of the country are, at present, centred upon the city of the Exposition, it will not be out of place to glance briefly at the life of the illustrious servant of God, to whose protecting care the metropolis of the Central States was certainly confided by the band of sturdy Catholics who, a century ago, laid the foundations of this busy commercial centre.

At Poissy, a small town on the left bank of the Seine, there was born on April the 25th, 1215, to Louis VIII and to his wonderful wife, Blanche of Castile, a son upon whom in baptism the name of his father was conferred. This prince was born in the full dawn of the thirteenth century, the century so persistently vilified by non-Catholic writers, and yet the century which has few equals when we consider its array of brilliant men and the remarkable deeds then wrought for the advance of the race. During that century the throne of St. Peter was adorned by the sagacious Innocent III and by the vigorous Boniface VIII; the English nation came into existence through the wisdom of the modern Justinian, Edward I; France could boast of Philippe Auguste and of Louis IX; Spain enjoyed the wise rule of Ferdinand of Castile, while the ranks of the Church were signalized by the glorious lives of St. John of Matha, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Edmund, St. Peter Nolasco, St. Thomas of Aquino, Blessed Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, St. Gertrude, St. Hugh of Lincoln, St. Thomas of Hereford, St. Simon Stock, St. Dominic, St. Clare, St. Philip Benizi, St. Isabel, St. Margaret, St. Zita, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and by the much-loved St. Francis of Assisi. The same century saw the faith preached to the northern nations by the apostolic St. Hyacinth; the union of the Greek church with the Latin at the Council of Lyons; the founding of the Franciscans, Dominicans, Servites, Trinitarians, Sylvestrine-Monks, and of several organizations for works of charity and beneficence. This is certainly a record of which the much-vaunted enlightened centuries might well be proud. Prominent among the illustrious men of this century stands the saintly king of France, in whose eyes personal holiness was of far greater import than territorial aggrandizement, and with whom the cause of Christ outweighed national considerations.

When the boy was but eleven years of age, in 1226, Louis VIII died, and the young prince became king under the name of Louis IX. The regency, during his minority, fell to his devoted mother, Blanche of Castile. Never was task more conscientiously performed, never were maternal prayers more richly rewarded. Fully conscious of the difficult and dan-

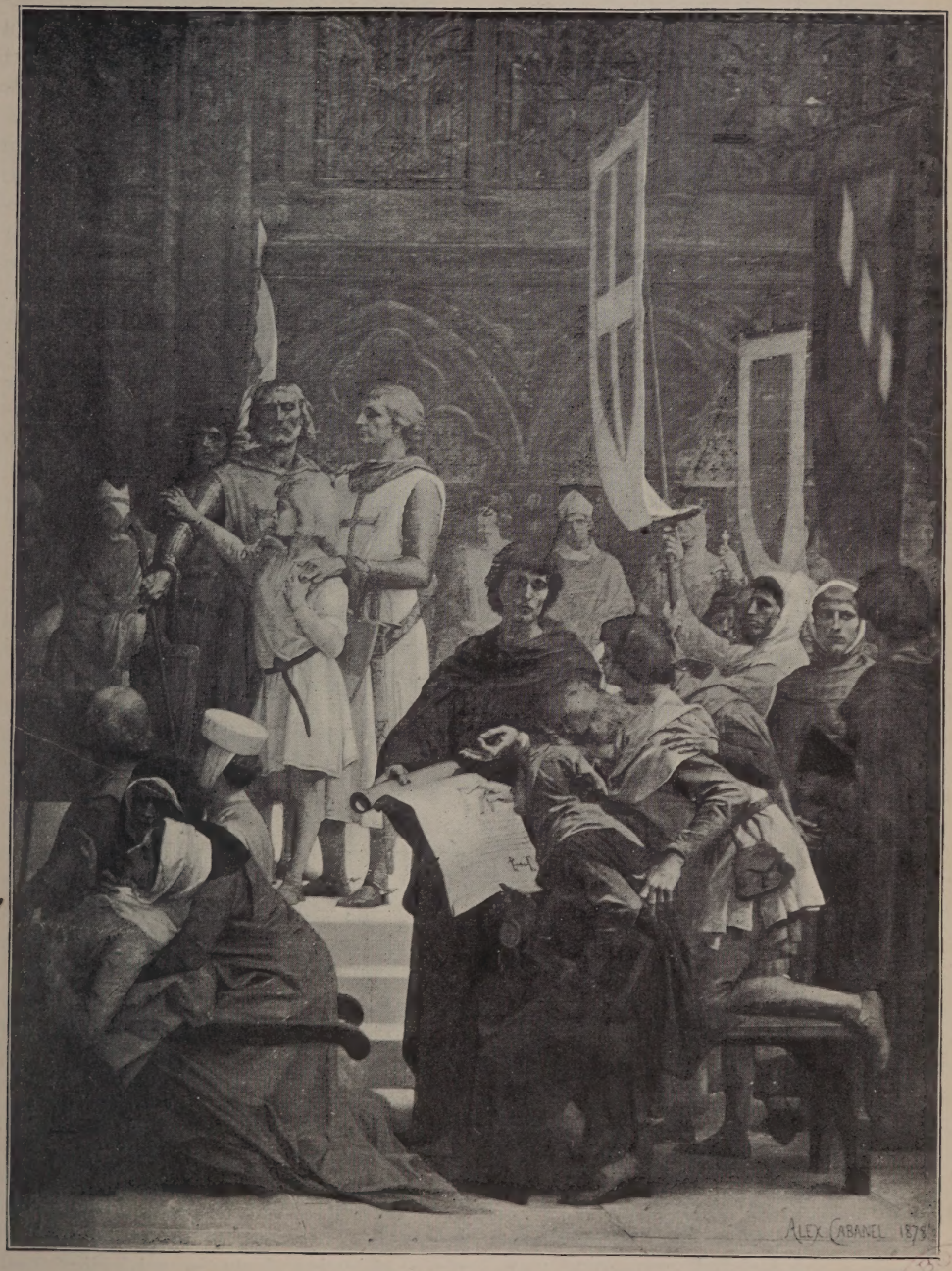
gerous career which awaited her boy, the prudent mother strove from the beginning to imbue his youthful mind with those principles which are the foundation of all solid virtue and to school his heart in that firm and fearless performance of duty without which there can be no strength of character. The mother's words found a fertile soil in Louis' soul and the youthful king grew to manhood a model of sturdy virtue, of absolute uprightness and of singular innocence of life. He was above all a fervent Christian, not a mere theoretic admirer of the lofty morality preached by the Redeemer of the world, but an exact and generous disciple of Him Who said: "Seek *first* the kingdom of God."

Although Louis was crowned on the 29th of November, 1226, three weeks after the death of his father, nevertheless he did not take the reins of government until he had attained his majority in 1236. He was then in the vigor of perfect manhood, handsome and refined in appearance, with that bright glow upon his features which is the sure index of the moral law steadfastly kept, and with a noble bearing which told plainer than words the loftiness of his aspirations. He was fond of outdoor sports, following the hunt with keen zest, outstripping his knights as he was carried swiftly to the front upon his fleet charger.

He married at Sens on the 27th of May, 1234, Margaret, eldest daughter of the Count of Provence. The royal pair were devoted to each other and the palace was the model of a Christian home. So deeply attached were they that their affection aroused the jealousy of Queen Blanche who dreaded nothing so much as being supplanted in the affections of her son. Though a tender mother, Blanche was a domineering mother-in-law, and poor Margaret had often to run the gauntlet of her vigorous wrath. To such extremes did this strenuous lady proceed that, at one of the royal palaces, trusted scouts had to be posted along the corridors whenever Louis and Margaret met, so that, due notice of the approach of the vigilant matron being given, husband and wife could withdraw in time to their separate apartments.

Louis' care of his children was extremely touching. He held firmly to the truth that the parents are the divinely-appointed moulders of the characters of their children, and that it is a serious crime to surrender this sacred charge to another, when one can supervise it himself. He would have been horrified at the thought of placing children entirely in the hands of nurses and of tutors. Every night before the king retired to rest, the children were brought to him and the deeds and sayings of saintly kings and princes were told them and they were admonished to keep these in mind and to shape their lives according to the noblest examples. He was also accustomed to relate to them the sad end of those rulers who by tyranny, fraud, or lust had blighted their own lives and brought upon themselves the punishment of God. Though princes, they were bidden to remember that their rank not only did not excuse them from observing the smallest behests of the moral law, but even imposed upon them the duty of giving to others an example of the highest virtues. Once, when the king heard a courtier assert that he would rather have his soul stained by serious crime than his body befouled by leprosy, the king indignantly replied, "Sir, you make a woeful mistake, for no matter how hideous may be the deformities wrought by leprosy, they are bright jewels in comparison with the sickening sores of sin."

Gracious to all, Louis showed especial favor to the poor. An old servant who had been sent away by his grandfather,



ST. LOUIS FOUNDING THE SORBONNE

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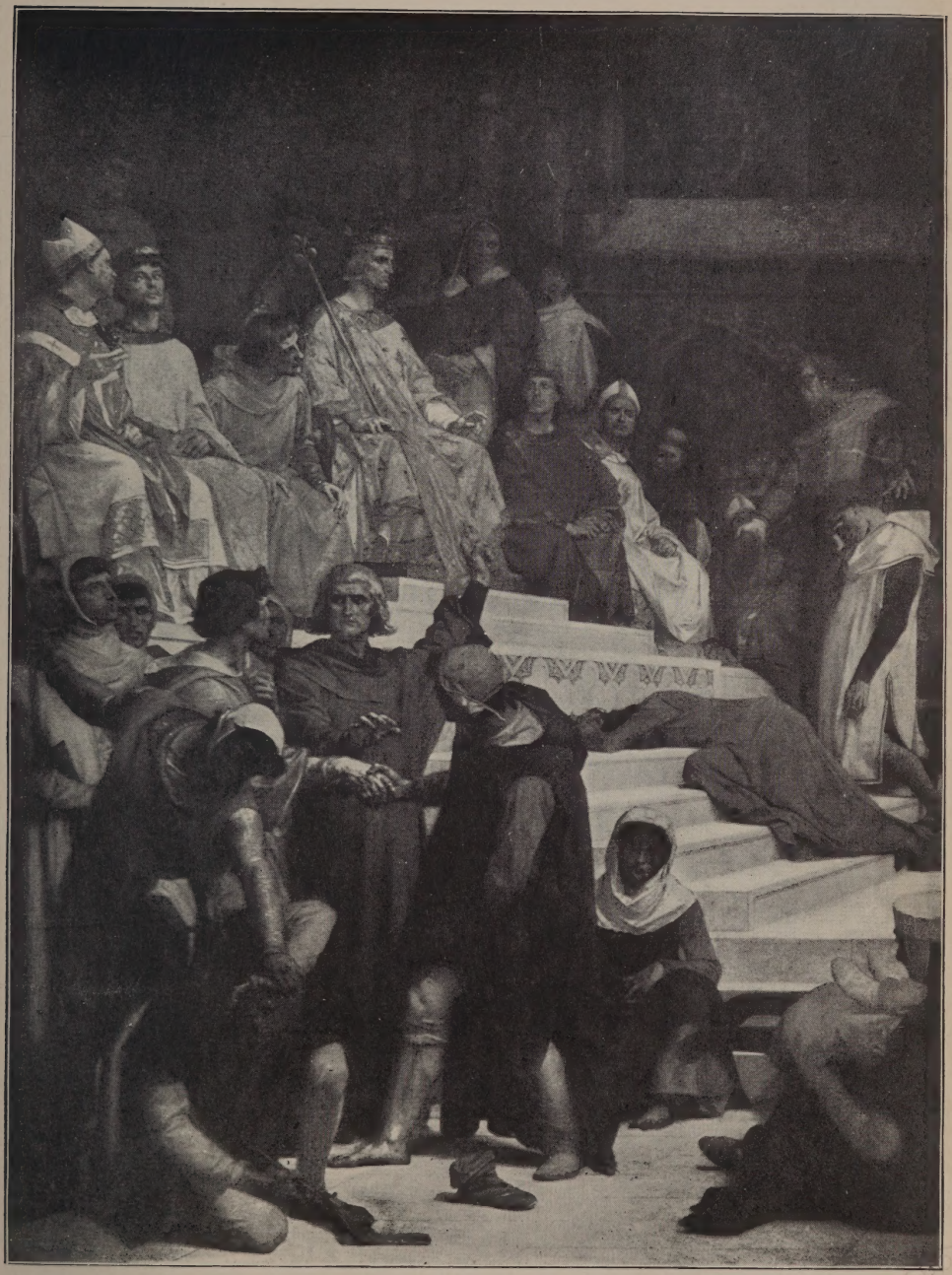
because the fire crackled, was received back again into the royal household. This same servant when waiting upon the king, who was suffering from a sore leg, dropped some burning grease from a lighted candle upon the wound. "O, Jean, Jean," exclaimed the sufferer, "what would have happened to you in the days now past, if you had been so careless, since you were punished so severely for the crackling of the wood."

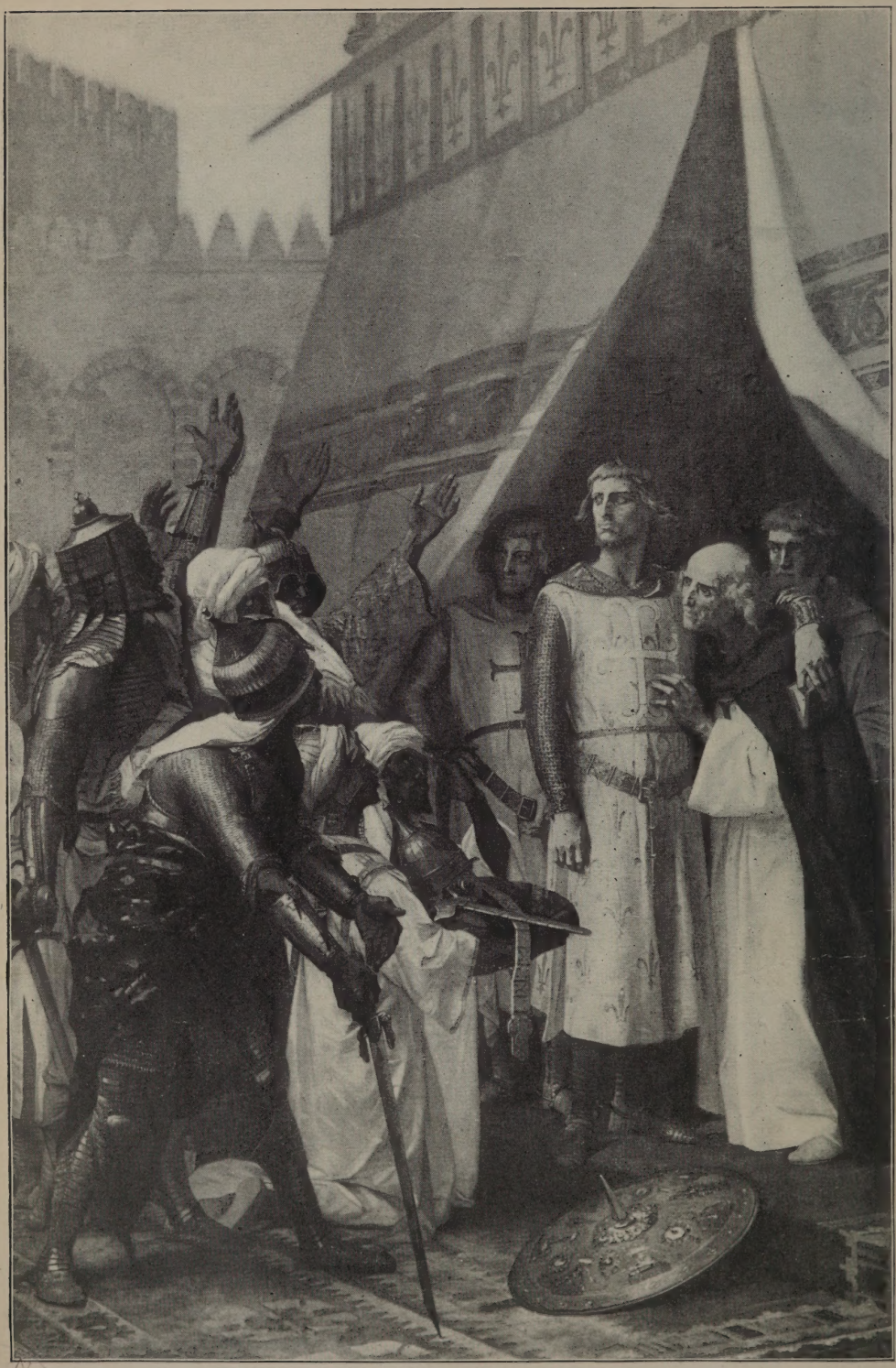
Every day several worthy poor shared the viands at the imperial table, being placed with the officers of the household. Never was a remark tolerated which might even in the slightest way wound the sensibilities of those less fortunate than others in the possession of earthly goods. So gracious was the king that he often waited upon these humble toilers with his own hands, and few, indeed, were the days on which he did not sally forth from the palace well supplied with provisions for the suffering and needy.

In the government of his kingdom, Louis displayed remarkable qualities of foresight, justice, firmness, enterprise and clemency. He found his realm in a state of appalling confusion, owing to the insolence of the barons and to the weak rule of his father. It is true that Queen Blanche during her regency had done much to remedy this evil; nevertheless feudalism with its decentralizing tendencies had worked havoc with governmental unity and national co-operation. From the beginning Louis perceived the need of a stable and vigorous policy, and he resolved to weld the different social elements into a compact whole. It was not long before he had an occasion to show that his vassals could not defy his authority with impunity. A certain Count de la Marche evidently thinking that the king was a soft-hearted, easy-going man, disdainfully refused to pay the accustomed homage. Wishing to proceed with all moderation, the king called a meeting of wise counsellors of whom he sought advice. The unanimous decision was that the count should be called to a sense of his duty by severe measures. When de la Marche heard this verdict, he appealed to Henry III of England for support in his insubordination, thinking thereby to frighten his master. But the unruly vassal had strangely misjudged his ruler, for Louis was not a man to be intimidated by threats or frightened by difficulties. Carefully gathering together the flower of his nobles and men-at-arms he advanced rapidly into the revolted province and fought two fierce battles near Taillebourg and Saintes in Saintonge with such skill and valor, leading the charge in person, that both the count and the English sovereign were completely routed. With characteristic magnanimity Louis forgave the treacherous baron and, while handing over the conquered land to the Count of Poitiers, he gave back to de la Marche the rest of his estates on the sole condition that they were asked as a grant from the throne. The English sovereign was granted a safe-conduct through France, and the French courtiers were sternly forbidden to show the slightest exultation over his misfortune. A man's greatness of character is shown by the treatment he accords a prostrate foe. The nobles learned from this episode that although Louis could display extraordinary clemency, nevertheless duties were to be performed conscientiously and high-handed wrong was to meet with swift and stern punishment.

In reading the records of this illustrious prince we are struck by his absolute justice. No one was condemned by him without a fair hearing, for he well knew the proneness of human nature to place objective facts in subjective surroundings. Wherever he journeyed throughout the land he held frequent



ST. LOUIS RENDERING JUSTICE



ST. LOUIS AT JERUSALEM.

meetings with those in authority in order to see what were the best means to safeguard the interests of all classes, and to secure ready justice even for criminals. Joinville touchingly says: "Many a time it fell out that in summer, after the celebration of the Eucharistic sacrifice, the King would seat himself at the foot of an oak in some forest, and, ranging his courtiers in a circle around, he would invite all those who had grievances, to state fearlessly their troubles without ceremony and without dread of interference or contradiction." After the statement and the investigation of the case the King would render what seemed to him a perfectly fair verdict and he would command his lords-in-waiting to see that his decision was carried out with exactness and with promptitude. Justice, he declared, was the brightest gem in the crown of a ruler and the foundation of all true sanctity. By this virtue he won in marvelous fashion the unswerving fealty of his subjects, for they knew that with him there was no such thing as favoritism or partiality and that whether on the throne or in the forest he would never turn a deaf ear to the cry for justice.

Recognizing the important influence of education in the moral and intellectual development of a nation, Louis continued to aid with generous help the movement started by the enterprising Charlemagne, who, it will be remembered, with the help of the clear-sighted Alcuin, planned a magnificent popular school system. Alcuin, although an Englishman, was greatly assisted in his labors by Clement of Ireland and by many other Irish teachers. The unfortunate division of the empire, after the death of Charlemagne, led to a lack of royal interest in this work, nevertheless the schools of Tours, Rheims, Laen, Auxerre, and Chartres became famous throughout Europe for the number of their scholars and for the renown of their professors. At Auxerre Eric and Remi, both celebrated schoolmen, taught, while the bold and novelty-loving Roscelin attracted large crowds of eager pupils to Tours. Chartres became the home of Platonic thought and many a battle royal was fought there against the strange philosophic views advocated both by Roscelin and by Abelard. Chartres was for twenty years the scene of the scholastic labors of the indefatigable Gilbert de la Porée who strove so perseveringly to unite Platonism with Aristotelianism. Louis leant all the influence of his authority to the various academic institutions throughout his realm and crowned his labors in this particular by the foundation of the Sorbonne, for many years the leading theological establishment in Christendom. The suggestion to establish this school came from the king's chaplain, Robert, born in 1201, at Sorbon in the diocese of Rheims. Robert was a great favorite with Louis on account of his singular uprightness of life and of his deep love for knowledge. At that time the schools of Notre Dame and of St. Genevieve were crowded with so many students that all could not possibly be accommodated. Add to this the outside surroundings were certainly not conducive to strict morality, and many an innocent country-lad, who had come to Paris in his intense quest for knowledge, was swallowed up in the seething vortex of metropolitan immorality. To offset these difficulties and to place an effective remedy against these evils, Robert decided that it would be necessary to bring together into one establishment both professors and students. By this arrangement many difficulties would be avoided and many dangerous occasions would be done away with. It was a plan which we know so well to-day in the modern boarding-college. To the realization of this project Robert bent all his energies and implored the King to aid the work

both by moral and financial support. Louis was delighted over the projected school, not only because it gave him an opportunity of showing his interest in a great educational movement, but, most of all, because he desired the environments of the student-body of Paris to be as safe and as uplifting as possible. He entered, accordingly, with intense enthusiasm into the work and donated for the purpose a house and other buildings in the Vie de Coupegeule. Thus was laid the foundation of the famous Sorbonne. The King continued all through his life to assist this institution and it became, in time, the most celebrated theological school in Christendom.

In 1244, to the grief of all France, we might say of all Europe, Louis was prostrated by a serious sickness, at Pontoise. It really seemed as though his last hour had come and preparations were made for death. All the members of the royal household were summoned to the bedside of the dying monarch who exhorted them to live constantly in the presence of God and to spend lives of usefulness for others. As they all waited in the sick chamber, sobbing and praying they were suddenly startled by hearing Louis exclaim in a hollow sepulchral tone, "The dayspring from on high hath visited me and by the grace of God recalled me from the dead." To the surprise of those present the sick man rose up in bed and ordered an attendant to send for the Bishops of Paris and of Meaux in order that he might receive from them the Crusader's cross, declaring then and there that he was resolved, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, to engage personally in the enterprise to wrest the Holy Land from the wicked rule of the infidel. This announcement filled the royal family with unspeakable anguish and in intense agony the two queens threw themselves on their knees at his bedside and tearfully implored him not to think of a project fraught with danger so great. But Louis was firm, for he was not a man to be moved either by tears or entreaty, when there was a question of what he deemed duty. As soon as his health permitted, he started the preparations for this new Crusade. He was singularly successful. Everywhere he went he aroused the enthusiasm of the barons and of the soldiers by his intense appeals to their spirit of chivalry and to their loyalty for Christ and for His cause. Gathering thus a large army, he set sail from France with his devoted warriors on August the 28th, 1248. As Egypt had become the base of supplies for the Saracens, Louis determined to make his first attack upon that province. His plan did not meet with the approval of his generals and they, overruling his wishes, decided to winter in Cyprus. It was a fatal mistake, for the months of inactivity demoralized the troops and led to dissensions among the leaders. It was with a heavy heart that the King finally directed his course to Egypt. Not that he had lost courage, but his utter sincerity and absolute self-effacement made him disgusted at the petty jealousy he discovered among his knights. Under such obstacles is it any wonder that the courageous and brilliant deeds of Louis were rendered profitless? The sad result of several engagements was the defeat of the French forces and the capture of the King. Undismayed by the disaster, Louis purchased the ransom of himself and of his companions from the Saracens and, journeying on to Palestine, spent four years in visiting the various shrines, in strengthening the defences and in organizing the different branches of government of that little state.

On the 24th of April, 1254, the return journey to France was begun. During the voyage an incident occurred which is deeply pathetic. When near the island of Cyprus the vessel bearing the royal family struck on a sand bank and there was im-

minent danger of a wreck. Queen Margaret was on board with her three youngest children who slept soundly in spite of the uproar of the tempest. Being asked by the nurses what should be done with the little ones, the queen answered: "Neither wake them nor disturb the resting babies, let them go to God in their sleep." However, the vessel fortunately drifted off the shoals and continued safely on its way to Hyères, where the army disembarked and the long-absent King again took up the reins of government. Sixteen years passed in a round of peaceful duties, the monarch leading his subjects in the practice of those princely qualities and virtues which are the only true title to abiding fame. As before, the poor and oppressed received especial care and unjust officials were ferreted out and severely punished. Thus there came to France the golden reign of peace, prosperity and justice.

Towards the year 1270, tidings reached Europe that the little Christian kingdom in Palestine was in sore straits. Dissensions had risen among the faithful themselves and the Hospitalers had drawn their swords against the Templars. The Mamelukes of Egypt, taking advantage of this frantricidal strife, had invaded Syria and in a series of bloody battles had finally captured Antioch and slaughtered ruthlessly the inhabitants. From the East a pitiful cry rang out to Europe for help against the human butchers who were foully murdering or sending into dire captivity all Eastern Christians, men, women and children. Undismayed by past losses and unbroken in spirit by past failures, Louis sounded the call to arms. A large force flocked to his assistance from France, Germany and England. Among this number was Prince Edward of England, afterward Edward I. The French landed in Tunis, hoping to meet with a friendly reception from the King of that country. In the place thereof they found a most treacherous foe. Misfortune after misfortune fell upon the brave soldiers. Provisions ran short and there was not an adequate supply of water. The men panted from the agonies of thirst and died upon the burning sands. To add to the other misfortunes pestilence broke out and decimated the ranks of the haggard and starved men, and, to crown all, Louis himself was seized with the plague. The physicians saw that the sickness was fatal, and the King was prepared for the end. He died as he had lived, in calm and holy faith, and in perfect resignation although his fondest hopes had been blighted and his most sacred and long-cherished desires had been defeated. The night before his death he saw in spirit the end of his journey, for between sleeping and waking he kept muttering: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! we are going to Jerusalem, we are going to the Holy City." It was at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, August the 25th, 1270, when the heavenly Jerusalem gleamed upon his vision and he passed from the toils, the trials and the disappointments of earth to the peace and security of the life beyond.

Thus passed away the noblest of all those who have worn an earthly crown, leaving behind him the precious legacy of a spotless life spent amid the blandishments of wealth, of heroic virtue unswervingly practiced amid the trappings of luxury, and of unconditional surrender to the cause of the Christian faith and to the uplifting of Christian peoples.

"THE CUP WITH BLUE FLOWERS."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

"Meg...Meg! come here a minute... sh! don't make a noise."

Meg crept across the board floor noiselessly: "What is it?"

"Sh! he'll hear you."

Meg put her head against her friend's and peeped out through the shutters.

"So that's what I'm to look at?" the tone bristled.

"Yes! Isn't he splendid?"

Meg drew away with an aristocratic shrug of her shoulders. "The milkman, please understand."

"Yes, the milkman, please understand."

"I thought it must be a bird or something of that kind."

"Oh! you great goose. No, but look at him, Meg. Did you ever see such a build? Arcadia and the Greek classics brought to life."

He had swung down his bottles and turned to go, they saw his face and that he was smiling to himself, all alone in the June morning. Six feet, broad shoulders; an open, sunburnt face; cowboy hat and belt and boots; and the gait and swing of a western ranchman. But it was the face attracted Meg. Stern as it was in mould, and resolute as it was in expression, sweetness and humanity were written large upon it as he gazed up, all unconscious, to the blue of the summer sky.

Blossom lapsed into an easy chair. "I wonder," she said meditatively, "that Julia never mentioned him."

The younger girl burst into sudden laughter.

"It was certainly unpardonable in her. Such a milkman as that!"

"No, you needn't laugh. I'm in earnest, you don't suppose he's just an ordinary milkman?"

"My dear, I'm beginning to doubt whether he can be merely a mortal man."

"Oh! Meg, you're horrid! Well," rousing herself, "I suppose we must have breakfast."

"I suppose so. Unless the vision of that admirable being can sustain you until dinner-time."

"Margaret, I shall be angry in a minute."

"Heaven forbid! Can't I make the coffee?"

"Oh! Meg, don't let's have any to-day. Just for once let's have fruit, and bread, and milk."

At the last word Meg laughed, but covered it by quoting: "Here beneath the shade..."

"You stop Horace-ing me to-day, Margaret; its more than human nature can stand, one week after exams."

"You are so dreadfully scholarly in your tastes, you know."

"I don't want to be. I want to get away from school. Say, Meg, let's agree not to talk shop till September."

"I'll try. I don't know if I can do it. I've been eating, drinking, and breathing the old stuff till I feel like a worn-out Greek grammar."

Blossom nodded. "Dog's-eared and thread-bare?"

Margaret felt for one pink shell lobe.

"Well....not exactly; but almost," then unconsciously looking down at the dainty hem of her gown—"how about you, Blos?"

"Don't speak of it. I dreamt last night that I had conditions on every last subject and woke in a sweat. Brr! Let's change the topic. What shall we do to-day?"

"Nothing, of course. Eat breakfast, go to Mass, if there is a Mass, and lie in the hammock forever after."

"That just about suits me;" and Blossom wandered lazily out into the kitchen. There she threw the door wide open and breathed the sweet air laden with scents of summer, drenched in dew, and full of early, soft-gold sunbeams through which the glad birds flung. For a few minutes she stood there in ecstasy, while the green world swung its censers before her, and a big tawny butterfly toppled into view: then a bell tolled out its cadenced melody from somewhere up the hill.

"There's your Mass, Meg!"

"That's the Angelus." Meg came and stood at the threshold with face up-lifted to listen, a very incarnation of tall, sweet, pure, young womanhood. "Now we know where the church is at all events."

"Julia did tell me; but its up here and down there, across this and beyond that, till I gave it up in despair. The place isn't bad though, is it?"

"Bad? Its heavenly. I do think she was awfully kind to let us come here."

"Oh! I don't know. We'll keep it up for her; and she should be back in two weeks anyway. There's that bell again, Meg; it must be Mass this time. Let's hurry up and go."

And so their vacation began.

The days that followed were ideal days of summer laziness, spent in the quiet shade, with occasional rambles through the deep Canadian forest where small human life is swallowed up and loses itself in the immense remnant growth of virgin soil. A few of the village ladies called, but it was understood that these were college-girls and, mingling with the reverence so dread a fact inspired, was a little fear of these two persons who must be so very far above and beyond the common interests of life. The two "persons" talked to every child they met, for the simple fun of it; waded in every brook they came across; and ate more berries than were good for them, because the berries were on brambles. But this the village ladies did not know. Julia deferred her return, and a pity went up for the girls' loneliness. The girls, curiously enough, did not know they were lonely. They made a few spasmodic calls, for duty's sake, and relapsed into solitude. The Arcadian they had not seen again. Blos giggled to herself one morning on finding a brown volume and a scrap of paper in company with the milk and cream.

"Hi! Meg, hurry up and come out here. There's a love-letter for you."

"How perfectly charming!"

The note was scrawled in big, uneven letters: "Hear's yore buk."

"Why, it's my Aristophanes! Wherever did he get it?"

"You probably dropped it in the cow-path."

"No...Oh! Blos. I have it. We left it at the library yesterday."

The library, so-called, was a small room "upstairs" in the mill-building, and books came to it by train from the city-centre.

"Well, the milkman reads, at all events," announced Blossom complacently.

"And writes," smiled Meg.

"Margaret, how can you? It's not his fault."

"Did I say it was? I'm not laughing at him. I'm laughing at your infinite satisfaction in his accomplishments. Nobody ever had such a milkman as we have!"

On the following Sunday, Blossom's interest increased, and even Margaret lifted her eyes. The little wooden chapel was crowded, yet the priest was allowed to begin Mass without a server. He had scarcely said the Introit when a step pressed hastily up the aisle and a big young fellow in blue serge took up the response. Blossom nudged her friend, then bent devoutly over her prayer book.

Human nature could not resist glancing up again at the epistle. It was certainly the milkman; the voice was a fine one, pitched rather low and the Latin sounded pure and fluent. "And to think," Blossom cried broken-heartedly as they walked home, "that it's all parrot-learnt and he can't spell book!"

Margaret's voice was soothing: "It's certainly very hard on you, Blossom. But try to live, for the sake of your friends and family."

"I'll try," Blossom answered tearfully. "But oh! my feelings."

On Monday the milkman came to collect, and Blossom paid her bill demurely, never having set eyes on her visitor before. He seemed a trifle embarrassed himself but smiled when he asked: "Did you get your Aristophanes?"

Blossom prided herself on self-control but, just for a moment, wondered whether she were standing on the step of her sister's cottage or on the crescent of the moon.

"N-no; yes, I mean—it's my friend's. Where did you find it?"

"My boy saw you leave it on the library table. I told him to return it."

"He did, thank you. We are very much obliged. Two quarts to-morrow, please."

And the milkman put his money in his belt and answered respectfully: "Yes, ma'am." Then he lifted his hat and Blossom wondered why he did. It was so unnecessary.

She stumbled into the sitting-room and collapsed into the nearest rocker: "Meg, that man knows Greek."

"Merciful heavens! what man?"

"What man? Why the milkman, of course!"

"Oh, yes, certainly, of course, pardon me for one moment forgetting. The milkman, of course. How did you find out?"

"He receipted his bill in Attic."

Meg opened her eyes; then recovered: "Did you say *the* Attic?"

Blossom saw she was caught and sat up briskly: "No, Meg, I did not; but I'm not joking. He knew what the book was: and even the title is in Greek characters."

For a moment Meg was thoroughly interested: "How strange," she said. Then her southern indolence, more manner than temper, resumed the upper-hand: "He must be one of those gentlemen-farmers."

"Gentlemen-fiddlesticks! He's an enigma; but I'm going to solve it or die in the attempt."

"What a lot of trouble Julia might save you if she would only come up."

"She never does come up when she's wanted. But I have an excellent alternative. Yes, my masters. This very day I shall call on Mrs. Cooney, and if, by to-night, I can't answer every question you, Margaret Sandon, can ask concerning the Arcadian, I'll buy you the biggest box of candy in the drug-store."

"A tempting offer! But if you could restrain your curiosity until to-morrow I should be immensely grateful. I want to walk to the Falls, to-day. It's nice and cool, and I do not care, best-beloved Blossom, to tramp three miles by myself."

"Couldn't you wait till to-morrow, Meg?"

"I really couldn't."

"Well, if I must, I must. Heigho!"

It was a beautiful road, skirting the river, and as they drew away from the town, the low shores grew to perpendicular cliffs, firs and spruce crowded down to the edge, and, beneath them, tiny strawberries reddened in the grass. To the right, peaceful farmsteads stood amid spreading fields and orchards with the glow of the summer air like a benediction upon them.

Two bare-legged urchins with fishing-

rods and a tin can peeped into one of the enclosures singing: "Hello, saw-bones! Hello, saw-bones!"

"Hello, dust-bags!" came a good-natured voice from within. Then, as the small feet scampered away down the road, the same voice, not very harmonious, but exceedingly noisy, flung out its rollicking notes in glee.

"A new co-ed has alighted in town,
U-pi-da, U-pi-da!
In an up-to-datest tailor-made gown,
U-pi-de-i-da,
The boys are wild and Prex is too:
You never saw such a hullaballoo...
You never saw such a..."

Blos caught her breath: "Meg, that's one of Tom's college songs, I'd swear it is."

"Sounds rather like it. Fancy a college-boy in this wilderness!"

There was a gate presently and both girls unconsciously slackened speed and looked in the same direction. It was the Arcadian of course, mowing vigorously, in the same old ranchman's togs.

"I'm getting sick of that man," murmured Blossom pathetically: "you can't go anywhere but he turns up under your feet. And as to his singing college songs, I think its positive impudence."

"Suppose, just for the fun of it, that he were a college man," suggested Meg.

"Why, Margaret, how preposterous!"

"Well, he knows Greek, you say; and those boys were calling him saw-bones."

"A milkman, a Greek scholar, and a medic. The plot thickens."

Blossom had fallen into a brown study —"Meg," she said presently: "I'd give a good deal to know if that song had any application."

"Personal?"

"Of course, personal. What else should I mean?"

"Why, a song is an impersonal and abstract thing, usually."

"Yes, usually. But, Meg, I haven't a 'tailor-made' to my name."

The merriment did not infect Miss Sandon.

"I suppose you think you are funny, Blossom."

Blossom only laughed louder.

"To tell you the truth, *I* think your interest in the milkman is rather disgusting, and I warn you to leave me out of it. I don't care who he is or what he is, so please let us drop the subject."

"Don't get cross, Meg."

"I'm not cross but there is a kind of joking I can't stand, and you know it."

"Well, but Margaret, consider. Here is a..."

"I don't want to hear any more about him."

"Rarissimum specimen; a case in biology..."

"We are not to talk shop for three minutes."

"Two and a half."

"Well, even so."

"You've been cutting up flowers."

"To my knowledge I never manifested any desire to cut-up milkmen."

"He's a jolly uncommon milkman all the same. Did you watch him put out the candles after Mass on Sunday?"

"No."

"Well, I did. He looked up at the Blessed Virgin's statue as he finished; and milkman or no milkman I should always trust him, on account of the love in his face."

Miss Sandon had no answer.

Some days later Julia returned. Like the princess crossing the Atlantic she had a few children, likewise servants, some pet animals, many trunks—and a husband; only with Julia the husband came first. The hermits at the cottage were bounced out of solitude with a vengeance. Meg went back to work, because she was tired of idleness: Blossom took up gardening with zest. Further, Julia had not

been long in the house before the Arcadian, milk-bottles and all, was formally introduced at the amazing hour of 5.30 A. M., as "our old friend, Mr. Kent." He stood, laughing, with his big-brimmed hat in his hand and the sun on his shining head, not at all embarrassed this time, but very blithe and gay. Meg thought she had rarely seen so frank and handsome a countenance. Then Julia mentioned his alma mater, Trinity College.

"What?" cried Blossom.

John Kent raised his eye-brows. "Trinity College, Toronto," explained Julia and Blossom laughed: "Oh! pardon me. We are Trinity too, only Washington. I thought you belonged to us."

"I wish I did," answered the sly fellow, smiling.

"We do not believe in co-education," replied Blossom sternly.

"Neither do we," came the quick return-thrust. "At least the unimportant faculty do not; the all-important rest of us are not consulted."

"I should have been inclined to think," Blossom smiled over at Meg, "that co-education was not unknown, in Toronto."

And the Arcadian looked in a puzzled way from one to the other. He took his curiosity with him in company of the empty bottles for nobody offered to explain.

The very next day, John Kent, in blue serge, walked down the road. Apparently, he was not going anywhere in particular, but both girls were busy among the rose-bushes and he paused to speak to them as he passed.

"Won't you come in," Blossom invited.

"No, I thank you; not if I may stand and talk to you from this side."

"Oh! We are harmless, I assure you."

He smiled a little at the assumption of ingenuousness.

"What lady is not? But I found out long since that there is nothing in this world quite equal to talking over a garden-wall."

"I should not have imagined that it would afford you pleasure to be upon the fence."

He smiled again, quickly and responsively, but did not parry.

"Everything is relative, and everything is conditional, as I daresay you know."

"I should think I did know! I am weary of knowing...Is this creeper-rose of Canadian growth or do they import them?"

"I haven't the remotest idea, but its awfully pretty wherever it comes from. You should wear it in your hair."

"Beautiful idea! I think I'll try it now. Just this one cluster, right here. Umbel or Cyme, Meg, which is it?"

"Don't ask me. Ask Mr. Kent: he should know more about it."

"Possibly he should, Miss Sandon, but he doesn't. Won't one of you enlighten me as to the difference?"

It was Blossom answered, wrinkling her forehead and with roguish gravity. "One blossoms by induction, and the other by deduction."

John stood straight a moment with his hands upon the wall and ejaculated: "For pity's sake!" Then laughter overcame and shook him: and he registered a vow, then and there, that, with these girls who were so dangerously learned and so desperately charming, he would have more fun than enough.

It grew to be a matter of course that he should tramp in from the farm and spend the evening lounging upon the porch. Mrs. Langland could not understand it. It was so utterly unlike John to be idle and to loiter. John was having the holiday of his life but this Mrs. Langland did not know. She could remember his standing out in the road and talking to her for three minutes, then running if she suggested that he come in. She had an idea in the depth of her sisterly soul

that perhaps he admired Blossom; and John did admire Blossom, for her quick wit and astonishing power of repartee, but it was not of Blossom he thought in the summer moonlights as he walked home through the fields of corn. It was of somebody else, somebody with deep, still, brown eyes, like autumn pools and the glint of autumn sunshine in her hair. She was not so clever as Blossom, John could see that ; not so chock-full of book-lore (as he was man enough to be glad) but there was a something very rare and elusive in her which he would have found it hard to define.

In the depths of the humming woods one afternoon, Meg announced her determination to go home. They had been lying in the grass and Blossom bolted up, for it wanted weeks yet to mid-September.

"Why, in the name of all that's wonderful?"

"Why, I have been here quite a long time; and I want to see something of father and the boys before school opens."

Blossom reflected. "A very natural desire, my dear; if your dad were not in Colorado and the boys east."

"They won't be there forever, I hope."

"We were speaking of the immediate present."

"The immediate future, I said next week."

"Four days off, forsooth. Are you bored?"

"I was never bored in my life, and I couldn't be in Julia's house."

"Oh, bother Julia's house! Meg, I believe you are afraid of John Kent."

"Oh! no, Blossom."

"Oh! yes, Margaret....I've seen it coming, seen it all coming, my love, and you needn't try to deny it to me. Nobody but a goose like Julia would imagine that John Kent would come here night after night for the fun of it. I've watched him closely, Meg, and you can take my word for it, that he's a goner."

Meg was digging in the ground and had her face bent.

"Nothing would distress me more."

"Why, in heaven's name? Don't you like him?"

"Yes."

"Well, then?"

"Would you marry a man simply because you like him?"

"Oh! if you mean *like* in that way!"

"I should *never* marry John Kent."

"You are very certain about that."

"I am: rock certain."

"And the reasons, pray?"

"Blossom, please let us drop the subject."

"Not I, my dear. I'm on the war path. What are the reasons, Meg?"

"It might be graceful of you, Blossom, to remember that he never asked me—and never will if I can help it."

"I'm in no mood to be graceful. I *love* John Kent,—if I *have* only known him two months—and would just like to see you refuse him for some old idea of your own."

"It's not an idea, it's a matter of principle."

"Oh! What's the matter with John's principles?"

"I'm afraid he's a materialist."

"A what?...Great heavens above!... John Kent?..."

"Yes, John Kent."

"You're crazy."

"I don't think I am. Only last night he was saying that there is nothing in the human being that the scalpel can't discover!"

"Well, he was poking fun at us. He's always doing it and the hotter we get the more he enjoys it. You might have seen that long ago."

"And his views on hypnotism; and on physiology. He has told you about fifty

times, if one, that psychology is moonshine."

"So it is, ninety-nine per cent.; but he was only running it down because I tarred and feathered him for his everlasting physiology. Really, Meg, I would like to remind you of Dante's words: that the mind that does not distinguish is of a very low order."

"Thanks for the implied compliment but your John Kent comes just a little too near heresy sometimes."

"There you go again! As though I hadn't just pointed out that we bring it on ourselves by argument and that it's jam to him to shock us—or at least to try to. He never shocked me; but then, I wasn't brought up carefully."

"The curl of sarcasm was a thing so beautiful, John is to be pitied for not seeing it."

"I don't know anything about your bringing up Blossom, but mine must have been all wrong, for I was taught that some things may not be laughed at and that honor should precede love."

"I'm sorry for you if you can't honor John Kent. He's bubbling over with mischief but, under it all, he has the soul and purpose of a man. I suppose if he went about with a long face and told you he adored Sanskrit and metaphysics you'd give him a chance."

Then the first smile, a very, very, faint one crept over Margaret Sandon's earnest face: "Don't you think," she said gently, "that we are both rather foolish to be talking about—the man-in-the-moon?"

That very same hour, out at the Kent farm, the man in the moon sat astride his chair, and smoked his little briar college pipe, toward the range of sunlit hills. Early tea was over and Reuben had gone over to the barn, but John did not follow him. There was something to be watched intently, over there, across, towards the Blue Mountains. He did not even know his mother was in the room. She came and stood behind him awhile, in pain, then touched his shoulder.

"Dreaming, John?"

"No, thinking."

She moved round to where she could better see his face, and he gazed back at her with his deep, true eyes that had some sorrow behind the blue of them, but would not speak.

"John, dear," the mother said, "you love that girl."

"What if I do," he answered in dumb despair, "what is the use?"

And he turned his face again to the Blue Mountains. The mother put her hand upon his head, ever so tenderly. "It must come, John, once in a life-time; I don't know why you say 'what is the use.'"

"Mother, you don't suppose she'd *marry* me?"

"I suppose, John, she might do much worse."

"But it's insane! it's out of the question. I know I'm a fool every time I go there; I make up my mind not to go there; and, before I know it, my feet are flying along that road."

"Why do you think it out of the question, dear?"

"I'm not good enough for her."

"Oh! are not you then?"

"How could I be! You've never seen her, mother, have you?"

"No, I haven't. But I'll tell you one thing, John, your father, *your father*, thought he wasn't good enough for me."

For one moment the boy forgot himself to look up, with eyes that smiled, into the eyes of his mother: "I really could not blame him."

Smiling, she put her hand upon his mouth: "You forget that he was a gentleman, what they call a gentleman in the old country; he came of a great family over in England. Protestants they were, and he was a Catholic, Lord have mercy

on his soul, and they turned him out of house and home when they knew it so he came here. I was nothing but a poor little Irish girl."

Then John sprang up and she felt the strong sweet pressure of his arm fold round her: "How could he ever have been so wise?"

"Ah! John, he wouldn't have looked at me anywhere else, but they were lonely times out here in the beginning. The women fewer by far than the men. One French gentleman married an Indian squaw...Why do you laugh, John?"

"I'm trying hard, mother, not to laugh."

"What did I say?"

"Nothing, bless you! I was just wondering where I should have been if you had drawn the French chap, and my father the Indian."

"You foolish thing! Will you never be serious?...But about this girl, John; if you love her, don't let your happiness slip by."

"It's got to slip by, mother. I can't take it; it wouldn't be fair to her."

"And what about yourself?"

"I can live—and work."

"And never open your mouth, and never let her know you care?"

"That's what I mean."

"It would be like your father; but its wrong, John, all wrong, in some cases—It would be now."

"What have I to offer her?"

"Your own self."

"Yes, my own precious self. The embryo of a country doctor, a vast prize! And then the poor old house with its cracked walls and tumbling roof, and the few acres that don't pay for tilling."

"Things will be different with you in a year or two, John. You are both young and you can wait."

"Oh! mother, don't! Don't make it harder for me. She's so far above me I should never have looked at her, but...but, if you knew her, I think you would understand."

"I do understand, John. It's that that breaks the heart in me. Don't let her go away from you without making one attempt to win her! Don't slink away from your own happiness! Go and tell her you will work for her as you have worked for me. God bless you! all the days of your life. Tell her you will be rich some day, because all things shall come to you. Tell her you never lied and never hurt a living being. Tell her what your name is worth where names are worth the reckoning. She can have blasonry even if she wants it!...your father hid, in the old chest in the attic, the thing the Kents of Gloucester call their coat-of-arms."

He had been leaning against the window with his back to her; he turned round now to face her and his big figure seemed to obstruct the light.

"Would *you* have me say all that to her, mother? I don't believe you would; and I wouldn't say it either. If I had ever gone to her—if I had ever gone to her!...it would have been just 'Margaret'"....the ecstasy of it overpowered him a moment and then he went on, murmuring it over again, "Margaret...I'm not much of a fellow (whatever my mother may think of it!) I've no money and no position, you'll be throwing yourself away upon me if you do it, but I want you to do it, if you will, just for myself, John Kent.....and God knows if I love you."

It took a long time for the slow, sweet measures of his voice to die away into silence. He concluded, in the cool matter-of-fact accents of everyday life: "There's Mrs. Cooney."

His mother's eyes fell away, not without effort, from the light of his face to the hobbling figure in the path. She could not adjust herself to change so quickly and, in silence, both waited. Then

John seemed suddenly to awaken and made a bound for the door. He was just too late. The visitor saw him and called him back. "Don't ye be afther runnin' away, John. It's yerself I came to see. Good evenin' to ye, Mrs. Kent ma'am. It's a fine day, it is."

With what grace he could, John came back. "Did you say you wanted me, Mrs. Cooney?"

"Shure I do; and want ye bad. There's that poor Mrs. O'Brien, up by Dailey's, ye mind, sick to death, sick to death, John, and never a sowl to help her."

"Well, what d'you want me to do for her? There are two doctors in town and a drug-store to boot."

His heart ached heavily, and the world seemed troublesome and indiscreet to come upon him just then.

"They can't get the docthers, me boy; they've been runnin' for them this way and that, all day. Some sez they've got cases out o' town and some sez they be gone to the convention, and the man at the drug-store he sez he don't know nothin', and can't do nothin'. And oh! Johnnie, me darlint, if you'll only come and take a look at her, it's an angel you should be."

"No thank you, Mrs. Cooney, I've no license to practice and I'm not going to get myself mixed up with your doctors at the start."

"But ye'll be gettin' yer license?"

"I haven't got it now and that's the point."

"Ye won't go?"

"No, ma'am, I won't go."

"Well, divil I'd ha' thought it of you, John Kent! To see a poor craythur in mortal agony and not go near her for fear of thim fool docthers! I'd be ashamed if I was you, John, and I'll say it to yer own mother's face! If I read all thim big books and cut up all thim dead corpses, as folks says ye have, I'd know enough to go and give a poor body in pain a dhrink of water, if I could do no more for thim, and not be scared to do it either, me fine boy."

"You don't understand, Mrs. Cooney. I'm willing enough to go, but its against the law to practice until you have your license and I might get myself into serious trouble."

"Hear him then! Sayrious throuble! Glory be to God! Is it born a chicken, ye was, John Kent? Who'd worrit ye in this same blessed town for going to visit a poor woman in her pain?"

"Plenty of people, in this same blessed town, will be only too glad to blast my career for me."

"John, dear, I think I would go if I were you."

"I can't do it, mother. There would be the deuce to pay for it."

"Well, don't you never show your face in town no more, me boy; that's all I can say to ye! for we are poor folks roun' about here, and we don't know much about docthers and licenses; but we do know, and I can tell ye we'll rimimber! fwhen a man is a coward."

"I'm not going to break the law to please you or to please anybody else, Mrs. Cooney. That's all there is to it."

"An' ye'd let her die, widout liftin' yer han', becuz the law is agin it?"

He stood silent a moment, and she pressed home with the quick intuition that he had hesitated.

"Johnnie, me darlint, it will be layin' murdher at yer door if ye refuse to go to her. I'm not lyin' to yez: I was there all mornin' and I know what I'm sayin'. Go to her John, avic, for the love of God's holy Mother."

He stepped to the window so quickly she almost disbelieved her senses: "Reuben! I say, Reuben! saddle the grey mare, will you?..And look sharp!"

"You're not going, John?"

"Yes, I'm going."

"And your license?"

"I'll take the consequences."

The Celtic blessings poured upon his head grew so rich in idiom, John himself could scarcely follow them. He bounded up the stairs into his own room and in less than five minutes, was galloping along the high road at a pace that the grey mare, in her old age, felt to be an insult and a desecration. It did not take him long to cover the three miles. It took him a good deal longer to pay his first professional visit. The night was full of stars as he passed the cottage slowly on his way home.

"Stop a minute, John, please!" a voice called to him from the darkness and Mrs. Langland came out into the road. "I hear you were up at the O'Briens. How good of you!"

"Don't credit me with it: I didn't wish to go; but old Mrs. Cooney got hold of me—and she has a forked tongue, as you know."

"Fangs, John; but I'm glad you went. How is the sick woman?"

"Doing nicely. She'll pull through;" then rather sadly, and very solemnly, he added: "The child is dead."

The woman in the road drew her breath sharply; the young man in the saddle sat very still looking out straight in front of him; both silent, as the tiny wave out of the great tidal sorrow of the world washed up and touched them.

"Won't you come in?" she asked presently, in low tones.

"Thank you. Not to-night, I think."

"Miss Sandon is leaving on Monday."

"Miss Sandon"....He was not sure whether he reeled or not but he knew some heavy blow was struck at him in the dark—"I..I thought,"—he stammered, "it wanted three weeks yet..."

"So it does. Blossom will remain, but Miss Sandon feels she should be going back to her own people. We are very much disappointed."

He had slipped from the saddle, tied the mare at the post, and followed his hostess as in a dream. Still in a dream, he ascended the porch steps where the cloudy white of summer-dresses gleamed through the twilight. He was too severely stunned to speak very much, and Margaret, over at the other end of the porch, did not speak much more. A neighbor dropped in, and the change of seats brought John almost to the feet of that misty, glimmering figure; still there did not seem very much to say.

"Are you really going?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," she answered, apparently with some difficulty. Then the deep hush around them fell again, and the dream the summer night was dreaming, seemed to take hold of them and enfold them in its impassioned silences of moonlight, wrapped flowers, and tentative notes of sleepy birds. John was thinking how, alone with his mother, he had dared, and been able, to say: "Margaret...Margaret"—in long, sweet, measures. Now his empty hands trembled and felt cold. Should he say what his mother, in her over-great love, had prompted? He could not even articulate. "I, I myself, John Kent."

Meanwhile it was growing late. Blossom had said twice she was going to bed and yawned. Margaret seemed loath to stir, and John could not.

Breaking in upon their reverie, came a pugnacious cough and hobble from somewhere up the road. Mrs. Langland laughed: "By all the signs, John, your dear friend and monitress, Mrs. Cooney, is about to pass.

"Great Scott! Don't let her know I'm here."

The hobble and the cough drew nearer, a wheeze being added, and the old voice rasped through the darkness: "Good evenin' to you Mrs. Langland, ma'am,

a fine night it's afther bein'. Beggin' your parden, but isn't that John Kent's horse?"

John rose up laughing: "There go my ships!" he whispered, and aloud: "my horse right enough, Mrs. Cooney; your eyes are not so bad, after all, as you'd have us believe. Did you want me?"

He had run down the steps and out into the middle of the road, purposely.

"No; I don't want ye, John, I thought I'd just let ye know how she be doin'."

"Well, how is she?"

"Not so bad thin, not so bad, man; if it wurrnt for cryin' out the eyes of her."

"Isn't she asleep yet?"

"Asleep, is it! Much slape she'll git this same blissid night, John. It's cryin' out her eyes, I'm tellin' yer, she is."

"Well," he said rather tenderly, "it's only natural I suppose; though I had hoped she might sleep."

His voice sounded weary and sad, with this first sorrow of a new kind reaching out from afar to touch him.

"Yea, dearie me, mebbe its only natural, as ye say. But it would make the flesh creep on ye to hear her; sobbin' and wailin', sobbin' and wailin', 'O me child, O me poor little child that will never see God.'"

"What's that you said?"

"It wuz the first thing she axed me, John: 'the child;' and whin I didn't answer her, and she understood me, and turned round on me with a terrible face, John, a terrible face, and she axed 'was it christened'—an' I had to say no."

The man, young as he was, stood silent a moment before this magnificent faith of the mother, pausing ere she wept her child, to enquire for the soul of it.

"What made you tell her it wasn't christened?"

"What John? The holy trut, that's what made me tell her. It 'ud take a black soul to lie about a thing like that."

"Well, suppose you go back and tell her to stop crying, that the child was christened, and that I told you so."

"I wouldn't do it, John; no, not to stop ten women cryin'..A lie like that wud bring the curse of God."

"A lie! Hang it all, woman, who asks you to lie? The child *was* baptized: I baptized it myself."

"*You*...John!"

"Yes, I. I knew it couldn't live."

"An' you thought of baptizin' it?"

"Well, naturally. D'you suppose I haven't learnt my catechism? Show her the cup I did it with, a cup with blue flowers on it. It must be on the table."

That moment, in the deep night, it came to the speaker that the voices on the porch had ceased. He had spoken low throughout, that no word of the conversation might transpire, but, in that one burst of indignation, the ringing accents, subdued still, but penetratively earnest, had pierced distinctly to the loungers on the verandah: "The child was baptized: I baptized it myself."

"God in His Heaven bless you, John, for that same! But ye'll have to go back wid me and tell the poor creature yerself, for sorra a bit she'll belave it from any lips but yer own."

So he said good-night to his friends and patiently led the grey mare back, up the old road, with Mrs. Cooney hobbling at his side. He was tasting for the first time, not without sweetness, this humility and glory of his profession shared in common with the higher ministry, that henceforth he was the servant of every man.

Not until near midnight did he reach his own home, tired in body and mind, and with some sadness, the name of which he had almost forgotten but the pressure of which he felt underlying all other cares, heavy upon his soul. He was pulling off his coat when he stopped abruptly and that precious garment dropped from his hand. He had seen suddenly the face of Margaret Sandon as she said

good-night. What was in that face he didn't know, up to this very moment it had not struck him, but now it came and dwelt before him with some wonderful new light upon it that lit the night with a white flame. John went to bed in a trance that, he agonizingly hoped, no human voice or summons would break.

On the morrow, towards evening, a girl knocked at the O'Brien door. It was opened for her by an old woman with a gentle face and gentle manners. The girl proferred an armful of white roses.

"Mrs. Langland sends these," she explained courteously, "and begged me to say that her little boy is sick or she would have come herself."

"Thank you, dear, it was very kind of you to bring them;" then the old face smiled a little. "Are you Miss Margaret?"

The girl's eyes opened a trifle wider. "Yes," she said, "I am Margaret."

"So I thought."

Margaret glanced up again in wonder.

"I'll walk down as far as the gate with you, if you don't mind."

"I shall be delighted," the girl murmured. Then, shyly, for she had no idea as to who this might be: "Are you Mrs. O'Brien's mother?"

"No, dear: I am John's mother, John Kent."

The girl said "Oh," a long, confused "Oh," and, "excuse me," and the hot color rushed over her face; then she regained her composure and looked deliberately at this, John's mother.

An old figure, large and gaunt, epic if ever there was a figure epic with shawl pinned across its bosom and old-time cap with a little frill. Then the face, the beautiful, sweet, pure old face with its fine lineaments, dim, peaceful eyes, and lips that had so much grace about them still, and so much humor about them still, in their faint, sweet drawing. The evening sky beyond, so clear, so serene, so restful seemed a fit background for her; the garden in which she stood, hushed, fragrant and lowly, a fit setting for her feet.. John's mother!

"I might have known it," the girl said aloud. "Is not he very like you?"

"Oh! dear, no! Not the least in the world. He is the picture of his father."

Then, either because she wished to change the subject, or because this other was uppermost in her mind: "Did you know it was John baptized that little child last night?"

"Yes," and the color flashed out over her face again, "I thought it beautiful of him!"

The gentle eyes bent upon her, now, were lustrous with a new tenderness: "John has often spoken of you, dear."

"Has he?"

"Very often."

"We all think a great deal of Mr. Kent."

"I wish we might keep you here with us always, but they tell me you are leaving?"

"Yes; don't you think one should go home sometimes?"

"I think there'll be many a tear shed after you, alanna, when you leave your home for good and all."

They had reached the gate and the elder woman stooped to open it, but the young one said: "Let me," and their hands met on the bar.

Then their eyes met; the lips of the old woman parted, trembling, but she closed them again and her head bowed, while the young one wondered, with a sort of pity, what that poor, mute face sought to withhold from her, and why the lids had veiled the imploring glance.

"Good-bye," she said softly and the woman, the mother, stood erect, motionless, watching her go: "Good-bye," she echoed, as if half unconscious.

The gate clicked after the figure passing out.

Then suddenly, something seemed to snap in the throat of the other. She stepped forward and scarce knowing she spoke, her voice found for itself one great cry, hoarse in passionate supplication: "Margaret!"

The girl turned, trembling in every limb, for in the voice of the mother the very tone of the son's voice had reached her, poignant in agony.

Quickly, she held out her hands, and those other hands grasped them, clutched them, held by them as in mortal fear: "Margaret..." she gasped, "Margaret, don't go away...John loves you...."

Then, clear and lucid, to the aged eyes that had lapsed into tears, rose the young eyes in trust and honor; no blush marred the serene faith of this profession, but she smiled a little, as soul spoke to soul in perfect understanding: "And mother, I love John."

THE BROWN THRUSH.

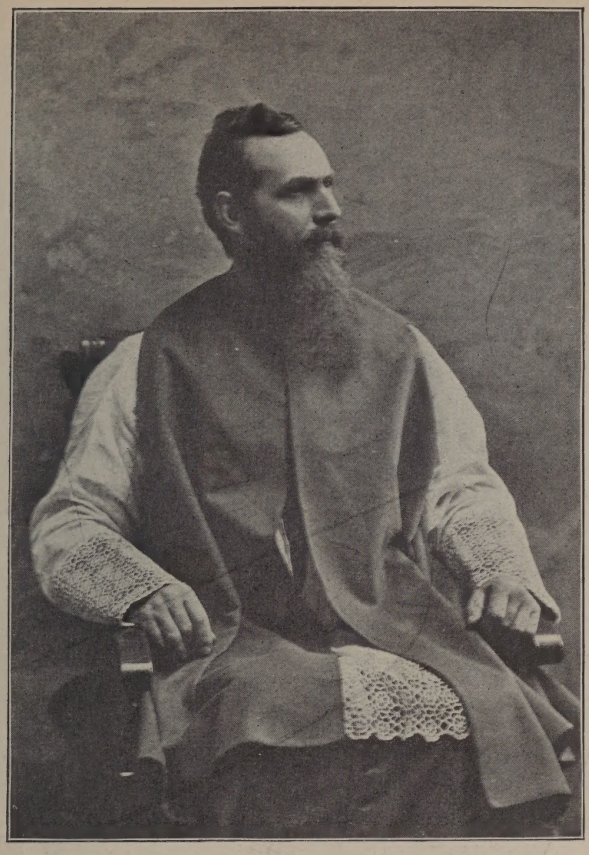
BY HELEN HUGHES.

Oh beautiful brown thrush, my heart you are stealing
Away from my breast as you sing your wild hymn,
From the slim tapering poplar your glad notes are pealing,
Far over the prairie yet misty and dim.

Oh child of the greenwood, and herald of the morning!
You need not the sunlight to gladden your heart,
At the paling of starlight your music gives warning
That night and its shadows will surely depart.

And when the sun glancing through crimson cloud-billows
Breathes warmth and life on the dew-dripping world,
And the cool breeze of morning stirs gently the willows,
And the white morning mist on the upland is curled,

Then glad, with a gladness that knows not of sorrow,
Your song rings in joy from the green leafy bush;
Gay songs of a present that fears no tomorrow,
Such as angels are singing, my bonnie brown thrush!



VERY REV. JOSEPH J. FOX.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The appointment of the Rev. Joseph J. Fox as Bishop of Green Bay is one that gives general satisfaction.

Father Fox was born and has lived a large part of his life in Green Bay. He is the son of Paul Fox, one of the early German settlers in the State, who came to Green Bay in the early '40s. After completing his education at Green Bay Father Fox studied at St. Francis and afterward went to Louvain, Belgium, to study theology.

In 1870 he was ordained to the priesthood. For three years he was in charge of St. John's congregation in Green Bay, and acted as secretary to Bishop Krautbauer. In 1883 he was assigned to Our Lady of Lourdes' congregation at Marinette, where he infused new life into the church. In 1894 he was appointed Vicar General by Bishop Messmer. Father Fox, like Archbishop Messmer, takes a deep interest in public affairs, and is noted as a man of broad culture. He is genial in manner, and makes friends easily.

In commenting on Father Fox's appointment Archbishop Messmer said:

"I am rejoiced to hear that Father Fox has been appointed my successor. I have always looked upon him as the one man for the place, as he is thoroughly and intimately acquainted with the conditions existing in the diocese. No man in the diocese is so well liked by clergy and lay-

REV. J. J. BURKE

men. Father Fox has always possessed the love and confidence of the people in a marked degree and the Bishopric of Green Bay could not be in better hands."

In addition to his zealous work for his church the Rev. J. J. Burke, St. Patrick's Church, Bloomington, Ill.; has devoted much time to educational matters and literature.

Father Burke's knowledge of the world was increased by a trip abroad last year when he visited Egypt, the Holy Land, Rome and many other points in Europe.

Father Burke has been an outspoken advocate of temperance, an advocate of good municipal government, and of the correction of many evils which exist today in the social and political fabric.

His ability as a platform orator has made him widely known; and his zeal in promoting the revival of interest in the Irish language has produced fine results In another part of this magazine will be found a short article from the pen of Father Burke, telling of the methods employed in teaching Irish in his parish school. As a priest he has made a lasting name for himself in his earnest and sincere efforts for the good of the church and humanity.

AN OPEN AIR MEETING.

THE CHAMPLAIN SUMMER ASSEMBLY.

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

Success is caught in a net of her own weaving. Mary Catherine Crowley uttered this sentiment the other night in her interesting lecture on the evolution of a novelist. Whether she quoted from another, or simply from her own experience, I do not know, but the truth of the pretty sentence is undeniable, and fits the summer assembly at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain to a nicety. Popularly the institution is known as the Catholic Summer School. This name has led the general public to believe that the Assembly is a single building, five hundred feet in length and five stories high, wherein a learned multitude discuss the ologies between meals and read St. Thomas Aquinas for evening recreation. As a matter of fact Cliff Haven belongs in a general way to the category of summer resorts. It is a village with a summer population of one thousand souls, who dwell, in a hotel, a camp, and thirty private dwellings scattered along a lake shore for nearly a mile.

The territory counts over five hundred acres. In the central part stands a temporary chapel able to seat five hundred people; farther on is a restaurant with seating capacity for five hundred guests; beside it is a pretty building devoted to an art store, a photograph gallery, a general store, and a post office; at the far end rises a respectable auditorium which seats seven hundred of an audience. On the

THE HOP AT THE CLUB

west side of the grounds are the trolley station for the city of Plattsburgh three miles distant, and the railway station of the Delaware and Hudson for Montreal seventy miles north, and New York over three hundred miles to the south. On the east side is the lake, where a long dock, running out three hundred feet into the lake, welcomes daily the majestic lake fleet. Fine macadamized avenues intersect the beautiful grounds. The electric light illumines the evening darkness. The south line is a bluff crowned with pines and cedars, and on the summit of the bluff stands the finest hotel in the world. The bluff makes a noble promontory, whose protecting wall forms the little harbor where passing ships take refuge from the sudden storm, where the bathers enjoy safe recreation, and where a little beach provides the children with a playground.

Far to the east rise the noble peaks of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Nearer on the west the smallest ridge of the Adirondacks, Lyon Mountain, runs along the horizon for many miles. The glory of the sunrise falls on Vermont, the dazzling splendors of sunset drape the Adirondack ridge with the most wonderful vesture. The air is a tonic of wine and gold. The breath of the pines fills the place with health-giving perfume. The dry soil absorbs the rain so quickly that a deluge disappears in a few hours as if rain had never fallen. The nights are mostly cool enough for blankets, the days are fanned by winds that blow almost without a rest from the four quarters. The horizon lies so like an open book to the eye that visitors soon become weather sharps.

The life of the community runs in a charming routine from seven in the morning until near midnight. In the chapel the Masses begin at half past six, and continue until nine. As there are often thirty

priests on the grounds the five altars are often filled, and Catholics enjoy the unusual sight, and the unusual devotion of attending five Masses at once. On Sundays the last Mass is celebrated with pomp, a solemn High Mass, a sermon from a capable and often distinguished preacher, and music from a choir of taste and ability. What is common enough in the city becomes a novelty in this lakeside retreat. During the morning the ordinary avocations of a summer resort are carried on. The children dig the sand on the beach and float their mimic boats in the shallow water. The campers, whose tents can be seen peeping from the woods on the side of the hill, come out in force for the bathing and boating, and their tricks of diving and swimming entertain the loiterers. The people who follow the lecture courses gather about the piazza of the Auditorium, and chat for ten minutes with one another. The teachers who attend the Teachers' Institute, which the state has established at Cliff Haven, occupy the parlors of the various cottages, where special instructions are given by the faculty. The rest of the population, guests seeking a rest, workers, laborers, officials, are all busy with the occupation of the hour.

The afternoon is given up entirely to recreation. Then the golfers appear on the links, which are very fair and very well kept; the nets are spread for lawn tennis; the campers play the cottagers a game of baseball on the athletic field, and the guests troop out to see the game; driving-parties are formed to visit the wonderful chasm of the Au Sable river, ten miles away, or the historic point called Cumberland Head, off which was fought the battle of Lake Champlain in the war of 1812; the lovers of boating make trips to Isle St. Michel, where the dead sailors, British and American, were buried; or to Valcour Island more to the south, a gem of beauty, near which Benedict Arnold fought the naval battle of Valcour, and was beaten. The evening is taken up with a popular lecture in the Auditorium, a social entertainment at a cottage, bowling and billiards in the bowling-alley. At twelve o'clock all lights are out, and the watchman goes his rounds alone, omitting of course, the romantic but noisy cry of "all's well."

And ten years ago this charming spot was an ordinary farm, broken up into meadow, and pasture, and hay-field! What a transformation! It cost the pleasant sum of a half million of dollars to work the charm! But money does not represent the labor, the sacrifices, the activity, the enterprise, which planted a modern city, in all except population, on a commonplace farm in the space of ten years. By this time the Catholic public might be thought to know how this work was done, and who were the builders. That it does not is due to the fact that Americans know little about any enter-

ALONG THE LAKE SHORE.

prise which is not as well advertised as Castoria. So accustomed have we become to the methods of the advertiser and the press agent, that we no longer accept an article at its real value. We measure it by the space which its name holds on the fences and in the magazines.

In this case there was little or no advertising. Now that the institution has won success, it may be said that success was caught in the net of its own weaving. The details of information are no longer necessary. One simply says: Come and see. The spectacle explains itself, and people come and go in wondering delight that the Catholics have a habitation where Catholic ideas flourish without reserve, where the thinkers and inquirers can discuss freely together, where leisure is informed with the spirit of Christian learning. The institution naturally is one of great complexity, as all successful institutions are. Failures are easily explained. One cannot put on paper a description of the elements that go to make up the Champlain Assembly. Surface impressions may be embodied in words. The truth lies deeper. Here I can only give impressions.

If you wish to discover how our Catholic forces have been built up, and how the work is still carried on, you have only to spend a month at Cliff Haven. It is the story of the coral insects and the Carribean island over again. Our orators talk of great currents sweeping the multitude on to achievement, but upon close inspection one finds the current made up of unknown and unconsidered factors, differently inspired, but urged by the internal

TALLY-HO FOR THE CHASM.

spirit to rush in one direction. It is the case of the political leader who declared to his wife, with profound relief, that he had discovered the man able to sweep the country. "That's very nice," said wifey, "and now if you can discover the maid able to sweep the house you stand a good chance of getting your meals regular." And the unhappy leader knew that the great question had yet to be solved. The drama; the evenings were devoted to descriptions of Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and the present day American humorists by Mr. W. Oliver of Brooklyn. Mrs. Mooney has held for years various positions in the department of state education, and is at present connected with the State Normal School at Albany; Mr. Oliver is an everyday commercial man whose chief business has no connection

WHEN ADMIRAL SCHLEY WAS THERE.

men who can sweep the country are of little use until the country is there to be swept.

The lecturers at the Summer School during the month of July illustrate these trite but often forgotten remarks. Mrs. Margaret Mooney of Albany had the first week with four lectures on the origin, development, and purpose of the mediæval with the literary field. Both are Catholics of the best type, and their lectures were of the kind that can be given before any audience, entertaining, capable, and critical; but only before such an audience as gathered at Cliff Haven could these earnest and clever people talk from the Catholic point of view. The general public does not want the Catholic point of

view, not even that part of the general public which calls itself Catholic on Sundays.

Rev. William Stephen Kress lectured the second week on socialism and the labor problem. He came from the diocese of Cleveland, where his chief work is preaching the gospel to non-Catholics in the missionary band. He had an important word to utter, born of his experience among all conditions in Ohio. It was to describe for Catholics the phases of social agitation now going on in the world, to name their principles, and to warn all of the dangers which threatened us from the atheistic school of political economy. It is difficult to make a certain class of Catholics understand the action of a principle, whether true or false. The exclusion of God and religion from the training of the young, an exclusion quite ardently advocated by these Catholics, has been followed by the exclusion of God and religion from nearly all the departments of human activity. Art and science and literature acknowledge no God, are informed by no religion except the religion or cult of selfishness. Therefore socialism has become atheistic in its characteristics and tendencies even where its professors are Catholic. Vividly and with considerable power Father Kress put his case before his hearers.

THE SLOYD SHOP: MANUAL TRAINING.

Two ladies of high reputation gave the evening lectures, Mary Catherine Crowley and Helena Goessmann. Miss Crowley made her debut as a professional novelist about five years ago, and won success with

her three novels of French Canadian life: A Daughter of New France, The Heroine of the Strait, and Love Thrives in War. The novels of Miss Crowley have solid merit, they are worth reading, and they rejoice in a public. Miss Helena Goessmann has a responsible position with the American Book Company in New York, and her business is concerned with the spread of the text-books of that shrewd organization. The lectures of these two women were entertaining and capable.

Monsignor Loughlin of Philadelphia occupied the third week mornings with five lectures on one of the most fascinating and vital subjects in the history of the Church, the Council of Trent. It is a mark of our intellectual deadness in America that the relation of this Council to the present time is not at all understood by the majority of the Catholic body. Yet it was the great reply of the infallible Church to the Protestant heresy, and its decrees are the rocks upon which false doctrines have been dashed to pieces. The exposition of Monsignor Loughlin was interesting and comprehensible to the lay mind. He himself is a characteristic prelate, tall and good-looking, with a distinguished manner, remarkably outspoken, and most hospitable of men. Upon his shoulders rests much of the honor connected with the founding of the Summer School. His colleague in charge of the evening lectures was Professor James J. Walsh of New York, one of the remarkable men of the day. He is able to lecture entertainingly on almost any subject, from literature to lobsters. I believe he excludes law and love. Psychology is his favorite topic. Making Catholics acquainted with the achievement of their great coreligionists in science and art and letters is his great delight. He can tell apt stories, true and well found, by the hour. He lectures all over the country, edits a medical journal and contributes numerous articles to all journals. His education, begun in Fordham, continued in Heidelberg and other universities, has never ended.

The lectures of the fourth week were delivered by him on experimental psychology. The whole town turned out to hear his witty, satisfying, and competent description of his favorite science. The evening lecturer was Professor Camille Zeckwar of Philadelphia, a musician of reputation and originality, young in years and most promising in achievement. His compositions have had great success. Last winter he produced his own piano concerto before the elite of Philadelphia; next winter he will produce a symphonic poem, upon which he is at present engaged. His lectures were probably the most delightful of the session, because they were illustrated by his beautiful performances at the piano. Not even the city itself enjoyed the opportunity given to the guests of Cliff Haven.

From this brief description of the intellectual effort at the Summer School one may receive a fair notion of its strength, its interest, its novelty. These are samples of the men and women whose work and whose character, in all parts of the country, are really building up the Catholic body in the United States. Their history and their success are illuminative, and will one day be more generally known. The platform upon which they stand was erected by the officers of the Summer School, the audience brought there, the subjects chosen, the publicity provided. As the years pass and richer means are placed at the disposal of these officers publicity will be larger, and the attempt will be made to reach every worker in the Catholic field, to bring him into touch with his intellectual leaders; for the fact is notorious that only on church matters are our people reached universally. Journalism, letters, art, politics, education, outrageously tainted with agnosticism, appeal to the great Catholic

body in America on purely secular grounds, through secular channels.

The men who made the Summer School are seen occasionally about the grounds, some on flying visits, others as resident workers. The new President, Rev. D. J. McMahon, has taken up quarters on the grounds and will remain until the close of the session, to see things more intimately and secure the smoothest possible running of the machine. The material progress of Cliff Haven village is due mostly to the practical knowledge and tireless labor of Hon. John B. Riley, the leading lawyer of Plattsburgh, who built houses, roads, and sewers, managed the farm, and solved the thousand problems arising from such an enterprise; a peaceable, stubborn, capable man, worth his weight many times in gold. The secretary of the board of managers, Warren B. Mosher, popularly known as the father of the school, was the first to interest himself in the movement; his office is the center of activity; he edits the journal of the Assembly, a creditable publication with a future; and he has an immense conviction in the ultimate glory of the enterprise of the Summer School.

Monsignor Lavelle, vicar-general of New York, in a long administration of eight years, won the pleasing credit of putting the institution on its feet; a man of indomitable energy, whose theory of life is that most people never work with half their natural energies. The arrangement of the lecture-courses, the securing of the lectures, is the work of the Paulist, Rev. Thomas McMillan, who has for years done that peculiar and difficult work, and has succeeded in developing a fair array of platform talent; a persistent man, short and stout and determined, sociable but averse to losing time, and able to do the work of three. Rev. John F. Mullany of Syracuse, former treasurer of the Assembly, for many years looked after the financial duties, and at the same time helped by his presence to develop the immediate workings of the school; probably the most tactful officer among them all, large, and tall, and amiable, and ever ready to find the quietest way out of a difficulty. Finally, but by no means least, Rev. John Talbot Smith, eminent writer, gives his summer to general work at the Assembly, lecturing, preaching, superintending the camp, and keeping an eye on the athletics; a heavy, serious man with the reputation of a cynic, but long a friend of the Summer School.

The point of this description may be expressed by the first sentence. The Champlain Assembly is a success, and the net was woven by Success herself. All sorts of criticisms are passed on the institution by visitors, but the main fact stands that the idea, whatever it may be, has won against odds. Its development will in time explain and justify it to the crowd. When the day's work is over, and the groups form on the verandahs to enjoy the idle hour before bed, the prime topics of conversation are the lectures and the lecturers of the day. Perhaps without a particle of interest in the subjects treated, from the mere force of curiosity and love of gossip, the lightest in mind find themselves brought face to face with the most important questions of the hour, and learn in spite of their natural indifference. Thus the thought of the student, of the thinker, of the patient observer, drifts down through the different strata to the lowest. This is characteristic of the Cliff Haven family, which, besides others of the domestic sort, owns tendencies and habits discreetly intellectual.

A verandah wag, after one of these discussions, which had disposed the circle to serious views on science, and perhaps on their own limitations, murmured: "I have often wondered why the ocean was built so near the land!"

METHOD OF TEACHING IRISH HISTORY.*

BY REV. J. J. BURKE,

Prominent among the few schools in this country which have taken up the study of Irish history is St. Patrick's Parochial School, Bloomington, Ill. It is, perhaps, the only school which included Irish history on its curriculum from its very beginning.

Joyce's "Child's History of Ireland" is used as a text-book. MacGeoghegan's, Haverty's, Sullivan's, Brennan's, McCarthy's and other histories are used as works of reference. At first the study was optional with members of the eighth grade and high school classes. Now the study is confined to the eighth grade and first and second year high school pupils. Some excellent "Irish Night" entertainments have been given by the Irish history class.

As an inducement to individual research and to excellence in composition, the Bloomington division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians each year gives three medals—one gold and two silver—for the best essays written by the Irish history students on an Irish subject. These annual essay contests are notable public events. Many good essays have been read at them, some of which have been printed in Bloomington, New York, and Canadian papers.

The writing of historical papers stimulates the study of history. It is a test of the pupil's knowledge as well as of his composition. Great enthusiasm is manifested. Especially is this true when the time comes for the selection of a subject and for the preparation of the essay for the annual contest.

The Hibernians deserve great credit for initiating this work of giving medals for Irish history essays. While some children would study the history of Ireland without such an inducement, there is no doubt that it is a powerful incentive to many.

Induced by the enthusiasm of the children many parents have purchased Irish histories, and begun the study of their country's history. Other schools have started and are contemplating starting Irish history classes. Holy Trinity School, Bloomington, a few schools in Chicago and other places devote some time to this interesting study. There is no reason why every parochial school for children of Irish birth or descent should not have the study of Irish history on its curriculum. Even public schools where the majority are of Irish parentage would do a commendable thing if they devoted some time to Irish history.

If the Catholic and Hibernian press of our country would begin an agitation of this important matter, if the Hibernians in other places would imitate the example so nobly set them by their Bloomington brothers, our people would be aroused from their lethargy to a realization of their duty.

Well repaid would be the time spent in indicting these few lines if but one school was led by them to introduce the study of the history of our dear little Isle.

If these words would even inspire in one person a desire to know more of Ireland's history the object in writing them would be attained. The more we know of her historic past, the greater will be our love for her and the prouder will we be of our glorious ancestry.

"Men of Erin! awake and make haste to be blest,
Rise—Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West."

O, Erin thy history teaches that:

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others have set;
And though slavery's clouds round thy morning have hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

*From "Irish History in Our Schools," by the Rev. J. J. Burke.

TO ONE THAT DIED.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

When both were young we met: and one was fair
As dew-drop gleaming in the daisied grass,
And sweetly gentle as south winds that pass
O'er clustered roses in a garden rare.
Love-taught, we vowed life's joy and grief to share
And sealed the promise with a nuptial Mass;
But flower the fairest soonest fades. Alas!
And Joy is foster-mother of Despair.

To-day I kneeled upon a new-made grave
Where Death and Silence unmolested reign,
While overpowering as a surging wave
Came golden memories of the past again;
I meekly prayed—while tears the sward did lave—
"O God! be gracious if her soul had stain."

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

I will give one more example of Orange bigotry before I pass from so unsavory a subject. We were giving a mission at Loughiel in Co. Armagh, which is at one end of the largest lake in Ireland, Lough Neagh, and the parish priest at Antrim, at the other extremity of the lake, wrote to us begging us not to return to Dublin without paying him a visit. He had baptized one of our Fathers, and we were all well acquainted with him. So, on the Monday after the close of our mission, a young farmer volunteered to row us in his boat the entire length of this beautiful lake. It was on the eleventh of July, the day previous to the Orangemen's celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. We were informed that it would take ten hours to complete our voyage, the lough being of considerable length, but although we started at eight o'clock in the morning we did not reach Antrim until ten at night. Our good boatman was quite inexperienced, and the load was tolerably heavy, for besides him, there were the three Fathers, and all our luggage and impedimenta. Having reckoned that we would be in ample time for a six o'clock dinner with our friend the priest we had taken but slight refreshments with us. The day was intensely hot, but we had been forewarned not to drink of the waters of the lake as they are tainted by the innumerable streams which flow from the surrounding bogs. It is of this lake that Moore sings in his beautiful melody, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," when he warbles forth:

"On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

I must confess that though we carefully scrutinized the waters below us not even the liveliest imagination could trace the slightest resemblance to a round tower. On reaching the town, a hot-bed of Orangeism, we had to pass by the presbytery on our way to the hotel which was kept by a good Catholic. Deeming it too late to trouble the parish priest I sent the Father whom I have already referred to as having been baptized by him to announce our arrival at such a late hour, and to tell him that we would call upon him in the morning and say Mass in his chapel. We then proceeded to the hotel and ordered some needed refreshments for ourselves and our boatman. As we passed before a row of low cottages we could not but notice the black looks of their occupants who came to their doors to see who we were. The landlady of the hotel after much hesitation agreed to find beds for us but said she could not offer hospitality to the boatman as her house would surely be wrecked if she received a stranger within its walls on the eve of the terrible twelfth, such an event having really taken place when her brother, at that time a Maynooth student, had come to see her on a similar date a few years previously. The young man, our boatman, though dead tired after the labors of the day, consoled us by saying that he had some cousins in the town who would gladly receive him. Just as we were going to sit down to our simple supper or dinner a message arrived from the parish priest with an imperative order for us to come to his house at once. His dinner was still awaiting us, and our beds were also ready. We were only too glad

to tramp back to his place. We all noticed as we passed by the long row of cottages or cabins on the road that their inhabitants had found out by that time who we were for we heard curses against us expressed in more or less audible terms. We were soon seated at a sumptuous feast which had been provided for us, but as the night advanced we would from time to time consult our watches to make sure we were not encroaching upon midnight and be thus prevented from saying our Masses in the morning. The presbytery was a large and handsome building destined on completion for a convent for nuns. The windows were of plate glass, each of them being of two panes, a rarity in Ireland in those days. Just as the clock struck the hour of midnight we were thinking of retiring to our beds when we heard the sound of the horrid pipes and drums. The authorities had sent all the members of the constabulary who were Catholics to a place twelve miles distant, where a fair was being held, under the pretext that some trouble was anticipated there. The town of Antrim was thus left to the tender mercies of those in the force who were notoriously rabid Orangemen. It was subsequently proved that these fellows had suggested to the rabble who hated everything Catholic that they should march with their unmusical noisy band and make an attack on the new presbytery. The rioters were already within the garden, and a large pane of glass behind my chair was smashed by a stone, which fell on the table before me. Father McL— rushed to the front door and I went with him. The moment he opened the door a stone as big as a turkey's egg hit me on the leg. I kept this stone for some years as a token of Orange bigotry. If it had hit me on the head instead of on the leg I might not have been alive to write these reminiscences. The priest appealed to the disturbers of the peace to know why they had attacked his house, and reminded them that in building it and in enlarging his church he had never asked any one what his religion was or what were his politics, but had given employment to all without discrimination. After a brief pause a man who appeared to act as leader amongst them shouted out "We have nothing against you personally, sir, except that you have brought those bloody missionaries here, and we don't want them here at all." I whispered to the priest, "Tell them we are going away tomorrow." This he did and they then left us in peace.

It would seem as if they had repented of their clemency for about two o'clock they returned with their fifes and drums, I had barely time to cover my head with some of the bed-clothes before several large panes of glass were smashed with a volley of stones hurled against them. There is no saying what further mischief they might have perpetrated, but just at that moment, as a good Providence directed, the Catholic constables, who were returning to their barracks from the distant fair to which they had been sent, and who were all well armed, reached the road outside the presbytery and not only dispersed the mob but seized all their pipes and drums so that these miserable peace-breakers had none of these apologies for music with which to create their unearthly din in the streets of Antrim on the following day, the notorious twelfth of July.

After saying our Masses and getting our breakfast we drove with Father McL— to see the parish priest of the very town in which the fair had been held on the previous day. The majority of the inhabitants were stanch Catholics. Moreover, the pastor was beloved and respected by all, no matter what creed they professed. He was one of those

good, simple, easy-going priests who, though overflowing with zeal, were at the same time noted for their peculiarities. One of these, well-known and spoken of by those who were living far and near, was that during his sermons which were more denunciatory than eloquent he was fond of quoting St. Augustine, lugging him to his service in the most incongruous manner. Thus he would say "Ye're a parcel of blackguards, as St. Augustine says," or "Ye're not better than sabbath-breakers, as St. Augustine says." He received us most hospitably and gave us an excellent dinner. When it became dark we returned to Antrim and at an early hour on the following morning we took the train to Dublin and home where we would be safe from the attacks of those maladorous admirers of William of Orange.

I could quote several other instances of their bigotry but I will merely add that on the occasion of the solemn dedication of the magnificent cathedral at Armagh at which I was present, together with a hundred thousand others, though there was nothing to mar the peacefulness of Armagh itself yet the Orangemen at Portadown, which has always been noted as a hot-bed of bigotry, could not let us return quietly to Dublin, but when the train drew up there, for a few moments, they stormed the carriages with volleys of stones and as we were again starting on our journey wished us a bon voyage by firing some shots after us. The shots did us no harm, but as the rain was pouring down in torrents and every pane of glass was smashed we had to place the cushions of the seats we were occupying against the broken windows to prevent ourselves from being drowned. Finally, to show the animus that fills the breasts of these misguided followers of the god of love, when, some years later on, twenty-four of our Fathers were conducting missions in the Catholic churches of Belfast and the good Bishop invited us all on one day to dine at his house and thus meet the priests of the city, his Lordship sent us word that we were to go a round of four or five miles as he had been informed that the Orangemen were prepared to attack us on the high-road to his palace. When these law-breakers were thus thwarted in their designs on us personally they sought for revenge by breaking the windows in several Catholic churches, and by other outrages. But let us leave them to their patron saint, Dutch William of Orange. It is reported that when this usurper landed at Torbay with a few followers he addressed the little crowd that had assembled to meet him, and said in his broken English, but with more truth probably than he intended: "My good peoples, I am come for all your goots." Doubtless he carried out his part of this programme to perfection, as far as he was able, but it required an admiring army of followers such as his faithful Orangemen to supply for his own deficiencies.

At Chapelisod, near Dublin, a poor woman came to me on the day that our mission closed and asked me to change the penance I had given her. In many parts of Ireland they call the making of the stations, or Way of the Cross, going the rounds, so when I asked her what her penance had been she told me I had given her to make the rounds three times on her knees. One side of the chapel had been built on the verge of a precipitous rock which overhung the river Liffey upwards of one hundred feet below. A wall had been built at each end of the chapel to prevent persons from falling down over the rocky cliff. The good penitent fancied that her rounds had to be made outside the chapel instead of within it, and she told me in all simplicity that she had actually borrowed a ladder in order that

she might look over the wall and that she thus discovered the impractibility of making her rounds in that direction.

The simplicity of the poorer Irish is something marvelous, especially when we take into consideration their genius for wit, humor and repartee, but this simplicity is in no direction more manifest and at the same time more sacred than when it is united to obedience to the Lord's anointed, the priest, or in any way tends to manifest their appreciation of his dignity.

Amongst those who are notorious for their clever sayings the Dublin jarvey or cab-driver must take precedence. He requires no kind of preparation, no forethought, but he raps out what he wishes to say to the intense amusement of his hearers, though I must admit that he is often sarcastic enough when he is dealing with the sassenagh stranger toward whom he is in no respect overflowing with fraternal charity. No doubt many of my readers are acquainted with the old story of the statues on the roof of the Four Courts in the Irish metropolis, but I venture to repeat it as an illustration of what has just been stated. Dublin is celebrated for its magnificent public buildings, every one of which I have been informed was erected during the brief period of Ireland's possession of her own Parliament. Among the more prominent of these edifices is that which is connected with the law and its offices and which always bears the name of the Four Courts. One very wet day, an English gentleman, who was seated on an outside jaunting car, on the opposite side of the river Liffey, said to his driver, "What building is that over there?" "That's the Four Courts, yer honor, where the judges try people for their liberty and sometimes for their lives." "And whose statues are those I see on the roof?" "Those are the twelve Apostles, yer honor." "Twelve Apostles," said the stranger, "but how can that be? There are only four of them there?" "Oh!" said the driver not willing to be taken aback, "if the whole twelve of them were out together on such a day as this they'd all be drowned alive, so you see they take it in turns four at a time, and if we could stop here long enough, yer honor would see those four that are there now going in to dry themselves, and four others coming out to take their places."

I was giving one of our Fathers who had just arrived from Paris, a trip through Dublin on one of these outside cars. He was seated on one side and I on the opposite one, the driver being in front of us. My companion, being in mortal terror of finding himself sprawling on the ground, held himself steady with both his hands. The driver turning his head around and noticing the state of trepidation in which my friend was absorbed at that moment wished to distract his attention from his imaginary danger and began to descant on the advantages of that special mode of traveling with which of course the Frenchman had politely but reluctantly to coincide, but the jarvey brought his praises to a climax when he said after giving a sly wink at me "You can see both sides of the country at once, yer reverence, without scarcely turning your head at all, much less your body."

An Englishman was looking with an antiquarian's interest at one of the two fine old cathedrals in Dublin of which the Catholics were robbed by their alien invaders, when seeing a woman of the humbler class approaching him he turned towards her and said, "Is that Christ Church?" She immediately replied "It was onct, but it isn't that now." Some of my readers may very likely have heard of the disappointed beggar-woman's imprecation when her appeal for charitable assistance failed to soften the stranger's heart. She began with a blessing but

finished with something very much akin to a curse: "May God and His Blessed Mother keep close behind you in your footsteps" was the commencement of the prayer, but finding she could get nothing for herself she finished by saying "and never overtake you." I would not have taken any notice of this here but I happened myself to hear almost the identical words as I was passing one day through one of the principal streets of Dublin.

I here recall two marriages I witnessed which were to say the least of an eccentric character. The first of these, in order of time, took place when we were conducting a mission in St. Catherine's, Meath Street, Dublin. A well-known character, a blind ballad-singer, who was in the habit of singing his own doggerel songs in the streets and selling them, more especially on Saturday evenings, went into the Union Workhouse for a week or two and by the aid of competent advisers selected a healthy young girl to whom he offered his hand, his name, and his fortune, if she would but accept him and become his third wife. She, nothing loath to escape from the hated prison in which she had hitherto spent her life, accepted his offer without any hesitation. I found that the bridegroom was exactly four times the age of his blooming bride. The parish priest who was to perform the ceremony asked me to witness it as I was passing through the sacristy on my way to the confessional, and when the marriage knot had been tied, as each of them had been to confession to me before receiving the sacrament of Matrimony, I went forward to address, if not to congratulate them. "Why, Mary," I said to her, "what in the world induced you to take such an old man as that to be your husband?" Making a rapid but profound courtesy to me she immediately answered, "I wanted somebody to guard and guide me, Father." Of course this coveted guidance must have been a spiritual one, seeing that the poor man was totally blind. And then turning to him, to whom I had no right to address myself so freely,—I had known Mary at the time that I was chaplain to the workhouse,—I ventured to say, "And what has made you wish to try the married state again, Tom?" His reply to me was, "I wanted somebody to kape me clane." I only hope they both attained to their desired wishes.

I witnessed a still more singular wedding in the romantically situated town of Mallow. I had been conducting a retreat for the Presentation Nuns in that town. At its close I had taken breakfast in the convent when the Reverend Mother brought all her community into the parlor to take leave of me. I told them that I should be returning to Dublin by the midday train, and I repeated my intention to the parish priest, who was afterwards Bishop of Kerry, on my return to his house in which I had been stopping during my preaching of the retreat. But he emphatically told me that I must not think of leaving Mallow at that hour as he would then be performing the ceremony of uniting a couple in matrimony in the parish church, a marriage of so singular a nature that all the inhabitants of the town would be present to witness it if possible. So I was persuaded to defer my departure until a later hour. And what was there mysterious about this notable marriage? The fact was that there was but one leg belonging to this happy couple. He had been born minus those most useful, but, in his case, not absolutely necessary appendages. He used to push himself about on a low four-wheeled car and made a tolerably fair living for himself by selling shoe laces, matches, and trifles of that description. But that was only during the summer months, and more especially when crowds of visitors on their road to

Killarney would have to change trains at Mallow. During the winter he always sought for shelter in the workhouse, and on his latest visit there he became smitten with the charms of a poor girl who had been obliged to have one of her legs amputated. On proposing marriage to her he had been accepted. This was the strange marriage which I had been detained to witness. Almost before the officiating clergyman had concluded the rites the bridegroom shot down like lightning from the altar rails to the porch, there to receive the generous offerings of those who had been interested spectators in his wedding.

I will now make a few rapid visits to various places in which I conducted missions, and relate various incidents on which it is not necessary to dwell at length. Attached to one of the parochial churches in Liverpool, St. Anthony's, is a large cemetery. As an addition to the church was required it became necessary to transport many of the bodies from their graves to another portion of God's acre. The diggers thus came to where hundreds of those who had been victims of the cholera epidemic had been buried. They were discovered in trenches or pits, having been placed there one above another and then covered with quick lime. In one of these deep graves twelve coffins had been piled one upon another. In the lowest of these, though the coffin itself was so rotten that it crumbled into powder when touched, they discovered the body of one who judging by her dress had not belonged to one of the poorer classes. The body was not only unchanged by death, but the limbs were quite supple; and the cheek when slightly touched would change color just as would happen in a living person. There was no name by which the corpse could be identified, but amongst the hundreds who came to look upon the body before it was re-buried there were many among the aged who believed that it belonged to one who during life had been known by the title of "the Good Lady," who spent her time and her means in performing works of charity both corporal and spiritual among the poor and afflicted. Her name was unknown to the children of men, but from the incorrupt state of her body there can be little doubt that it was written in the Book of Life.

One of the most impressive ceremonies connected with our missions is a solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the congregation and the friends and relations of those who are taking an active part in the mission, with a sermon on devotion to the suffering souls in Purgatory. Thus the living are reminded to "remember them that are in bonds," and to bestow on them a share of the blessings and graces which they themselves are able to receive. For this purpose a catafalque is provided which is simply the lid of a coffin covered with a black pall and surrounded by six or more tall candlesticks. In a well-attended mission in which I participated in Kells, finding that what I required was not there I sent for a carpenter that he might make one for me. The good man was quite alarmed and turned pale when I gave him my order. One of our Fathers was very corpulent and the carpenter, evidently believing that if this Father was not to be enclosed in a coffin he was at least to be prostrate on its cover, asked me with great gravity if he was to make it big enough for Father H. He was so firmly impressed by the idea that in one way or another what he was to make was to come into actual contact with a living body that the bill which he sent to me as I requested was thus worded: "Rev. Father Fox to a sham coffin for one of the Fathers."

In several of the evangelizing labors

which we were invited to undertake in the County of Tipperary we were almost within touch of the famous Rock of Cashel, Cashel of the Kings, which is undoubtedly one of the most interesting ruins in the world, as well as the most remarkable with its cathedral, its round tower, and its palace. On several occasions we availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit this celebrated place, and another well-known and justly admired relic of a bygone day in the ages of Faith, the ruins of Holy Cross Abbey. And yet another object of interest in the neighborhood of Cashel was the residence of the erstwhile poor little Italian boy who amassed a large but well-earned fortune by his system of car traffic in almost every part of Ireland. This good man, the celebrated Mr. Bianconi, invited us to take luncheon at his house one day and as we had been already informed of his boundless charity we could not but be edified at his simplicity, his humility, and his deep piety.

I may here pass by without special mention missions in which I took part in the following places, Carlow, Naas, Millfield, Clondalkin, Kilkenny, Oslah, Castleisland, the birth-place of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Bradley of Manchester. Not that these missions were less successful than the others to which I have drawn particular attention, but I cannot at this moment remember any incident worthy of being referred to in this essay. I cannot here recall to my memory a single instance in which we ourselves had cause to be disappointed through lack of crowded attendance on the part of the good people, or on the part of the pastors through whose invitation we preached to their flocks. In one word, each mission in its turn, by the blessing of God and the correspondence with grace on the side of those who flocked to listen to the word of God and to receive the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, was worthy to be entitled a complete success.

But although I have given a list of localities respecting which I could not remember anything specially interesting I have by no means exhausted all that I can extract from the stores of memory regarding other localities. I have merely cleaned the slate for a time so that I can look about me again, and going in spirit from one county to another in holy Ireland bring back first one incident and then another which has left its indelible traces on my mind. I have never taken any notes of these events and thus it is that no doubt what I am penning down is without order or method, but each incident seems to rise up clearly before me, and not only the event itself is vividly pictured before me, but the face and the voice of the good priest who had invited us, and the ways and peculiarities of the faithful who listened to us are all portrayed so clearly before me after the lapse of thirty, forty, and sometimes nearly fifty years that my difficulty seems to be rather what to exclude than what to insert in my memorials.

In Clonmel where two of us were engaged in preaching a retreat in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, we organized, with the sanction of the parish priest, a public procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. We traversed all the streets in the town. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the inhabitants and of the thousands who came from surrounding rural parishes to take part in the first event of this nature which had taken place in that country since the advent of the Protestant heresy. In fact many even of those who were not Catholics hung out streamers or put lighted candles in the windows for the occasion. With regard to this old Catholic town I also remember that some years before the date of the procession when I was preaching

the retreat in the two convents that are there and had to walk some distance each evening after the close of the exercises to where I was lodging, I was both edified and amused to encounter from thirty to forty young lads who marched from one end of the main street to the other with hands linked together singing vigorously and correctly that most musical old Irish melody, "The Cruiskeen Lawn."

One of the friars of Carrick-on-Suir, not far from Clonmel, came up to Dublin one year to see me and ask me to preach the panegyric of St. Nicholas at the High Mass in their chapel. I told him I was already engaged to preach on the same subject at the vespers in the chapel of their Order in Waterford. He replied that he was aware of that and that such was the reason of his coming to invite me for the Mass in Carrick. I remonstrated that there was a considerable distance between the two towns and no means of traveling from one to another except by car. He said he would arrange all that for me and I therefore rather reluctantly accepted his invitation. I went down to Carrick on the Saturday previous to the feast. On the following day I preached my sermon at the Mass in which all the Fathers of the community were taking part. It had been arranged that a jaunting car should be ready for me after my sermon in which I was to be driven to Waterford to accomplish my second engagement there. But there was no sign of any vehicle and the cook of the priest's household had no idea from whom the car had been ordered. I had therefore to wait until the Mass was over and then taking a slice of cake and a glass of wine the moment the car arrived I started for my destination. When about half way to Waterford a heavy shower came on which wet me to the skin as the wind was so high that I could make no use of my umbrella. I had often to urge the driver to increased speed but the roads were heavy after the rain and the distance was long. However we arrived at the chapel door just as the vespers were being finished. Hastily exchanging my wet garments for my soutane, during which time the choir sang an appropriate hymn, I then mounted the pulpit and preached my second sermon on the saint of the day. The good little Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, who was in the sanctuary, told me that he regarded my long drive and heavy labors as almost miraculous.

(To be continued.)

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

SWEDEN.

This country was but little known and sparsely inhabited prior to the Christian era. All the territory to the north of Germany was undiscovered and unexplored until the time of Charlemagne. He opened up this large tract of country and made it possible for missionaries to go amongst these northern barbarians.

In our sketch of Denmark we mentioned the elevation of St. Anscharius to the See of Bremen. About the year 830 the king of Sweden sent to Louis Debonnaire for missionaries to preach Christianity to his subjects. St. Anscharius, then a monk at New Corbie, and Vitmar of the same community, were selected for that purpose. They took books and other gifts from the emperor to the king. On their voyage they were plundered by pirates and arrived quite destitute at

Boire, then the capital of Sweden. Boire is described as being situated upon an island two days' sail from Upsal, at that time a city of considerable importance. The missionaries were kindly received by the king. They preached with great success and found a large number of Christian slaves who were delighted at the opportunity of receiving the sacraments of which they had long been deprived. Herigar, the governor, an intimate friend of the king, was converted and greatly aided in the work of conversion.

Anscharius when raised to the See of Bremen about the year 850, sent missionaries to revive the spirit which had, during many years, slumbered in Sweden; and later, by his own presence roused it to energy and activity. The good work was continued by his successor, St. Rembert. Again, about the year 925, Hunni, Archbishop of Bremen, arriving at Boire found but one priest remaining in Sweden; and during the short and bloody reigns of the monarchs of the preceding sixty years, religion had been nearly forgotten. He died during his apostolic labors in that country, and was succeeded in the archbishopric of Bremen by St. Adaldagus, who filled that see during fifty-four years and greatly aided in the conversion of the Swedes and established several bishoprics amongst them. Odincar, a pious Dane, and his nephew, Bishop of Ripa in Jutland, and others of noble blood, about the year 1000 labored faithfully for the conversion of Sweden.

Sixty years before the arrival of Bishop Odincar, King Olas had requested the British King Eldred to procure missionaries for Sweden. Sigefride, a distinguished priest of York in England, undertook the task; and on the 21st of June, 950, he arrived at Waxio in the territory of Smaland in Gothland. Many of the principal inhabitants of this district were converted. St. Sigefride had received Episcopal consecration before his arrival in Sweden, and ample missionary powers by virtue of which he was enabled to erect new sees and to fill them. He erected the sees of Lindkopping in West Gothland, Skara in East Gothland. He appointed his nephew Uduman, to take charge of his See of Waxio and went farther north; he baptized King Olas and his household and his army, established the See of Stengues and restored that of Upsal which had been founded by St. Anscharius. During his absence from Waxio the idolators plundered the church and murdered Uduman and his two brothers. St. Sigefride having returned to Waxio, prevailed on the king to spare the lives of the murderers and refused to accept a fine which was levied upon them; and after re-establishing his cathedral he died in 1002.

The faith was propagated in another part of Sweden by St. Eskill, an Englishman, who was consecrated Bishop of Nordhams Kogh. After a short sojourn amongst these pagans he was martyred at Strengis. Adelbert, Archbishop of Bremen, and Sweyn II., king of Denmark, did much in this century to spread the light of the gospel. In the year 1148 St. Henry and Cardinal Breakspear, afterwards Pope Adrian IV., labored faithfully to confirm and establish the faith in the Swedish and other northern missions. Upsal was raised to the dignity of an archbishopric during the incumbency of Stephen, who became the first archbishop. In 1160 Pope Alexander III created the archbishop of that see metropolitan and primate of the Swedish church. At this period Sweden was fully converted to the Catholic faith.

In 1517 the persons commissioned by the Pope to obtain contributions for the building of St. Peter's Church in Rome were guilty of great excesses in preaching indulgences in Sweden. Angus Ar-

cemboldi, Apostolic Legate, was the chief commissioner there and had the sanction of Stenon, the administrator of Sweden. In an interview with that ruler the legate attempted to reconcile him to Gustavus Troil, Archbishop of Upsal; but Stenon gave him sufficient reason to justify his distrust in Gustavus and showed the probability of this prelate's holding an improper correspondence with Christiern II of Denmark, well known by the name of the Nero of the North, and who wished to confirm his authority in Sweden. The Danish king having manifested his hostility, Stenon had the primate of Upsal tried by the senate, and being convicted he was deprived of his revenues and confined in a monastery. The prelate privately made an appeal to Rome in which he stated that his case was one of great hardship and privation. The delegate Arcemboldi was instructed to demand his release and restoration. Stenon and the senate refused, whereon Leo X placed Sweden under an interdict and excommunicated Stenon and the senate. The Archbishop of Linden in Holstein, and the Bishop of Odensen, were charged with the execution; and Christiern of Denmark, who pretended to be a Catholic, though at heart a Lutheran, was requested to aid them. Stenon now seized upon the money which had been collected for Arcemboldi, and a new excommunication followed; and Christiern, who longed for an opportunity, entered Sweden at the head of his army. Stenon died fighting at the head of his troops. Christiern got possession of the capital. The archbishop was released and reinstated in his revenues. The bloody Christiern treacherously seized upon and put to death in one day, at an entertainment where all appeared to be peace and unity, the principal lords of Sweden. He then, at the instigation of the Primate of Upsal, required the two prelate commissioners to investigate the proceedings under which the primate had been originally punished; but as their proceedings were too slow, he of his own authority condemned and executed ninety-six senators who had survived, and amongst them were the Bishops of Strenignen and Skara. The Prior of St. John of Jerusalem who had manifested most patriotism was fastened to a St. Andrew's Cross and emboweled and his heart torn out; the bodies were then ranged in a line and all the heads raised on spears, after which the soldiers were let loose upon the populace. Next day an amnesty was published but violated as soon as the people made their appearance. Christiern then invited to a conference six bishops who had refused to assist at his Swedish coronation; and they, imagining that peace was at last to be restored, met him, but they were seized and burned at the stake. This caused so general an insurrection that the tyrant fled. Having left Sweden he made open profession of Lutheranism.

Olans Petri had already introduced the novel doctrines amongst the Swedes. Gustavus, the son of Eric Vasa, Duke of Gripsholm, had, after a variety of difficulties and extraordinary escapes, found amongst the hardy miners of Dalecardia, a patriotic spirit; he began the liberation of his country with this little band; his standard soon floated victorious over a grand army. Gustavus Ericson was chosen king: he wanted money. Olans resorted to the old trick practiced by all so-called reformers in Church and State. He informed him that according to the Lutheran principles it was lawful to take away and confiscate what was possessed by the monasteries and to reduce the income of the parish churches. Gustavus, who had during his captivity in Denmark been predisposed to this new system, began to pave the way for carrying it into execution, but met considerable oppo-

sition from the few bishops that still remained in Sweden; thenceforth Gustavus encouraged the spread of Lutheran doctrines.

Pope Adrian VI sent as his legate to Gustavus, John Magni an eminent and highly informed Swedish ecclesiastic; the king received him kindly and prevailed upon him to accept the primacy which was now vacant. However, the new primate soon perceived the true object at which the king aimed, for it had been proposed to him to convoke a synod and to introduce the Lutheran doctrine. The primate was not a man to betray his charge, but he saw that he could not avert the storm, and therefore returned to Rome.

In the year 1527 the king assembled the senate at Upsal and subsequently at Arosan at which meeting he declared that unless they abolished the Catholic religion and the supremacy of the Roman See he would abdicate; and that the revenues of the state demanded the confiscation of the church lands and property. The old trick again. Though a considerable portion of the legislature was composed of Catholics they were awed into acquiescence to his demands. He still left what he called liberty of conscience. The spirit of Dalecardia was still unbroken, and this brave people being all Catholics, they took up arms to oppose the invasion of their rights of conscience, and the plunder of the property consecrated to the support of their pastors, by men whom they had borne on their shoulders to victory and to a throne. Gustavus, after having subdued them treated the Dalecardians in the most severe and cruel manner because they did not choose to change their religion.

In 1542 the king procured from the general assembly the nomination of his son Eric as his successor, and the regulation that the crown should be hereditary; he also caused them to swear to the maintenance of Lutheranism without tolerating any other religion. He had previously run through the provinces at the head of a large army extirpating Catholicity. The Lutheranism which he established has in its external appearance and discipline more affinity to the Catholic religion than any other sect of Protestantism,—the Anglicans excepted. There are archbishops, bishops, priests and deacons; their liturgy very much resembles that of Rome, and they have confession and absolution and penance, but the confession is not always private.

Eric XIV succeeded upon the death of his father Gustavus in 1560, but his conduct was that of a madman. He was deposed in 1568 for a variety of cruelties and his attempt at raising Catherine, one of his concubines, who had been a fruit girl in Stockholm, to the dignity of queen. His brother, John III, was chosen to succeed him. He was married to Catherine of the Jaggalon family, daughter to Sigismund, King of Poland. The queen was a devout Catholic and her husband having been received into the Church was desirous of having his dominions reconciled to the Holy See. For this purpose he sent Pontus de la Gardee to Rome with proposals of reunion; but the Swedish nobility gave their decided opposition to the measure, though many of the clergy had manifested their willingness to co-operate with the king. Though the project was unsuccessful, a number of priests gained admittance into Sweden and were able to console and administer to the scattered members of the flock who were in the country. The queen died leaving only one son, Sigismund, who adhered to the religion of his parents and obtained the crown of Poland, though he lost that of Sweden on account of his religion, through the intrigues of his uncle, Charles IV, son of Gustavus, who procured the deposition of Sigismund and his own appointment under the title of Charles IX.

He is mentioned in high terms of commendation by some of the early Protestant writers for having, through religious zeal, supplanted his nephew and usurped his throne.

Christina succeeded her father, the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, the head of the Protestant League, upon his death in 1654 and the 28th of her age. This extraordinary woman resigned her throne and abjured the religion she had previously professed, embracing the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Hitherto the distinguished and learned daughter of the great Gustavus had been the object of admiration and eulogy, the pride of the north; but now the most scrutinizing criticism pried into all her conduct, and doubts as to whether she was really a great woman began to be entertained; and it was seriously stated that it was not because she believed in the truth of Catholic doctrines, to profess which she renounced a throne, that she changed her religion, but because "the austere manners and narrow acquisitions of the Swedish clergy were not likely to have attracted her to their opinions; and they certainly were little able to vie in her estimation with the splendid and courtly dignitaries of the Romish Church." But the historian from whom we have made the quotation has, in his zeal against the Catholic Church, overlooked the fact that the Queen of Sweden at the time of her conversion, had not an opportunity of seeing and conversing with those splendid and courtly dignitaries whom she subsequently met in the polished and literary circles of the south; for in Sweden there were but a few obscure and indigent Catholic clergymen, who had renounced the pomp of the world and exposed themselves to exile and affliction that they might comfort a persecuted flock. It is true, however, that the attainments of the Swedish Lutheran clergy were never great.

Christina travelled into France, Italy and Germany spending much of her time in Rome. Her finances being embarrassed, Christina, on the death of her cousin Charles, to whom she had resigned the throne, went, in 1660, into Sweden to obtain payments, but was very badly received by her former subjects. They refused her incomes, pulled down her chapel, and some Italian clergymen who accompanied her were insulted and exposed to imminent danger. The states required a repetition of her act of renunciation before they would allow her to receive her revenues; and she then bade a final farewell to her country and died in Rome in 1689.

Charles XI, who succeeded his father, Charles X, was one of the most stern, arbitrary and despotic monarchs of the age. He published an edict forbidding the exercise of any religion but that of Lutheranism in Sweden, about the year 1690. This caused great dissatisfaction, for at that period numbers of other sects were in several places of his kingdom who disliked the Lutheran doctrines as much as they did the Catholic religion.

The events of the last century in Sweden have little bearing on our object in presenting Our True Position. In the year 1810 the then reigning monarch was forced to resign, and Bernardone, a man who rose from the lowest ranks of the army to be a general in the revolutionary service of France, upon obtaining the throne changed his name and his religion. He was crowned by the name of Charles John.

The present Swedish dominions contain upwards of five millions of inhabitants of which the greater part are Lutherans. From the latest church records we find the following estimate: Lutherans, 3,500,000; other Protestants, 500,000; Jews, 5,000; Catholics, 1,000,000; Pagans, or professing no religion, make up the balance of the population.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

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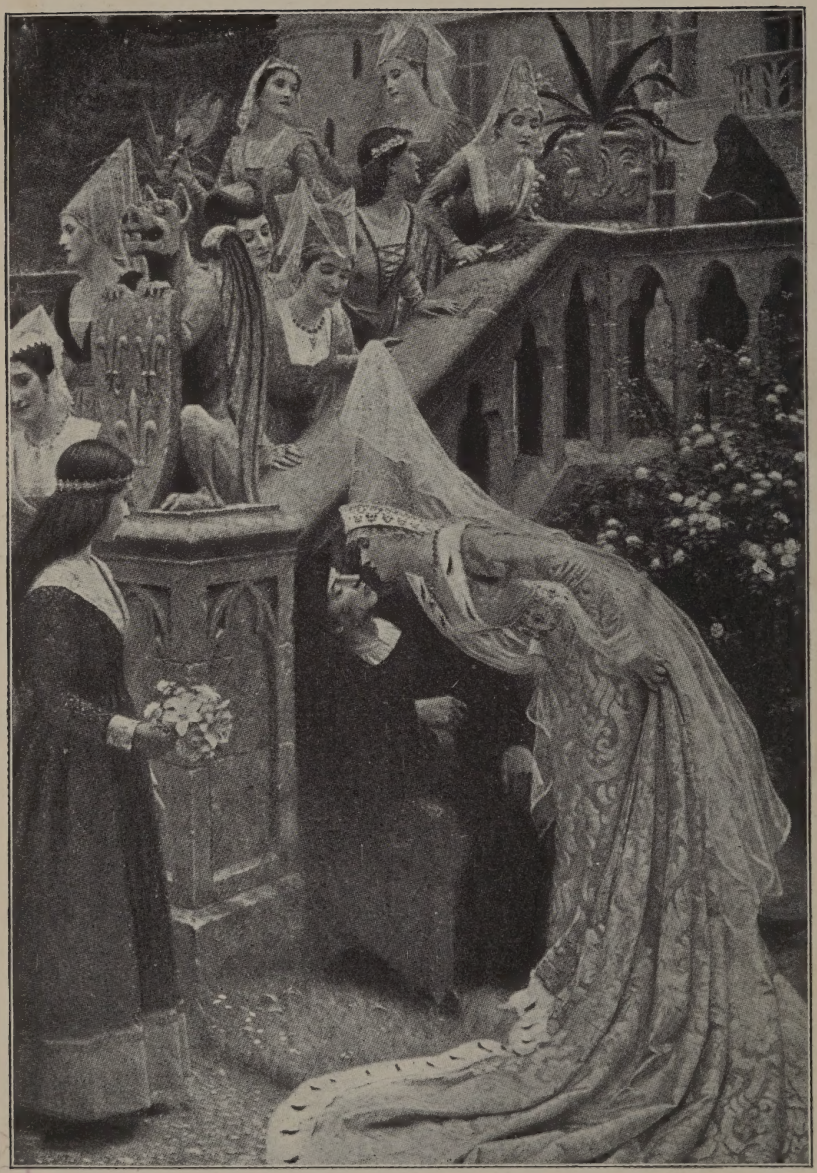

By E. Blair Leighton.

ALAIN CHARTIER.

Margaret of Scotland, Dauphine of France, one day discovered Alain Chartier, the poet, asleep. In the presence of her attendants she stooped and kissed his lips, "Because they had spoken such beautiful things."

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LAMENT.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

Och, Ochone, for May-day,
The lark and cuckoo clear!
Youth the Bough, and Love the Blossom,
In the spring of the year.

Och, Ochone, for Mid-summer!
I was the reddest rose!
My own thorns pierced my bosom
With a thousand woes.

Och, Ochone, for Lammas,
And the falling of the leaf!
I was blown from the bough
In the bitter blast of grief.

Och, Ochone, for Winter,
The robin and the wren!
Sorrow goes through Love
Like the wind through the glen!

JOSEPH SHEEHAN AS RHADAMES IN AIDA.

A LEADING TENOR IN ENGLISH GRAND OPERA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Mr. Henry Savage is hard at work building up his plan of grand opera in English. Already the world has heard of the coming production of *Pasifal* in English, which will appear in the fall, when the leaves begin to turn. Mr. Savage first intended to make it a mere incident in the repertoire of his company; and it would have been an inferior incident at that to *Lohengrin*. Then he changed his mind, which is a fine one and not subject to change, and resolved to outdo Herr Conried in the splendor of its presentation with a special company. All the American world will therefore have a chance to rave, as New York did, over the sacred opera. The dramatists met with a sad mischance in a hasty effort to turn *Parsifal* loose on the popular stage. Several playwrights of the class that turns out a drama while you wait, hammered out five-act Parsifals while Herr Conried was getting ready for the first dress-rehearsal; and when the opera proved a success thought to ride to fame and fortune in the wake of the impresario's advertising.

The people would not have it. The playwrights are wondering wherefore. The reason has not been told them yet, but one may as well write it down: they have not the fibre which produces a religious play. Now this is not an insinuation that they break the commandments.

Boston must be acquainted with Henry Savage, even if a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. His realty business at home excites the admiration of experts, it is said; his ventures into opera have carried him as far as London, where he had a company playing last season. What connection lies between real estate and opera one may guess but never utter; it is like the riddle of the Sphinx. At all events this impresario cherishes the ambition to build up English grand opera in America, and to give it the place which the fashionable have allotted to the same in other tongues than the vernacular. One wonders if such an ambition is worth while. The prosaic mind insists that the energy and benevolence of Henry Savage, directed to settling several thousand poor families in houses and lots of their own, would be worth something to the community; whereas grand opera——tra-la-la! Art is its own argument, however. The operatic stage attracts the imaginative who can sing; and strangely enough it also attracts the imaginative who think they can sing. Human vanity is incredible. The operatic choruses are made up of people who would be able to make a decent living in the ordinary walks of life; but they have lost all love for the ordinary in the glamour of playing a part, of singing and posturing before the footlights.

JOSEPH SHEEHAN IN LOHENGRIN.

They endure the roving life, the hardships, the disappointments for years, buoyed up by the hope that one day they will shine as stars. When the hope departs, an event almost unknown to history, no one knows what happens to them. The chorus is the bottom rung of a ladder which has no other rungs, except in the imagination of the chorus. No one ever climbs, since there is nothing to climb. A few, in possession of wings, take a sudden flight to the pinnacle of a star, but they are very, very few. Mr. Joseph Sheehan is not one of them, for he never knew the glory of the chorus, the mad enthusiasm of the ensemble. He made his debut as a character, that is having a distinct part, and he has remained a character with a large salary attached to it until this day. One of the good points about Mr. Savage's scheme of grand opera is its development of singers, who would otherwise have remained in the depressing obscurity of light and comic opera. He has provided a future for really capable artists, a future in which honor and salary keep equal pace with artistic development. Mr. Joseph Shee-

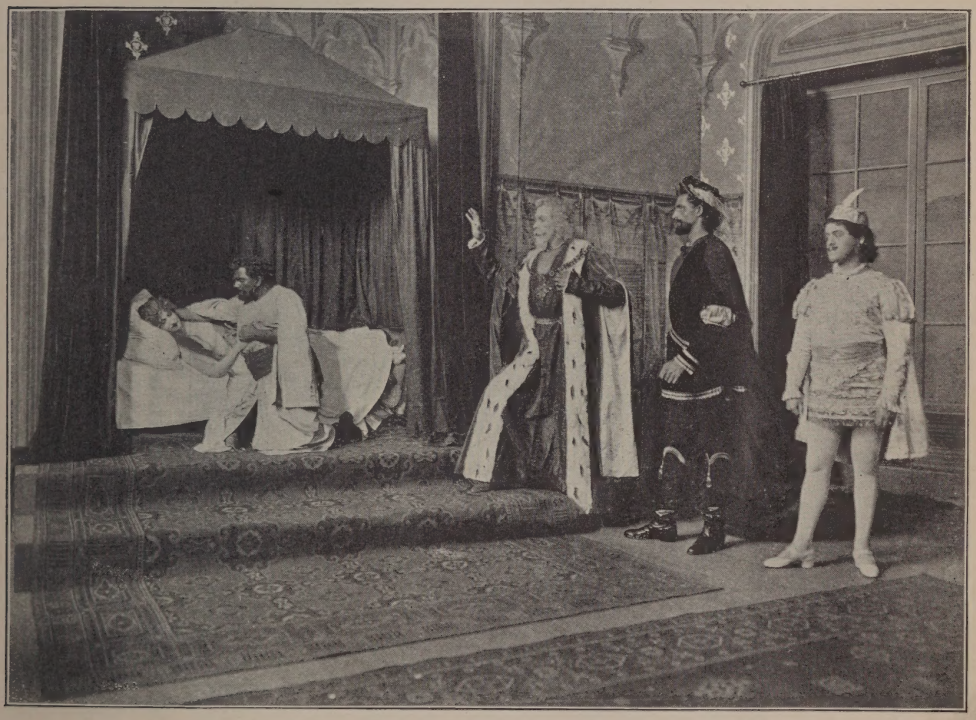
MAURICO IN IL TROVATORE.

han is one of the men upon whose cradle a fairy smiled. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, not he; but with a golden note instead. The experts call it high C. There's the difference in luck. Some children are born with a flea in the ear, or a bee in their bonnet, or wind in the stomach, or a crack in the brain; Joseph Sheehan was born with the golden high C in his tenor voice, and his first screech was uttered in the neighborhood of Boston.

How important are these facts only the enthusiastic press agent of Mr. Savage could make one feel properly. He told me so many things about the high C that I almost forgot Mr. Sheehan had any other notes in his voice. The old masters in music did not ask a tenor for this note in their early compositions, for the very good reason that ancient tenors did not have it about them. Even in our day when the note is in demand, neither the famous Campanini nor the robust Jean DeReske was able to use it. Caruso, the famous lyric tenor of last winter, employed it occasionally. The first tenor in this country who used the high C freely was a German named Wachtel who came over with the lovely Pauline Lucca in 1872; with Christine Nillson was another over whom the music-mad went wild, the tenor Revelle. Mr. Sheehan uses his top-note as joyfully as the average American boy his new baseball; he sings more of them in a season than all the other grand opera tenors combined; in a regular season of forty weeks he lavishes on the public about two hundred of them; he introduces it wherever he feels like doing so; in Aïda it sounds three times, a noble tone from the same source as the notes below it. He does not have to strain, to take a new position, to make a grimace, as if the just swallowed pill—pardon me—but in the easiest manner, like a bird on the bough, or a brook in the meadow, the lovely note rises in enchanting volume.

It is certainly a distinction. There are tenors who would give a good deal to be able to sing that favored note once a week only. Yet this young American artist of home training, a product of American schools and experience, possesses a vocal range and power which belongs to no European singer. He began his career as a singer in church choirs, and was well known in Boston sixteen years ago. The modern organ loft has been a successful trainer of comic opera lights, because modern mass-music has usually been of the comic-opera grade; and its form, a pleasant mingling of solos, duos, trios, quartettes, quintettes, sextettes, and choruses, adapts it nicely for stage presentation. In fact a composer

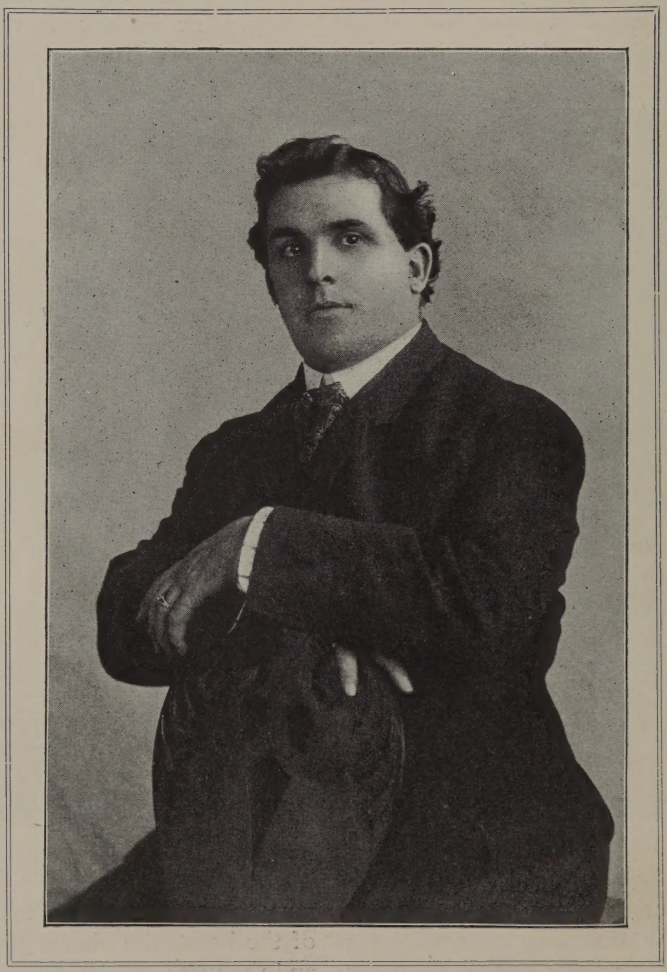
might easily take a modern mass, and with the proper libretto turn it into a delightful comic or light opera at short notice. This is an original suggestion. Opera has often been turned into sacred music, but never before has anyone hinted at the popular mass-music being converted into opera. Mr. Sheehan began his operatic career with the great advantage of a choir-training, and he achieved instant success at the rate of forty dollars a week in the diverting entertainment known as *The Isle of Champagne*. After that he ran his upward course with rapidity, singing Robin Hood, John Alden, Eugene in *Prince Ananias,* and all the famous tenor rôles with the noted Bostonians. Finally he entered the service of Mr. Savage in 1897, and gradually found his way to fame in grand opera.



JOSEPH SHEEHAN AS OTHELLO.

Very few outside of musical people pay any attention to this strange form of musical drama called grand opera. No definition has ever been given of it. Just why a drama should be sung instead of spoken has never been explained. It is a convention quietly accepted by the multitude without argument. To save it from ridicule one has to suppose a condition of society in which music takes the place of the spoken word. The tender sentiments of the heart, the violent passions of men, and the mere asking for a piece of pie are expressed with the cadences of song, sustained by an entire orchestra. It is clear that this artificial entertainment does not fit well with tradition and custom, and that we must forget very much before we can even accept it. The multitude at first disdain grand opera, because it is too un-

natural; and even the more expert never get very intimate with it. The libretto, the story, does not matter a great deal, except to indicate what the music is trying to say. Hence the composers have remained quite indifferent to the morality of the libretto, if it only provided the vernacular expression of a true passion, good or bad. Hence the lovers of opera care not whether it be sung in French or German or Hindu, with a preference indeed for the obscurest language. The music expresses all. Hence a singular divorce of grand opera from morality, or to express it more intimately and precisely, a divorce of the music from morality. No one is anyway shocked at the crimes enshrined in *Faust* and *Cavalliera Rusticana*, no one ever thinks of them. The expression of jealousy, of unlawful love, of murderous rage, of blasphemous passion, in music is the point of view. The capacity of musical form and musical expression is the great thing, the great interest.



JOSEPH SHEEHAN.

This forgetfulness of the connection of

morality and music has led to a strange perversion on the part of composers: they seem to prefer the expression of criminal passion, as if it gave a finer opportunity to genius. For the moment this perversion may not be of serious import, but in the long run art, which is the fine expression of the true, the good, and the beautiful, must come to grief. Mr. Sheehan began his operatic work with the character of Turiddu in Mascagni's famous short opera, an easy and striking rôle which he learned and sang on three days' notice. He made his appearance in Wagner's *Lohengrin* before receiving any particular training in Wagnerian music and method; but his powers proved so great that he went to Europe and took lessons from the noted teachers of Paris, who coached him for the heavier rôles of grand opera. And now he has in his active brain the tenor parts of one hundred and thirty comic and grand operas, and can sing from the beginning to the end of a season with a force, a strength, and a continuity quite beyond the power of the average tenor. His voice shows no fatigue, his range seems to improve, the quality certainly has improved with years, and the conclusion of the experts is that the variety and continuousness of his work have strongly developed his natural voice until it may be ranked with the remarkable tenors of the day. It was thought at first that such labor as he went through in a season would soon wear out his voice. The European tenors are careful to sing not more than two or three times a week their exacting rôles, so as not to strain the delicate organ of the voice. Sheehan has yet to suffer from strain. One careful critic claimed that "his full, rounded tenor is a living refutation of the old opinions, still voiced at times, not only by teachers but by great artists as well, that exacting grand opera rôles tend to destroy rather than build up a voice. He is only one of several leading American singers with Savage's English Grand Opera Company whose remarkable development during recent years has been noted both by the public and the critics."

Probably the best test of a singer's success in our day is ability to sing the Wagnerian rôles. *Lohengrin* is comparatively easy, but *Tannhauser* taxes all a singer's energies. Sheehan has won success in the two rôles. Only trained musicians understand the technical difficulties to be overcome in Wagnerian opera. The music seems to be made for Titanic voices, and the rendering of Wagnerian opera by such voices as might be provided by a first-class church choir would have no meaning. The German composer was deficient in melody, in which he did not believe for the expression of passion. His later operas are grand recitatives, relieved by orchestral harmonies, explained by beautiful scenery and rich declamation. To understand the Wagnerian scene one must hear every word of the singer, who must interpret with precision and the deepest feeling. *Tannhauser* is sixty years before the public, and its traditions are already familiar. Sheehan sings it with a force and smoothness that seem hardly possible to an American, untrained in the methods of the Wagnerian school. He gives the impression of grandeur. Frau Wagner herself would not disdain the noble, dignified character which he presents and the close imitation of the large, almost ponderous phrasing peculiar to the Wagnerian artist.

The part of Mario in *Tosca* is a rôle somewhat different from the ordinary, as indeed the whole opera is different from the traditional. The composer seems to have made a compromise with Wagner and the Italian school, and given us a music-drama closely allied to the spoken drama in form. The chorus and the ensemble have practically disappeared. All

the effects are produced by the actor-singers. There is consequently a larger demand for expression made upon the principal characters. Strangely enough the main consequence is to intensify the passion of the play, and to make the opera superior in most points to the Sardou drama. In presenting this character Mr. Sheehan proved himself an actor of remarkable power. The emotional element was known to be a part of his equipment, but not to the extent which he actually displayed. It will be remembered that one famous singer, Victor Maurel, made his reputation rather by his acting of Falstaff than by his singing of the part. The critics were inclined to think that Sheehan would have made his mark by his acting in *Tosca* without his beautiful tenor voice and its top-note.

Hence there was less surprise at his success in *Aida*, when he first essayed the powerful rôle of Rhadames in that vigorous, if not altogether enchanting opera. None the less the climax of passion and power which he attained in *Othello* produced a veritable sensation. One has only to look at his face and figure in that important and stirring character to feel that here indeed was the fibre of Othello. No actor of our time has ever presented an appearance so faithful to the Shaksperean conception of the jealous and unfortunate Moor. It lies not so much in the make-up, which is well done, as in the fine lines of feeling that are the basis of true expression. Sheehan actually disappeared in the part, both in person and in action. It was his greatest success, and if it actually stopped short of genius the fault may properly be laid to his ease-loving nature, which would not labor to the point of exhaustion at this terrible portrayal of jealousy. When an artist attains the excellence owned by Sheehan, backed by natural mimetic qualities and a heavenly voice, it is usually his own fault if he does not reach in time to the topmost height.

Mr. Sheehan has a charming home, ruled by a devoted wife and musical with the voices of children, of whom he thinks much more than he does of art and its rewards. This is the right feeling, and puts him higher in the esteem of God and man than his beautiful voice and his clever acting. His admirers wish to see that feeling uppermost always. At the same time, inasmuch as he represents the household of the faith in a charmed circle, we wish to see his industry large enough to win the highest prize compatible with his qualities. His honor is ours, and his success reflects upon us a new glory. It will be an encouragement to the struggling athletes who have yet to win renown.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

(Chapter XIX Continued.)

Hetty had been lackadaisical of late. There came a subtle alteration in her. She seemed to brace herself up, to think of her frocks and her hair and her hats, which she had been neglecting.

"Mother," said Willie one day, when Hetty had worn a pink cambric frock, and a brown straw hat, with a pink lining to the brim, "have you noticed how very pretty Hetty has become? Some people might think her prettier than Angela."

"But not you, my dear boy," his mother said, smiling fondly at him.

"Not me, of course. I'm always a True Blue Angela person. Still Hetty is wonderfully pretty."

It came to the last day of Willie's holiday. He was going to work with a coach in London. When he had gone the gaiety of Fairglen was sensibly diminished. The children returned to their out-door occupations. They had become furious gardeners, carpenters, collectors, all manner of things: such tastes were fostered at Fairglen. Miriam and Arthur were as usual together.

"I don't believe anyone misses the dear boy as I do, except perhaps little Hetty," said the mother, for whom a palpable joy and sunshine were gone out of the house with her boy. "Except little Hetty. But where is Hetty? Perhaps she will walk with me to see Mrs. Starling and her new baby."

Hetty was in none of the usual places. At last Mrs. Reuben climbed the stairs to the quaint room under the sloping roof which Hetty had always had when she visited Fairglen. The door, giving on the twisted staircase, was slightly ajar; the lock was rather defective. She looked through the chink and saw Hetty on her knees by her bed, lying so quietly with her face pressed in the counterpane that she might have been asleep.

Mrs. Reuben turned and stole away softly. It was something in which she could not reach the girl. But a great rush of motherly love swept over the kind heart. She would have given anything to have taken the motherless girl in her arms and comforted her.

Instead she went into her own room and shut the door. "Lord guide us! Help the child in her difficulty!" she said, kneeling down.

Hetty came to dinner much as usual, only looking a little pale. In one cheek a red spot burned. It was where Willie had kissed her when they had said good-bye.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MATCHMAKER.

The Corbetts had been a week at Witch's Castle and had seen the sights of the country-side, which were mostly of the natural order. They had attended a horse-fair, and Mr. Corbett had bought a pair of ponies for Angela, wild, bright-eyed creatures calculated to tread the edge of a precipice to a nicety without the slightest danger of going over. They had seen an Irish race-meeting with its characteristic humors, the tents and the dancing and the Aunt Sallys, the groups of country people, with their rickety outside cars, the primitive ring, the couple of rustic-looking bookmakers, the tiny stand. Only the racing was something to win admiration from one who had seen many big races won and lost, and who was stirred to enthusiasm by the steeple-chasing.

They had driven to the race-course in the outside car which was apparently the

only equipage Witch's Castle afforded. But arrived there the party had been taken possession of by the occupants of a coach which towered above its neighbors and was tooled by Lord Finvarra, the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

"There's plenty of room for you, Madam, and for Nan and her friends," Lady Finvarra, a charming brunette, called down to them from her altitude. "Wait a minute, Madam. Ted will get down and help you to climb up."

But old Madam was up like a girl, and sitting with her race-glasses at her eyes by the time Mr. Corbett had followed soberly.

"I told you we were different," said Anne at his ear. "In England she would be sitting in the chimney-corner knitting stockings for the poor, like your own dear old mother."

"I can see Colleen, Nan," cried the old lady in high excitement. "There she is being led out. Her jockey is in white with green hoops and a green cap: it's Ned Lysaght is riding her. Lady Finvarra says she has put every penny she can raise on her."

"I reared Colleen," said Anne, standing tall and graceful by the Englishman's side. "It nearly broke my heart when I had to sell her."

He turned and looked at her suddenly.

"You are a horsewoman, of course?" he said.

"I never remember the time I was not," she answered.

"You might have had a horse at any time," he said. "I keep a horse for Angela but she will not ride .There are always half-a-dozen saddle-horses in Minster stables. I haven't much time for riding myself."

A light sprang up in her eye.

"I should have loved it," she said: "but —it would hardly have been becoming."

"I did not think you subscribed to the conventions, Miss Daly."

"No woman can altogether afford to disregard them," she answered.

The Duchess had been right when a little while before this she had remarked of Anne that she was growing more flexible. She was a far less difficult person than she had been when first she had set foot in Minster.

"You need not be any longer so proud with us," he said, with one of his serious smiles.

"I am not proud now," she said softly.

Angela was laughing merrily at some jest of young Denis O' Kelly, Lord Finvarra's younger brother, who was chattering to her with irresistible boyish impudence.

"She seems to enjoy herself," nodded her father.

"I am proud of both of you," said Anne. "You seem to accept the life so thoroughly."

"Did you think we would not?"

"I could not have thought you would be so elastic."

"We are less unbending than we seem, we English. It is the mistake you make to take the superficial view of us."

"Will you, like a dear man," said Madam—she had quite ceased to think of John Corbett as a person in trade—"will you, like a dear man, take this five shillings, and put it on Colleen for me? That gentleman over there, the quiet one, not the one with the scarlet hat, will take it from you. Paddy Gleason is his name. Many's the pound I've won and lost with Paddy."

Anne smiled at Mr. Corbett. He took the money and vanished down the side of the coach.

"He might have offered to put on a five-pound note for you," said Lady Finvarra.

"If he did I'd never have forgiven him," said the old lady.

"Ah, but you see, he didn't offer," said Anne.

Lady Finvarra looked at her curiously. A minute later when Mr. Corbett had returned, and was standing again by Anne's side, she stooped and whispered an inquiry into the old lady's ear as to whether Anne still looked for her cousin Brian's return.

"To be sure she does," snapped the old lady. "To be sure we all do."

"She is very patient," said Lady Finvarra; and then changed the conversation to a low-spoken commendation of the English visitors.

"They're delightful people," said the old lady. "If they weren't they shouldn't have had my Nan."

"To hear her, Teddy," said Lady Finvarra to her husband afterwards, "to hear her, you'd think she owned those Corbetts, root and branch. Yet a little while ago she was lamenting that poor Nan must eat their bread. Myself, I think that some bread has not only butter to both sides of it, but very choice jam as well. If I were Nan I'd marry the Englishman."

"I always understood Anne was engaged . . . ."

"To that great silly boy Brian. He never appreciated her or he wouldn't have left her to hunt up apocryphal riches somewhere or other. It was after enjoyment he was. And it is of a piece with his conduct that he should drop out of the world and never send a word to Nan to say where he had gone to."

"If he'd dropped out of the world I don't see how he could," said Lord Finvarra.

"You're very stupid, Fin," said the lady calmly. "I can only say that I wouldn't have been so faithful."

"You wouldn't have been allowed to be," her lord said complacently; "there was too big a field after you. That was why I never dared take my eyes off you."

"Fin, you're a wretch. As though I ever looked at any of them! Why you might have been lost as long as Brian and you would still have found me waiting for you."

"I thought I was taking you at your word, my dear."

"A woman's word," said Lady Finvarra contemptuously. "As though that ought to be taken."

"I didn't take yours anyway, Peg, when you used to tell me that I was the last person you'd think of marrying."

"You might have believed me then. It was true for me. It was only when I found what an uncommonly useful man you were with the hounds that I changed my mind. You remember the day you dragged me from between Rory's feet."

"With his hoofs within a half-inch of your cheek. Shall I ever forget it? Good God, the anguish I felt till I had you clear of him! If he had kicked!"

"Rory knew better."

"Ah yes, good beast, we shall remember it to him as long as he lives."

"Ted, I am going to call on Madam and her guests to-morrow. I've taken a fancy to the Englishman."

"I should have thought he was too steady for you, Peg."

"Not for myself. I like scatterbrains. Did you see how Anne looked at him? As though she liked him very much."

"You are romancing, little woman."

"I won't have Anne sacrificed to old Madam's folly. It is Madam who keeps up the old foolishness about Brian."

"Sure, Peg? I should have thought Nan was just the girl to do it off her own bat."

"Making herself a sort of Hindoo widow," said Lady Finvarra disgustedly.

"Come, come, Peg, we don't know that

Brian is dead. I don't believe myself he is. He wasn't the fellow to be snuffed out easily."

"If he isn't dead then he ought to be. I should think it the most disgraceful thing I ever heard if Brian Daly were to return to life."

"Don't be too hard upon the poor fellow. I wouldn't wish for a better companion than Brian, a good sportsman, a decent fellow all round. I wish I could shake him by the hand this minute."

"I'm surprised at you, Fin, or should be if I didn't know the ways of men. After his dishonorable, disgraceful, unfeeling conduct!"

"Come, come, Peg. Wasn't it last week you said you had a *gra* for Brian."

"My dear man, don't you see that a week may alter many things?"

"I see that you're matchmaking, like any foolish woman of them all."

"Don't be rude, Fin."

"And wanting to send Anne out of the country too, to marry her to an Englishman. A glorious girl like Anne. It oughn't to be allowed. There should be a law against it. The Englishman's a decent fellow, but, hang it all, not good enough for Anne."

"You're jealous, Fin. I don't forget you were in love with Anne before you were in love with me."

"Yet I went down before you the first minute I saw you walking across the turnips like a goddess, the day we were shooting partridges in Tom Carey's field, and never thought of another woman afterwards. A nice dance you led me. No, Peggy, I'm not jealous of Anne. But Brian was my old friend, hang it all! I don't see myself helping his sweetheart to marry another man, and he an Englishman."

"Well don't be bothering me about it, Fin. I had no idea I was provoking so much discussion. And all I can say is that if you're not in love with Anne now, and I really believe you have the bad taste not to be, then it's no credit to your taste."

The Witch's Castle party did dine at Finvarra, where Angela and her father were as much delighted with the great, stately, tapestry-hung rooms as they had been in another way with Witch's Castle.

Lady Finvarra was graciousness itself to Mr. Corbett and his daughter. Indeed, when after dinner she flung a lace scarf about her head and shoulders, and took John Corbett for a walk on the terrace, whence he might see the long expanse of bog land and mountain glimmering in a light between moonlight and afterglow, stretching away to the sea, her absence was quite a prolonged one.

Old Madam fidgetted a little. She was waiting for the Englishman to take a hand at whist with herself and the Abbé and Dr. Glenn. Finvarra was entertaining the two younger ladies.

"If I were you, Finvarra," she called out at last, "I wouldn't have my wife turning that man's head. It's too good a head to be turned; but Peggy will never leave off her old ways; you spoil her, Finvarra."

Lord Finvarra looked towards the waiting card-table with a laugh.

"I'd take her ladyship a shawl, or a warm wrap of some kind anyhow," put in Dr. Glenn. "The evenings have a way of turning chilly after the sun goes down. The grass had hoar frost on it this morning for all that we're within a hen's race of May."

The suggestion was enough for Lord Finvarra. He got up with some alarm and went out to the terrace, returning in a few minutes, holding his wife's hand in his own.

"She's as cold as a frog," he said. "Yet she didn't want to come in. I had to mention the doctor's orders, Glenn."

"Ah, come over here, Mr. Corbett," said Madam, "and take a hand. We've been waiting for you this half-hour. Who deals? The highest trump takes it."

"Upon my word, Fin, I could have shaken you," said his wife when their guests had departed. "You came at such an interesting moment. He's really a most fascinating person. *I* don't mind his having money. I think it's awfully nice to know someone who has money and doesn't swagger about it. They're really thoroughly well-bred, both father and daughter. Our own peasants couldn't be better. You know he was born a peasant. He told me all about it. And would you believe it? He hasn't heard a word about Brian."

"Why should he," asked Lord Finvarra obtusely.

"Why should he? I'd like to know what else has made the whole subject of our conversation."

Lord Finvarra looked bewildered, and his eyes took on the expression of a person who tries to remember something but cannot.

"We talked a lot about ourselves," he said.

"There, go on, you great stupid!" his wife said, giving him an affectionate push. "I was almost at the point of telling him about Brian; and then I checked myself. I was so glad I didn't blurt it out."

"Why?" asked Lord Finvarra blandly. "If you thought the poor beggar was likely to fall in love with Anne he ought to know what everyone in the county knows. I shall mention it casually the first time I see him."

"If you do," said Lady Finvarra, "I'll just box your ears for you."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Lonely Priest.

The poverty of the district about Witch's Castle, such as he had never known, affected Mr. Corbett's heart and conscience to the uttermost degree. There were days when Angela and Judy entertained each other, when he and Anne walked alone to the places where poverty showed itself in its direst aspect. There was for instance that village at the foot of the great mountains where the bog-land met the sea, indistinguishable huts of mud and blackened thatch which at a little distance looked like a colony of ancient straw hives, rotting from exposure to the weather, and long empty of their industrious inhabitants. Village was a misnomer for the place: it was something out in the wilderness, lost, decayed, forgotten, with none of the cheerfulness and noise usually associated with the name of the village.

The people were squatters who had been evicted during some old land war, and had neither the hope nor the energy to make a fresh start for themselves. The very name of the place was despairing. Hungry Foreland it had been called from time immemorial. The well-fed, well-clad, well-housed visitor from the other world found the air of Hungry Foreland bracing. Not so the wretched inhabitants, who, living in the midst of damp and rottenness, on potatoes and Indian meal, and not too much of these things, were nearly all tuberculous.

Men and women coughed, haggard and wretched. The men bent their long, emaciated frames over the few potato ridges or drills of oats which they had managed to snatch from the bog and the sea. The women held miserable babies inside their thin shawls to breasts incapable of nourishing them. Little children crept in and out the wretched cabins, with pale, peaked faces showing through the grime, quiet with unnatural quiet, their little bodies showing all the signs of semi-starvation.

"We do all we can," said Anne, throwing out her hands with a moan of pity, "but it is just to keep them alive. We are

so poor ourselves. And what is there for them, only the workhouse? This is No-Man's Land: they are No-Man's People, except perhaps Father MacInerney's, ah, yes and Dr. Glenn's. There is Father MacInerney; he will tell you about them."

A solitary, tall young figure was coming towards them across the bog-lands, leaping pools and other impediments easily in its progress. A young collie, lean as himself, followed at the priest's heels.

Father MacInerney was a dark, sad-looking, handsome young man, with the soft gloom one often sees in Celtic faces overlying his. His smile was awkward and sweet. He carried a big stick, and he was wearing a cassock which was unsuited to his big strides. He was bare-headed, and the wind had ruffled his fine, light brown hair. He shook hands with Anne.

"I heard ye were here," he said, " so I came as I was lest I should miss ye."

"I'm very glad you did," said Anne. "I want to introduce Mr. Corbett, Father MacInerney. Mr. Corbett is troubled about the state of the people here. He has been nursing Biddy Doyle's Owney, showing him his watch for the last half-hour, and he has scattered money in the cabins. They can't believe in their good fortune. None of them yet know what to do with it."

She pointed to a huddled little group of women with shawls over their heads, and children clinging to their skirts, who were gazing after them.

"I could tell you a lot about them," said Father MacInerney. "But we can't stand here in the middle of the bog. It's nearly one o'clock and I was going to have my dinner when I saw ye from the window. By the greatest of good luck I've got a bit of mutton. I'll be proud of your company."

Mr. Corbett and Anne looked at each other.

"We'll come, with pleasure," said Anne. "I told Gran we'd hardly be back for lunch, and she gave us some sandwiches. Maureen made them. They were fine plentiful ones, they'll make quite a banquet for Moll Malone's children."

They strolled back over the bog-land talking, the collie keeping close to his master's side. Mr. Corbett admired him and the young priest looked pleased.

"He's the only companion I have," he said. "There's no one to talk to within six Irish miles, and I've to do it on foot. Only for Keep here I sometimes think I'd die of the loneliness. Most of the poor people have only the Irish, and indeed they're so poor that it's poor work talking to them."

He bustled about setting chairs for them when he reached his house. It had three rooms and had been originally an ordinary peasant's cabin. But it had been slated and whitewashed, and some of the holes in the clay floor had been filled in.

"It gets very soft still in damp weather," said Father MacInerney with his slow deprecating smile.

The floor was below the level of the ground outside. They entered by the kitchen where the piece of mutton was turning leisurely on a string of yarn. The priest's sitting-room opened from the kitchen: beyond it was his modest bedroom. There were a few religious prints on the walls, a bookcase filled with books of a professional kind. On the round table in the centre of the room lay a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* a week old.

"You see we're not quite out of the world," said Father MacInerney, indicating the newspaper with shy pride.

He went off to fetch the decanter and glasses which are always produced in an Irish house immediately a guest comes in.

"What a delightful fellow," said Mr. Corbett, " and what hospitality!"

" 'Tis a red-letter day to him," said Anne. "He's the loneliest man alive. His

twelve-mile-off neighbor, Father Kelly, is very old and very deaf. Why, you could travel Donegal — I had almost said Ireland — from end to end and never pay a hotel bill. The lonely priests would jump at entertaining you. Not that there's not hospitality at the back of it. They may say what they like about our priests. They are our one really Irish institution. England has never touched them. It would be a sad country without them. They'd share their last crust with you, and do it with such good-humor that you'd forget it wasn't a banquet."

Mr. Corbett smiled at her enthusiasm.

"What would the people do without them," she went on. "They have never lost their opportunity as we, the gentlefolk, have. They are everything to their people, father and mother and sister and brother. If they ever pull the curb too tight it is a discipline of love. They are so human, sharing our joys as well as our sorrows, as gay at a feast as they are pitiful and helpful at a cold fireside. If I needed persuasion they would persuade me of the truth of the religion which has produced such a body of men."

The priest came back, his face radiant. He was carrying a tray awkwardly. Upon it were a couple of decanters, glasses, and a plate of cake.

"By the greatest of good luck," he said, "my mother sent me a cake the other day, and I'd saved a bit of it. I thought I'd better fetch the things myself, for Honor's a bit cranky this morning. But she's delighted that I have visitors. She is indeed; and as pleased as possible to wait on you, Miss Daly."

"Hum," said Anne, "I suppose you've been doing something very bad from Honor's point of view. Giving the blankets off your bed again? They were Gran's present, too, I think."

Father MacInerney blushed.

"Indeed, I'm very sorry. They went some time ago, Miss Daly. They were beautiful blankets. I couldn't leave the mother and child cold, could I? Still Honor takes it to heart. She's a good sort, Honor, a very good sort and kind. She thinks too much about my comfort. You won't tell Madam, will you?"

The mutton came in done to a turn, though indeed if it had not been the visitors were too hungry to have complained. Father MacInerney carved, with a beaming face. Honor, a shrewd, capable-looking old peasant-woman, with a red shawl round her shoulders and a big coarse apron over her short woolen petticoat, waited on them and made signs at Anne behind the priest's back, uplifted eyes and hands, head-shakes, which greatly amused Mr. Corbett.

"I shall hear all about your iniquities presently, Father," said Anne, laughing, when Honor had taken the dish away. "I can see that you're very much in Honor's black books."

"She often seems hard-hearted to the creatures," said Father MacInerney, "but she's not really so. It is her devotion to me."

"It's a good thing you have her to look after you," said Anne, "for you'd leave yourself nothing."

"True for you, Miss Anne," said the priest amicably. "I'd be very badly off without Honor."

It was again a new Anne who presented herself to Mr. Corbett. Why how many new views he had had of her since coming to Ireland, and yet he would have said while they were in England that there was only one Anne.

Now he blushed for his presumption, watching her face as they sat after dinner. There was a tumbler of steaming punch before her. Mr. Corbett knew by this time that it was the hospitable refreshment of the country-side. She had only stipulated

that it should be weak and sweet. Anne and punch; there was something humorous in the conjunction. But Anne sipped at her tumbler not at all as though it were the first time she had done such a thing.

"You might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," said Father MacInerney, beaming more than ever. "It's a great honor and pleasure to receive ye. Let me send for Bartle Conway's outside car and drive ye to the Caves of Dooras. After that, come back with me to dinner—it'll be my supper and your dinner—and I'll drive ye home later. There's a telegraph office in Ballyknock this side of Dooras. You could let the Madam know. They won't be wanting your company as badly at Witch's Castle as I do. Sure I sometimes find myself talking out loud to myself when I get tired of Keep not answering me. It's mad they'll be calling me one of these days."

He poured out the speech eagerly, almost as though he feared a refusal and wanted to say all that could be said in favor of his plan before he could be damped by a negative.

Anne's face was full of kindness as she turned to Mr. Corbett.

"I should like to stay if you would," she said, "and I can telegraph to Gran. There'll be a new moon to-night, and it will be a lovely drive home."

"We'll be back at five for dinner," said Father MacInerney, rubbing his hands. "And after the cloth's removed we'll have a game of cards. Play cards is it? There isn't a pluckier player in the four provinces than Miss Daly. The way she holds up the Five is a beautiful thing. 'If you can't win the game spoil it'—that's her sheet anchor. She plays for the board not for herself."

"I did n't know you played cards," said Mr. Corbett, turning to Anne. "I've only seen you play chess and dominoes and draughts."

"'Tis the Abbé's fault," said Father MacInerney. "God forgive him, he's more like a Frenchman than an Irishman. He was badly brought up: he'll let his punch grow cold in his tumbler, and he'll only play cards with you from politeness, and that's a poor motive. The *petit verre*, as he calls it, is the only thing I ever knew him to touch."

He was still shaking his head over the Abbé when Bartle Conway's outside car rattled up to the door. Father MacInerney himself drove, and was untiring in pointing out to the visitors the beauties of the country through which they passed; and the desolation and magnificence of bog and mountain were as beautiful as the exquisite gorge they found on the side of the mountain which was filled in with trees in all the beauty of their young spring colors and seamed with little singing rivulets running over orange and rust-colored channels.

When ascending the gorge they walked, and while the priest went by the horse's head, the other two fell behind.

There had been a good deal of serious talk during the drive. The thoughtful Englishman had listened fascinated to the story of a people whose lives were so austerely innocent that from a professional point of view they somewhat disappointed their pastor, much as a sound body lacks interest for a physician.

"I don't get a mortal sin in a twelvemonth," he had said, "and as for a reserved case, why there was never such a thing heard of in the parish. It 'ud break my heart to part with them, yet 'tis often I wish I was in London where I could have a wrestling match with the Devil. He never comes our way at all here, and they can save their souls without me. I'd like to do some work before I die."

His hands worked with nervous energy

and his face seemed to become lean and eager as he said the words.

"It is quite true," Anne said. "We are a crimeless county. Donegal is primitive without savagery. You have only to look at their faces, the austere faces of classic regularity. And their tall figures! Donegal of the Strangers—from the look of the people I should say the Strangers were princes."

"I thought them very handsome as they straightened themselves from their field-labor to look at us as we passed by."

"Ah, you noticed it; they have the look of dignity, of pride and nobility. It is a county of gentle-people."

They visited the caves, with their basaltic columns chiselled to the likeness of shrines and temples. The wind cried and the sea sang in the caves as though hands were below the organ-pipes of stone. At last Father MacInerney carried them off hastily. The sea had a way of rising suddenly into these caves and drowning the unwary person caught within.

"I shall remember this for many a day," said the priest when the delightful day was over and the travelers were seated on the outside car with Bartle Conway himself in the driving seat.

"I hope we shall meet again, sir, who knows? I might be in your Black Country yet. I should n't mind a little work among the black souls. And I'll tell you what,—if you want to know the rights and wrongs of things here you'd better go to Tom Glenn. The doctor knows as much as any man, and he'll respect your motives. He'll know you don't come out of curiosity or to make a stalking horse of us for some reason of your own. We can't afford to refuse friendship, but we like to know it's fairly come by."

"Neither shall I forget the day nor your hospitality," said John Corbett gratefully, "nor the things you have told me, the things I have seen for myself. I'm not impertinent enough to bring you pity, and sentiment is not in my way. But I have a sort of national conscience, and after all, we're all children of Adam."

"I wish some of us would remember the cousinship," said the priest with a smile of wistful humor that soon passed.

They left him standing there in the bright moonlight, his young brown head bared, his cassock flapping in the wind. As the smile faded from his face it took on the old aspect of soft, wild gloom. His hand rested on the dog's head, as though he drew his one companion to him for comfort. It struck home to the not easily impressed Englishman.

"How lonely he looks," he said to Anne, as the figure grew dimmer and dimmer.

"He was one of a large family," she replied, "and the mother's boy, so I've heard. They are comfortable, middle-class people in Dublin who lead quite a gay kind of life. He has been here seven years."

"But he will not always be here?"

"I don't know that. White-headed curates are not common, and Father Pat's bit of money makes him suitable for the place which pays no dues as you can well imagine. The mother wants him in Dublin, but he won't second her; perhaps he could n't bear it. I've heard it nearly broke his heart to leave her. But what a gossip I am! He would n't be obliged to me; and it's lucky Bartle is as deaf as a post."

"He helps me to understand," Mr. Corbett said simply.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Dispensary Doctor.

With Dr. Tom Glenn Mr. Corbett was already acquainted, and had received a cordial invitation to visit him.

"Come over any morning at all about

ten o'clock and make my rounds with me. It's a long round. Only an Irish dispensary doctor and an Irish mare could stand it. We're expected to have the constitution of a coal-heaver, and the knowledge of a college professor, for a hundred and twenty pounds a year. As you can imagine, it's for love we do it, and we could n't afford to take the situation unless we'd a bit of our own."

"I should like to come very much," said Mr. Corbett; "I don't come as a sight-seer, you know."

"To be sure you don't. If you did you'd find Tom Glenn giving you the cold shoulder. 'Tis annoyed I am when people come wirrasthruin' over us. As though we did n't only want a fair chance to be as well off as the best of them. And sure there are worse things than poverty."

A few days later when he knew the ladies had other matters to attend to he bethought himself of Dr. Glenn and started off after breakfast to walk the long mile that lay between Witch's Castle and the village where Dr. Glenn had his house.

It was a radiant morning, the sea below the sea-road blue as the sky overhead, its sapphire ever deepening till it disappeared on the horizon into a line of glory.

The west wind blew the spray in his face. It was hard not to be exhilarated, and this morning of early May John Corbett felt the unexhausted youth in him, the youth which had held ideals and kept its gold unspent rioting in his veins. He had to remind himself a little sharply that he was a middle-aged man with marriageable children, and that the one romance of his life was over and done with long ago.

He reached the doctor's little whitewashed house about ten o'clock. Breakfast at Witch's Castle was early because the Abbé rose early in order to say his Mass at the church in the nearest village. Dr. Glenn came out to meet him with both hands extended in welcome.

"Upon my word, you'll teach us business habits," he said. "I was out half the night with a case beyond on the hill there, and am only now sitting down to my breakfast. You'll have a cup of tea with me, do: you can take it after your early start."

Mr. Corbett followed the doctor into the house, and into the little parlor, spotlessly neat and prim, where a breakfast-table was set and a lady in a widow's cap sat behind the tea-pot. He had to look twice at her before he could be sure that she was, as he had heard, quite blind. She looked towards them with such bright intelligence, her air was so perfectly competent and efficient.

"This is Mrs. Glenn, Mr. Corbett," the doctor said, leading him up to the lady; "not as you might suppose my wife, but my mother. She sees more with her fingers and her ears than we do with our eyes. This mother is a very remarkable person. She'd know if there was a bit of dust on the chimney-piece there the minute she came into the room. It's rather uncanny of her, and it keeps the servants in order more than the attentions of all the seeing mistresses."

"I'm glad to meet you, sir," said Mrs. Glenn, with the softest, tenderest blush rising in her unwithered cheek. "You must n't mind this boy of mine. He talks a deal of nonsense, and thinks far too much of his old mother. You'll have a cup of tea, sir?"

"Do," said the doctor again, "and a couple of new-laid eggs, and a slice of bacon. You will? Now that's downright decent of you. If you had n't consented I'd have had to bring out the decanter; and as a medical man I don't approve of whiskey before twelve o'clock."

Mr. Corbett laughed.

"That is a generously early hour," he

said. "Do you really approve of it at twelve o'clock?"

The doctor looked at him with a humorous sharpness.

"Now, don't tell me," he said, "that one of your nostrums for us is that we should give up drinking whiskey. The climate would never stand it; and upon my word a teetotal Ireland would be a sad sort of place. Man for man ye drink more of it in England and yet ye prosper."

"I've no theories at all on the subject," said John Corbett. "Only if people had rational pleasures and were well-fed there'd be less reason for getting drunk."

"Ye've got at the half of it now," said the doctor approvingly. "But not at the whole of it. Do ye know where the regeneration of Ireland really lies?"

"Home Rule?"

"Pure whiskey. I see a stream of it flowing through Ireland and the people prosperous and happy. It's the bad whiskey does the mischief."

"I never know when Tom's joking and when he's not," put in Mrs. Glenn in maternal protest.

"Nor never will, ma'am. How can ye when ye think of me still as a small rogueen of a boy with a head of golden curls, and forever growing out of my breeches? But this is no joke. We've no use for temperance societies, as teetotal societies, at all. Sure, the world 'ud be a cold place without a glass of punch. Many's the cold it saves when three hundred and twelve days out of the three hundred and sixty-five you come in wet to the skin. Let the temperance societies resolve themselves into societies for the promotion of pure whiskey and I'll have hopes of them. You remember, mother, what Patsy Duigenan said to Dean Morris when the Dean tried to make him take the pledge,—'Look at me,' said the Dean, 'hale and hearty at eighty, and I never touched whiskey in my life.' 'If you had had your glass like a man,' said Paddy, 'you'd be a hundred, so you would.'"

"Tom was always such a boy for a joke," said Mrs. Glenn, while Mr. Corbett laughed.

"He has to be," said the doctor. "It 'ud never do to give the blue devils a hold these times. I'm going to bring a wife home to you one of these days, ma'am. That'll be the primest of jokes."

"Indeed, I wish you would, child," said the mother. "'Tis glad I'd be to sit in the chimney-corner if she was managing, and if she was n't I'd be proud to keep the house for her."

"I'll be thinking about it," said the doctor with a fond humorous glance at the blind face. "Ye'll have to pick her for me. 'Tis you that's the chief person to be consulted. Me! Not at all, ma'am. You've spoilt me to that extent 'tis a Turk I'd be to any unfortunate woman that took me."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Corbett," said the mother in some anxiety. "He's good to all he touches. Ask old Patch there on the rug; ask Peter, the cat; ask his mare, Kate. Ask the people."

"Sure, who's saying anything against me at all, you foolish woman," said her son.

"He gives himself a bad name," said the mother in anxious persistency, "but everyone that knows him knows better."

"Ask Biddy Cassidy," said the doctor grinning.

"What have you been doing to Biddy?" asked Mrs. Glenn.

"Only that I ordered her mother a mustard plaster on Tuesday and left her the mustard and explained to her how to make it. And when I came back on Thursday it had never gone on at all, and the poor old woman was nearly smothered with bronchitis. So I never said a word but I made the mustard

plaster, and 'Now, Biddy,' I said, 'it's on your face you're going to get it instead of your mother's chest.' 'Glory be to goodness,' she said, 'an' the Lord betune us an' harm, what'll it do to me?' 'You'll have no more skin on your face than a skinned rabbit,' said I. She gave a scream that made all the hens fly up and down in the rafters, and out with her on to the bog-land. She'll do what I tell her the next time. Now it's time for us to be off. Perhaps I'll be fetching Mr. Corbett back to dinner with me, so you'd better put your best foot foremost. Those chickens are rooting in your pansy-bed. You'd better kill a couple of them. And a pig's cheek on a bolster of cabbage on the same dish. There's a feast for the gods!"

As they climbed into the doctor's high dog-cart Mr. Corbett's foot knocked against a box containing bottles.

"Guinness' stout," said the doctor, "for a woman with a baby. Else she'll be nursing it on black tea. I was half in joke, half in earnest, when I talked about the whiskey. The tea-pot's the enemy."

"The tea-pot!"

"We'll all be in the mad-house in about twenty years if all the tea-pots in the country are n't broken. I know the bad whiskey does a deal of harm. There's an even worse little devil in the tea-pot that sits stewing in the ashes all day. Below in Letterkenny there's a lunatic asylum big enough for all Ireland. The tea-pot and consanguineous marriages. The wise Church sets her face against marriages of kin, but what are you to do when we've been intermarrying so long that we're all kin? There's very little whiskey drunk here in Donegal; we're too poor to buy it, and we're queer mortified creatures; we've no stomach for it. But the little green devil of the tea-pot sits and grins on every hearth."

Now and again the doctor pulled up at a cabin and left Mr. Corbett in charge of Kate.

"They would n't be obliged to me if I made a raree-show of them," he said, "especially in sickness. Perhaps they'll ask you in at some places. Ah, thank you. I think I could use a little of that welcome stuff among them. For the children and the mothers and the sick."

John Corbett had offered the money with a sensitive blush which drew the doctor's heart to him.

"It is so easy to do this kind of thing," he said apologetically. "It costs me nothing, and you must draw on me for all you will. I feel —— that they ought not to be so poor. We are really at heart a responsible nation."

Presently at one house a young girl with eyes like brown salmon pools, and soft pale cheeks, came out and shyly invited Mr. Corbett to 'come in and take a hate o' the fire' while the doctor was busy. He accepted the invitation and sat on a creepy stool by a turf fire while the doctor put a boy's broken leg in splints. The mother and grandmother stood by watching the operation, and a crowd of children blocked the doorway.

"Get out of this," shouted the doctor suddenly, "or I'll lay my whip about your shoulders. Do ye want to smother us, let alone taking the light away? Johnny Sheehan, if I catch you I'll break every bone in your body."

John Corbett had arrived at an understanding of Irish ways with great quickness. The result of one of his observations was that the Irish used picturesque language. He sat smiling now at the contrast between Dr. Glenn's deft, gentle actions and his lurid speech.

"There now, Patsy," he was saying to the patient, "the worst of it is over. You've been a good boy not to squeal, and I'll give you a penny to lay out at

Margaret Doyle's on sugar-stick. I told you what that twisted bough would do for you, but you would n't mind me, ye young villain, and here ye are tied by the leg for maybe a couple of months. You'll know when I'm speaking to ye again that it's better for you to be minding me."

At half-a-dozen houses after that Mr. Corbett was spectator of Dr. Glenn's methods.

"He's a terrible man," said a little wizened elderly man who stood by the mare's head when Mr. Corbett had preceded the doctor out of one cabin. "Just listen to the langwidge of him. But sure, they know him, and they knows all the hardness of him is only from the tongue out. Did he tell you how he broke the little tay pots? Aye, faith, smashed every wan in every house with his stick. Ye never heard sich wirrasthruin'. Ye'd think it was their hearts he'd broke, the most o' them, especially the women folk. But sure tay pots is aisy got again."

"Do you see that island?" asked the doctor, pointing presently with his whip to where a pansy-dark mountain rose out of the sea. "That's Inismacsaggart. It's in my district. 'Tis no joke pulling over there in stormy weather. There's twenty different currents flowing in that channel."

"It ought to be bridged," said John Corbett. "It would n't cost us so much."

"Father Kelly's not the man to do it," said the doctor, shaking his head.

"Father Kelly?"

"Aye, indeed. He has n't the wit of Father McKeevor in the next parish. You see that island away ahead of ye. Ye might think it was diamonds and sapphires this minute, but it's only poor barren rock. It is Iniscolomb. The Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary together were doing the congested districts a couple of years ago. They slept the night at Father Hugh's. He has a lovely hand over a jug of punch. The two gentlemen enjoyed themselves. Well they might after driving fifty miles in a northwest wind. They said that Father Hugh ought to be the Pope at least, and that it was an English grievance that it was in Ireland he was. They nearly came to words over whether 'twas the Castle or the Chief Secretary's Lodge that should entertain Father Hugh in his next vacation. 'There's a bit of a causeway I want from ye,' said he. 'I'll maybe never see another holiday if I've to make sick calls to Iniscolomb by boat. 'Tis in danger of my life I am every time I cross.' They never asked a question about it, only looked at each other. 'We can't let Father McKeevor drown,' said the Lord Lieutenant. 'I'm quite of your opinion,' said the Chief Secretary. The next morning the gentlemen sat making a good breakfast. There is n't a headache in a gallon of Father Hugh's punch. Not that I'm saying they had a gallon. Suddenly a brass band struck up outside, and there was the greatest cheering you ever heard, and the faces against the window, and the women lifting up their children to look at the two gentlemen. 'I'd no idea we were so popular,' said the Lord Lieutenant. 'How this warm-hearted people are misrepresented,' said the Chief Secretary. ''Tis a little address in Irish they want me to read to you,' said Father Hugh after he'd opened the window. ''Tis all about the causeway to Iniscolomb. Ye're the most popular man in the county to-day.' 'What causeway?' they asked together. 'Ah sure, the little bit of a bridge ye consented to build last night.' 'I don't remember it,' said the Lord Lieutenant, and there was a twinkle in his eye. 'If it gets out, it will give a great handle to the enemy,' said the Chief Secretary; and then they listened to the Gælic address with the greatest of good humor. You can see the bridge in the sun now. It might be a spider's

thread made of silver and hung with dewdrops, but 'tis only granite. My hand to you, Father Hugh, you're a great man!"

He turned roguish eyes towards John Corbett's appreciative face.

"I'm glad that you're not after saying that it was unfair of Father Hugh. Plenty of your countrymen would have said it. You must meet Father Hugh. He's a grand pattern of the Irish soggarth. He was never done but once. That was one night when Mr. Ryall, the parson, who is a great chum of his, had dinner with him, and the night proved too stormy for him to go home, so Father Hugh offered him half his bed. They dropped on their knees either side of the bed to say their prayers. Father Hugh said all his and maybe a trifle over. Then he lifted his head and there was Mr. Ryall's still buried in the quilt. Poor Father Hugh was a bit stiff and cold, but said he to himself, 'Here goes; I can't be beaten by a Protestant!' and he started the prayers again. He got through his office for the next day: it was the next day by that time; and still there was the parson on his knees. Poor Father Hugh went back to it, though his knees were near broken by this time. Would you believe that it was four o'clock in the morning when Mr. Ryall lifted his head. 'Glory be to goodness,' says he, 'I fell asleep on my knees.' 'Ye rogue,' said Father Hugh, 'and was that what ye were keeping me out of my bed for that you might have your beauty-sleep out?' He could scarcely kneel down for a month, the poor man."

"I should certainly like to meet Father Hugh," said Mr. Corbett.

"I turn in at this white gate," said the doctor. "Poor Katie Curran, far gone in consumption, poor child. There's only a little alleviation possible. But I must tell you what Father Hugh said to a Mr. Morphew, a Dublin Jackeen, who had no better manners than to tell Father Hugh that it was the Catholic Church was responsible for the misfortunes of Ireland. 'Tell me, now, Mr. Morphew,' he says, and he looking as innocent as a baby, 'is Morphew the Protestant for Murphy?' The gentleman had n't a word to say. He belonged to a family of the Murphys, and the youngest son had changed his religion and his name in the Penal days in order to get hold of the property. He's a great man, Father Hugh McKeevor is, entirely."

(To be continued.)

CARDINAL SATOLLI BLESSING FILIPINO CHILDREN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN ST LOUIS.

Among those in the group are Archbishop Glennon and Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University.

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ADMINISTRATION BUILDING WHICH CONTAINS THE VATICAN EXHIBIT.

SOME FEATURES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

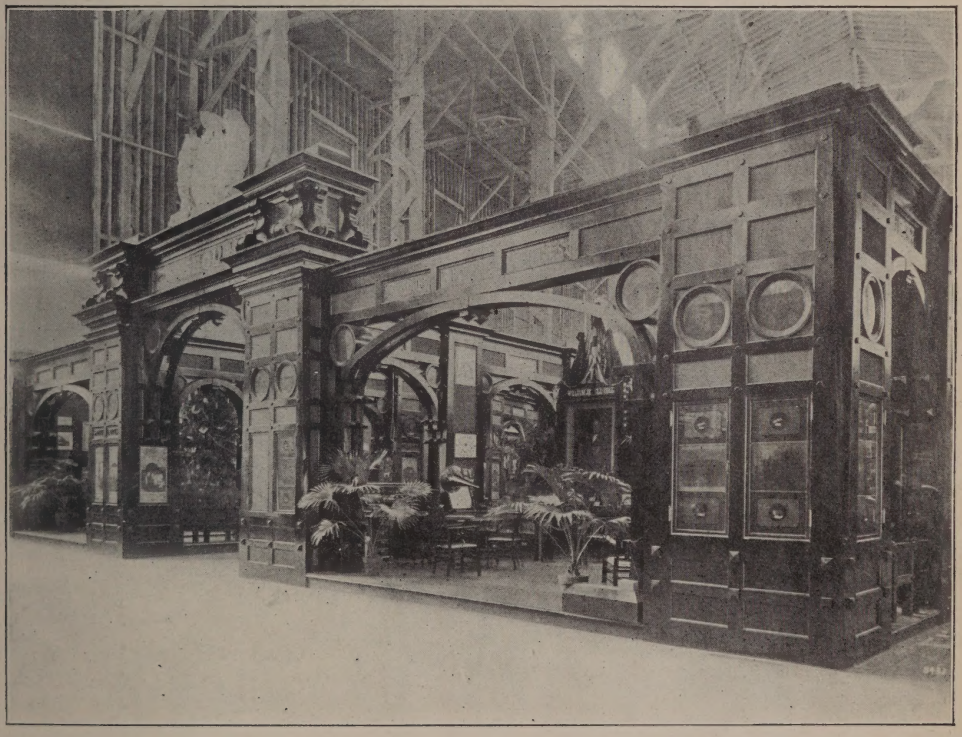
THE VATICAN EXHIBIT.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.

Catholics, when visiting the St. Louis Exposition, will naturally seek out the Vatican Exhibit (at an early stage of their travels) in order to examine at leisure the treasures sent by our Holy Father, Pius X, to this international display of artistic and scientific triumphs. As long as Leo XIII lived, President Francis cherished the hope of securing for the St. Louis Fair the loan of some of the numberless Jubilee presents received during his long reign by the venerable Pontiff. These, it was well-known, represented the highest development in every branch of ecclesiastical art and they would have been to all visitors not only a source of pleasure but also of instruction. But as these trophies of Catholic skill had all in course of time been scattered, it became necessary to devise another form of exhibit which would give to the citizens of the new world some idea of the marvels contained in the Palace of the Popes. How could this be better accomplished than by sending examples of the work done in the Vatican Mosaic Studio together with photographic representations of the priceless literary and artistic glories of the Vatican? In accordance with this idea a collection was formed by Father Ehrle, S. J., which, while not as showy as many of the other collections at the Fair, will prove far more acceptable to the thoughtful and the scholarly.

The Vatican exhibit was placed for safekeeping in one of the cluster of permanent buildings known as the Administration Department. This group of buildings forms part of the future seat of Washington University, an institution of

higher education. They are situated on a tract of land 110 acres in extent and are held under lease from the University Corporation by the Exposition Company. They are substantially built of red Missouri granite, laid in broken range rubble, with quoins and ornamental courses of cut stone. The Administration offices are in the University Hall, the largest of all these edifices. It is a magnificent structure, built in the Tudor Gothic style, with a majestic archway surrounded by four towers. To the right of University Hall stands Cupples Hall, built on the same lines and of the same material. The exhibits of exceptional historical value were housed in Cupples Hall and here, consequently, we find the Papal collection. At first glance we are struck by the rich array of mosaics, those unsurpassed products of Roman artists, which, composed of tiny pieces of a secret composition, are so deftly joined together that they present to the eye a smooth, unbroken surface. There are mosaics of saints and mosaics of ordinary mortals, mosaics of buildings and mosaics of animals, mosaics of flowers and mosaics of fanciful patterns, clear in design and brilliant in execution. What a tribute they are to the intelligence, the skill, and the artistic power of the Roman workmen!

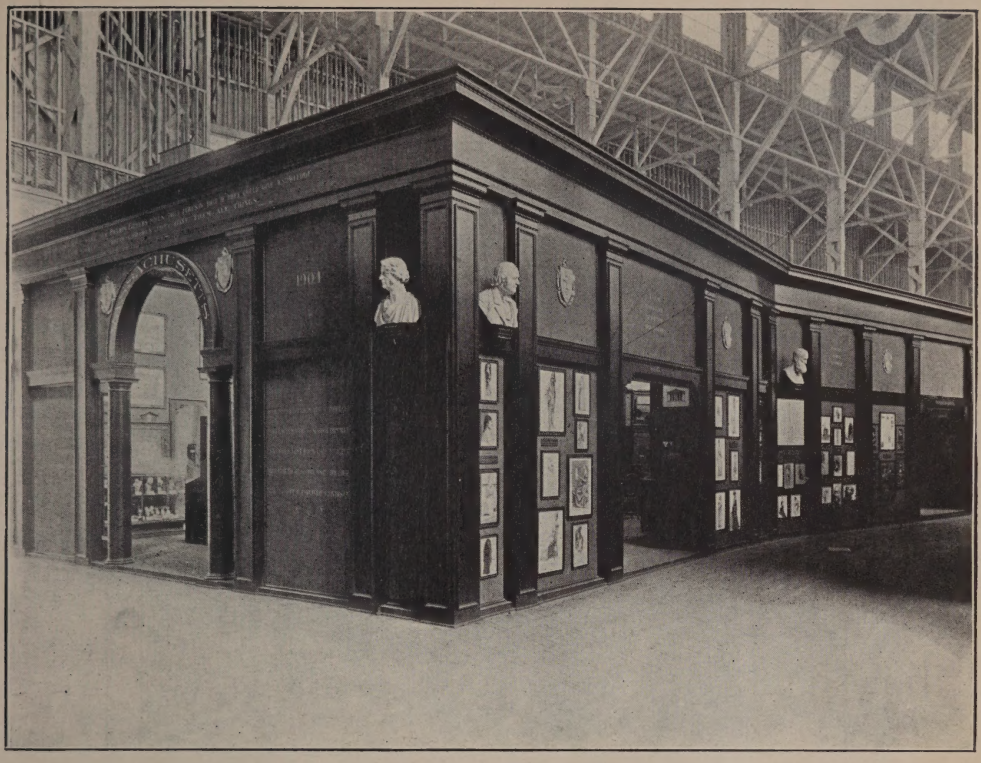


MISSOURI EXHIBIT IN PALACE OF EDUCATION.

Passing from the mosaics to the photographs of buildings and of manuscripts, the scholar will linger long over the latter. What a key they are to the valuable treasures of the Vatican! Here we have a copy of the Greek Vatican Bible, written in the fourth century, there a copy of the Roman Virgil carefully penned in the fifth

century; here the Vatican Virgil with fifty miniatures, the only one of that kind in existence, boasting of an antiquity of fifteen hundred years; there the miniatures of the Greek Psalter of the twelfth and thirteenth century, once the property of Ulrich Fugger, that great encourager of learning; here we have photographic copies of the earliest Papal documents regarding America, full of interesting information; there we have a splendid copy of the miniatures of the Christian Topography of Cosmas, surnamed Indicopleustes (that is, Indian navigator) the merchant, the traveler, the geographer, the monk, whose voyages led him to the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, Abyssinia, Socotra, Western India and to Ceylon, and who, while denouncing as an heathen invention the doctrine of the rotundity of the earth, attempted to show that the tabernacle in the wilderness was the pattern and model of the universe. When to these and to many other copies of manuscripts we add the fine photographic views of the decorations in the Borgia apartments and in the Sistine Chapel and of the exquisite ivories of the Museo Cristiano of the Pontifical Library, it will be seen that the Vatican Exhibit is one upon which the reflecting traveler may dwell with profit and with pleasure. The collection also includes a striking death-mask of Leo XIII. It is almost startling in its reality, so perfectly formed are the features and so natural the expression. It was a dramatic scene, when Cardinal Satolli, during his memorable visit to the Exposition, stood, wrapped in thought, by this cast of his devoted friend and benefactor, the illustrious Leo of Carpineto.

GROUP, INCLUDING MISS FLORENCE HAYWARD, PRESIDENT FRANCIS, ARCHBISHOP GLENNON, AND MAYOR WELLS AFTER VIEWING VATICAN EXHIBIT.

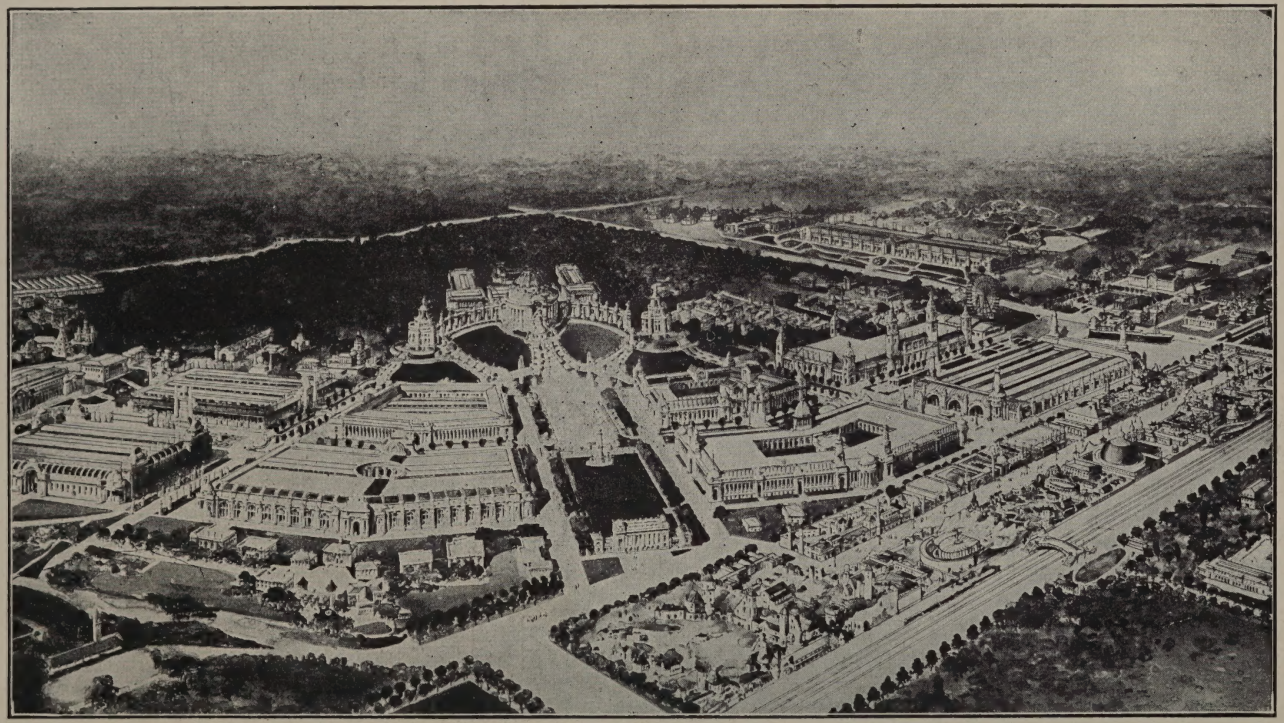


MASSACHUSETTS EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

THE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Of all the exhibits at the World's Fair, that upon Education is certainly the most complete and the most imposing. So numerous, indeed, and so pressing were the demands for space that, for the first time in the history of Expositions, an entire building has been devoted to this important branch of national development. The Palace of Education and of Social Economy is in keeping with the splendid exhibits it houses. Built in the pure classic style and adorned by a magnificent colonnade, formed of Corinthian columns of majestic size, it forms a conspicuous feature in the centre of the cluster of gorgeous palaces which constitute the chief glory of the Exposition. The building is happily placed at the foot of the eastern approach to the Terrace of States and it fronts west on the Grand Basin. To add to its picturesque setting, it is entirely surrounded by lagoons which are so spanned by graceful bridges that entrance to this building from any quarter of the grounds is a matter of comparative ease. The principal entrances are in the shape of massive triumphal arches which add considerably to the general artistic effect. Some idea of the enormous size of the Palace of Education may be gathered from the fact that the northern facade is 750 feet in length, the southern 450 feet, while the east and west sides are 525 feet long. The whole building covers 290,000 square feet, or approximately seven acres of ground. It cost about $400,000.

Internally the structure is divided into a court with surrounding corridors. With-



GENERAL VIEW WORLD'S FAIR.

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in the court are displayed the foreign exhibits and the exhibits of the American colleges and universities. The north corridor contains the exhibits of the public schools of the states and cities and of a few private schools; the west corridor contains the exhibits of the agricultural and mechanical colleges, the professional and technical schools, the art schools, the business and commercial schools and of several business houses. In the east corridor are found the exhibits of the various schools for defective children, while the south corridor is devoted to exhibits of Social Economy, that is, to exhibits dealing with public health, with factory and mine inspection, with the relations between capital and labor, with insurance, banking, and with all questions connected

PERE MARQUETTE. By Cyrus E. Dallin.

FERDINAND DE SOTO

with the amelioration of the conditions of the poor. The order and excellence observable on all sides cannot but fill the reflective visitor with astonishment and with admiration. Thirty-three states of the Union, fourteen nations of Europe, Asia and Africa, and four American cities, together with numerous private schools, have contributed towards this mass of intellectual treasures. No one can examine this collection even superficially without being struck at the care bestowed by the American people upon this all-important subject. It seems to me consequently, to be a matter of lasting regret that all our Catholic schools and colleges did not combine in order to call the attention of the leading educators of the country, nearly all of whom will visit St. Louis during

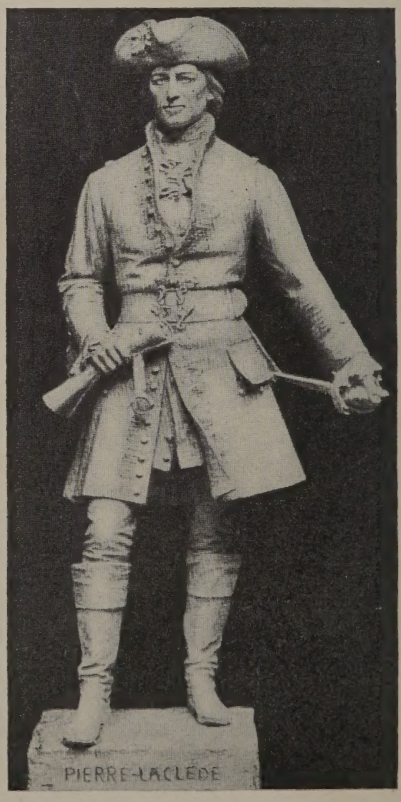
SIEUR LA SALLE. By Louis A. Gudebrod.

the coming months, to the important work we ourselves are doing in this particular.

With regard to the work placed on exhibition by the colleges and universities, it is surprising how much of it consists of professorial work and how little of it consists of student work strictly so-called. In fact, with but few exceptions, the college and university exhibits are made up almost entirely of photographs of buildings, of athletic fields, of class and team groups and of the elucubrations of professors. As far, consequently, as real student work is concerned, the exhibits were disappointing. We know fairly well what the learned professors can accomplish and we all like to examine upon occasions of this nature the work of the student-body.

A notable exception to this is the display of the St. Louis University and its seven associate Jesuit colleges in the Central states. Here there is a very large collection of student-work from the Jesuit colleges of the province of Missouri, all of a high order and some of it far beyond the general average of college exhibits. The booth itself attracts attention by its tasteful and original decorations. Finished in polished cypress wood, with the simple but significant inscription that this is the oldest university in the territory of the Louisiana Purchase, the interior space is arranged in a manner to show to the best advantage the various articles which mark the connection of St. Louis University with the development of this vast region.

On the wall are several paintings the most remarkable of which is one portraying the illustrious Marquette at that sol-



PIERRE LACLEDE. By J S Hartley.

emn moment when the mighty Mississippi burst upon his gaze; another represents the zealous Father De Smet in the act of preaching to the Sioux Indians; while a third, entitled "The Missioner's Welcome" shows an episode in Father De Smet's apostolic career. Several large maps also adorn the walls, among which is one made in Amsterdam in 1643. The curio-hunter will take especial pleasure in a collection of Indian relics made by old Jesuit missionaries from St. Louis, which also includes the journal of De Smet and a complete dictionary of the Pottawatomie language. On one of the partitions there is a gallery of famous Jesuit pupils among whom are Leo XIII, Pius IX, Archbishop Carroll, Lafayette, La Salle, Richelieu, Tasso, Corneille, Calderon and many other equally illustrious men.

Abundant specimens of class-work and many photographs of the following colleges are among the exhibits: Detroit College, Detroit, Mich., Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis., Creighton University, Omaha, Neb., St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, and St. Stanislaus Institute, Florissant, Mo. The work of the last-mentioned educational establishment is, probably, the finest student-work in the whole building. In particular, must we mention an "Essay on the Ratio Studiorum and Modern Pedagogy" by Linus A. Lilly, a brochure on "Greek Accent," by William H. Agnew and a thoughtful paper upon "Methods of Religious Instruction," by the Rev. Arthur Versavel. Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has also a splendid exhibit. This is placed among the group of Massachusetts colleges, in the Massachusetts State exhibit. This display is delightfully arranged so that it can be examined with ease and pleasure. Of all the non-Catholic universities the palm for advanced scholarship should be awarded, it seems to me, to the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, Md. Its scientific publications and the remarkable work accomplished in biology, pathology and geology give proof of scholarship of the highest order.

Turning to the school section one cannot help wishing that there had been fewer specimens of manual training and more of real mental development. Here, however, we had an abundant supply of genuine student work. For attractive surroundings and for general impressiveness the exhibit of the State of Missouri would easily be granted the first place. New York, Pennsylvania, our own State of Massachusetts, Minnesota, Louisiana and Kentucky were ably represented; even Arkansas made a really good showing. In connection with school and academy exhibits, it would be ungenerous not to mention the magnificent display made by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, by the Ursulines of the Diocese of Louisville and by the Ursulines of New Orleans. In saying this we must not be thought to exclude others, but simply to mention those exhibits which happened to strike us in our investigations which were necessarily of a limited nature.

As to foreign exhibits, the first place must be awarded to the Germans. Their display was complete, orderly, thoroughly up-to-date and most attractively arranged. No educator can examine this section without learning many a lesson in depth, in thoroughness and in broad scholarship, those qualities which are the source of the intellectual supremacy which Germany today enjoys. We advise all who visit the St. Louis Fair to linger long in the Palace of Education in order to glean the many lessons of wisdom and of practical suggestions which those exhibits so eloquently teach.

CATHOLIC ASPECTS OF THE FAIR.

A gratifying feature of the World's Fair is the evident desire on the part of the Directors to acknowledge, in most respects, the debt of the country to Catholics with regard to the growth and development of the territory included in the Louisiana Purchase. We are so accustomed to have our efforts belittled and our just claims denied that it is a source of deep pleasure to witness this frank avowal of fact and to hear of the courtesies so lavishly bestowed upon Cardinal Satolli and other Church dignitaries. It is also pleasant to notice the absence of that spirit which is so apt, upon occasions of this nature, to banish rigorously whatever savors of Catholicity. Thus, for example, the moment we enter through the principal, the Lindell Boulevard, entrance, we emerge upon a magnificent plaza, named after the great St. Louis and adorned with an heroic statue of the warrior-saint. This equestrian statue, from the hands of the eminent sculptor, Charles H. Niehaus, has been declared by able critics to be one of the finest pieces of sculpture of this nature yet produced in this country. Saint Louis is represented seated on a charger, in a dignified and heroic attitude. He is clad in mediæval armor, while the horse appears in those trappings which were worn in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Between the Palace of Varied Industries and the Palace of Transportation is another fine plaza, dedicated to the wonder-working saint of the ages, the gentle Saint Anthony.

In other parts of the grounds Catholics are well represented. There is on the East approach, Art Hill, the majestic statue of the saintly Jesuit, Marquette, whose name is indissolubly connected with everything bearing on the Mississippi. This is an excellent piece of work, as far as artistic effect is concerned, for in the fearless expression on the missionary's face and his long crucifix pointed heavenward is a clear picture of Marquette's self-sacrificing and devoted life. Some little fault might be found with this figure with regard to historical accuracy, for the garb is essentially that of the monastic recluse, not that of the Jesuit missionary.

The statue of De Soto, the Spanish explorer of the Mississippi, adorns the Plaza of St. Louis. It is in every way worthy of the talents of the well-known sculptor, E. C. Potter. It is an equestrian statue, bold and picturesque in conception and finished in execution. Not less praiseworthy are the portrait-statues of LaSalle, Laclede, Narvaez. Reneault and of Joliet. The statue of Joliet is by A. P. Proctor, whose impressive work at the Columbian Exposition won great praise from the art-critics. Alexander S. Calder, the Philadelphia sculptor, shows his power in the rugged figure of Reneault, who, it will be remembered, was the principal agent of the Company of St. Philip, a French association, especially organized for the purpose of conducting mining operations in the Mississippi valley. Fort Chartres, sixteen miles north of Kaskaskia, was selected as the headquarters, and the ruins of the massive fort which they erected may still be seen.

Catholics are also remembered in the memorial bridges which span the lagoons and in the various exhibits of the Historical Societies of the Middle-West. Examining the records of these Historical Societies, it is really astounding to see what a leading part Catholics, and especially priests, have played in the organization and development of the United States. Take, for example, the marvelous collection of original documents in the Loyola Seminary exhibit, which has a place next to the Vatican exhibit, and what a mass of first-hand testimony we find there concerning Catholic enterprise

and Catholic loyalty! What a pity that no pen has as yet told in fitting words the story of those days of courage and those deeds of heroism!

With regard to educational establishments in the Middle-West, it is consoling to learn that the first university there opened was that of St. Louis, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. In 1823, at the solicitation of the United States Government, a band of Jesuit missionaries left Maryland for the West. Their aim was to open to Christian civilization that vast and then undeveloped country. With the Jesuit missionary the school goes hand-in-hand with the church and thus the beginnings of the now-famous St. Louis university were made at Florissant, Missouri, in the year 1824, when a log schoolhouse was built for the education of the Indians in the neighborhood; but after struggling for a precarious existence until 1828, this school was with reluctance abandoned. The white students, in number about fifteen, were transferred to the newly built college in St. Louis, where classes were opened in 1829. The names of these students, sons of respectable and substantial citizens of St. Louis, were as follows: Charles P. Chouteau, Francis Cabanne, Julius Cabanne, DuThil Cabanne, Howard Christy, Alex. LaForce Papin, John Shannon, William Boilvin, Bryan Mullanphy, Francis Bosseron, Julius Clark, Edward Paul, Edward Chouteau, Thomas Forsyth, and Paul A. F. DuBouffay.

In 1832, December 28th, the Legislature of Missouri granted a charter to the institution by "an Act to Incorporate the St. Louis University;" by which instrument it was empowered to confer degrees and academic honors in all the learned professions, and generally "to have and to enjoy all the powers, rights and privileges, exercised by literary institutions of the same rank." The first regular faculty under the charter was organized on April 4th, 1833.

What the Jesuits did for men, the Ursulines, the Visitandines, the Sisters of Loretto and other Sisterhoods did for the female portion of the population, so that the intellectual development of the Mississippi valley is inseparably connected with the history of the Teaching Orders in the United States. Nor must we overlook, as it would be impossible to overestimate, the important position held by the many eminent members of the Catholic episcopacy in the growth of this region. We may truly say that just as the foundations of this great middle-empire were laid by Catholics so have no citizens been more eager than Catholics for its proper growth and for its harmonious progress along the lines of true national greatness. To this fact the historical associations connected with the Fair bear striking testimony.

That fair-minded men are delighted to acknowledge this influence and its importance was made evident from the speeches delivered during the memorable reception to Cardinal Satolli, a reception without an equal in its magnificence and its spontaneity.

THE PHILIPPINE EXHIBIT.

BY L. F. K.

The Philippine Exhibit is an attempt to present to the people of the United States a picture of the peoples and of the conditions of life in those now famous islands. Governor Taft persuaded the Philippine Commission of the many advantages to be derived from bringing vividly to the American people clear ideas of the needs and opportunities of the islands. The result has been an exhibit

which cost more than one million dollars, of which all but $200,000 comes from the Philippine insular government. There are nearly one hundred buildings in this collection, varying in size and construction from the primitive hovel to the spacious Manila cathedral.

A large piece of land, forty acres in extent, and admirably suited by nature for this purpose, was granted to the Philippine government. The grounds were laid out in such a manner that the approach represented the walled-city of Manila with various villages beneath its protection. The wall is in general outline exactly like that which encircles the city of Manila, while in the forefront there is a lake, called Arrowhead Lake, which is spanned by three bridges. Along this lake are the villages of the Moros, the Bagobos and the Visayans. There are more than one thousand people in this reservation, composed of a large detachment of constabulary, a numerous body of Filipino scouts and representatives from the different tribes in the island—so remarkable is this exhibit that it deserves a long description which we hope to give in a future number of the magazine.

Of the Christianized people the Visayans are the most striking type. Their village is located on the shore of Arrowhead Lake, close to the Walled City.

It is enclosed in a typical bamboo stockade and consists of some fifteen houses, ranging in size from the native hut to a well built theater and market.

In this village about a hundred Visayans live and follow the customs of the people, as they did in the Visayas. Many beautiful articles and fabrics manufactured by the people of the island are shown here.

The manufacture of all the articles for sale in the market is illustrated by families of Filipinos in the village. Jusi and pina cloth are made by three families, one family shows how embroidery is made, another family how to make hats, others show how mats, canes, wood carvings and novelties are manufactured. The different methods of fishing and transportation are also represented.

Several priests minister to the spiritual needs of these devout Filipinos. They have their own little church, which was blessed by Cardinal Satolli, and our cut represents the Cardinal blessing two little Visayans after the solemn dedication of this chapel.

EPISODING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

It was Josiah Allen's wife who first spoke of sight-seeing in a desultory way as "jest episodin'," a phrase that happily describes the experience of many a traveler. At the World's Fair there are two classes of visitors, the student thoughtfully and thoroughly viewing every exhibit, and the episoding class gleaning what they may of instruction and amusement. For both an appreciative mind is a necessity. Add to this clear sight, a fairly good temper, and feet that can stand cinder paths, uphill climbs, and stairway ascents, and conditions for sight-seeing may be called ideal. After one accustoms oneself to such geographical displacements as the Alps at the Wabash terminal, the Irish Village at the base of the Alps, with Asia a stone's throw away; Old St. Louis jostling Japan; and Uncle Sam's step-children, the Indians, neighboring his compulsory wards, the Filipinos, one is prepared to note intelligently the thousand and one striking features of this truly wonderful Fair.

Perhaps the most striking exhibit on

the grounds is the people, the great, cosmopolitan gathering, speaking every language, wearing every kind of costume, and representing tastes and occupations as wide apart as the Poles. To the credit of humanity be it said good temper and courtesy are common to all. Few indeed are the disagreeable incidents. Order is preserved seemingly without an effort. The officials are courtesy itself, and so equipped with knowledge that one has only to ask to be informed. A visitor who confessed to having asked hundreds of questions said that in only one case had the answer been unsatisfactory. "They couldn't' tell me where Maximilian's coach was in the Transportation Building," she said. "And I'm sure it is there somewhere, the guide book says so." For the enlightenment of future Fair-goers who may read this it may be stated here that the coach to which she referred is among the Mexican exhibits. It is the old stage coach in which Maximilian traveled in Mexico. The Hank Monk stage coach is in the Colorado section in Transportation Building. Horace Greeley and other men of note rode in it and Mark Twain uses it in one of his stories. It was attacked by robbers fifty-six times, and thirty persons were killed in these encounters. The official guide book, though not infallible —it was compiled before all the collections were in place and therefore could not provide for changes made necessary by later developments—is an invaluable aid, and with the daily program minimizes the work of seeing exhibits and at the same time taking in leading events of each day. The map helps one to group the points of interest, thereby saving steps and putting one in possession of more information in a limited stay than the sight-seer who runs about aimlessly can hope to acquire in a year.

And a year would by no means exhaust the resources. Every building contains a wealth of material for study. Take the Government building alone, with its exhibition of the developments of science from the use of anesthetics in the operating room to the demonstrations in radium given twice a day; the postal department, employing wax figures, biograph pictures, collections from the various divisions of the service, including cases of articles from the dead letter office (among them photographs of soldiers sent to this office during the Civil War, and now exhibited in the hope that they might be identified); modes of transportation of the mail—the alert carrier in the uniform so familiar to us, the Porto Rican dwadling along with the mail bag strapped to a donkey; the Alaskan, fur-clad, with sledge and train of dogs; the old stage coach that once carried mail through a portion of the Louisiana Purchase Territory and such passengers as Sheridan, Sherman, and President Garfield; its leather curtains are pierced by bullets sent through it by highwaymen; the city express, the railroad post office car with men handling actual mail, in-coming and out-going—a complete exhibit, more educational than all the text books on the subject.

"O-w-n-e-y," spelled a small boy stopping before a glass case in which, on a velvet-draped pedestal, stood a little dog, the commonest kind of a little dog, stumpy in figure, ragged, short hair, and on his canine face an almost human expression, shrewd, kindly, honest. He was literally harnessed with medals and checks and keys from all over the country, and silver plates told the curious that this was "Owney, the mail clerks' dog," their "faithful friend." It was pleasing to see how interested the children were in this homely little animal and how ready their guardians were to tell them the story of his devotion to the United States mail service. It was a lesson in fidelity that will be remembered.

The Department of Commerce and

Labor and the Library of Congress are well represented. A model of the Library is shown with a large collection of rare volumes and documents. The Department of the Interior shows the working of the patent office, with models of many machines that have developed the nation's industries, among others the first sewing machine, the first harvesting machine, the first typewriter, and the first steam engine. The Smithsonian Institute has a wonderful exhibit, including a room for the children, stocked like a Liliputian museum. In this section the National Museum makes the largest display—skeletons of extinct monsters being an awe-inspiring feature of the collection. The mint in operation, such practical lessons as demonstrations of how a well becomes contaminated with cholera or typhoid germs from a neighboring cesspool, and models of improved tenements are among the exhibits in the Treasury Department.

A model of a man-of-war, full size in width, one quarter in length, attracts many to the Navy Department. It is open to visitors, and after inspecting every part, and the guns and appliances, the interested may go to the enclosure nearby where biograph motion pictures depict every stage of the life and duties of the crew. Allied to this exhibit is the War Department collection across the aisle, where we learn that women manufacture the ammunition that supplies the army—a truly gentle industry for the gentle sex. Other things to be taken in during the visit to the Government Building are the sub-marine mine demonstration, the signal corps, the Yosemite scenery, the floating dry dock, wireless telegraphy demonstrations, and an uncanny machine that copies your signature so faithfully that if you write a bad hand, as some of us do, you will be ready to weep when compelled to own up to the slip before an interested crowd. Before leaving this section of the grounds it is well worth while to go down the terraced steps leading from the Government Building to the Fisheries and watch the seals being fed; then proceed a little farther south to the ravine where a wire cage, built to enclose full-grown forest trees, is tenanted by birds of every size and kind—a magnificent collection watched all day long by curious crowds.

Vulcan in iron, the devil in sulphur, and Lot's wife in salt are imposing figures in the Mines and Metallurgy display. The lady looks indifferent to her punishment. To be perfectly frank, no expression marked her impassive face, not even when a group of teachers entered her in their note books, no doubt with marginal comment that if the fault for which she suffered was ever feminine it is now distinctively masculine. Having discharged this duty they closed their books and opened boxes from which they drew what some one has called isosceles triangles of pie, blueberry pie, and bit into them with zest. The Tiffany display of precious stones, cut and uncut; the Yukon gold in earth, quartz, nuggets, and gleaming yellow bars; the vast coal exhibit of many sections with the machinery for mining and transporting; the many forms of mineral wealth—all make an indelible impression of the great natural resources of the country. The mining gulch should be visited in connection with the exhibits in this department.

The incidents and occurrences gleaned by the observant in passing from one place to another are diverting, and at times compel a serious thought—as when one notes the confidence of the birds who built their nest in the mouth of the lion at the south main entrance of the Palace of Liberal Arts. Not a hand is raised to destroy. The little home is as safe from the passing multitude as from the jaws of the sculptured beast. Directly in the path leading to this spot a man and a

woman stood, looking down, not unlike the figures in the "Angelus," but instead of a basket of potatoes a baby was on the ground at their feet. He was a great, heavy, square baby with an appetite for cinders, and an iron will that made him pay no heed to the entreaties of his parents. At last, goaded to desperation by his suicidal conduct, the young mother administered a stinging slap, and immediately both father and son raised their voices in protest. Overcome by this open censure and the heat the woman sat down on the edge of the platform and burst into tears. Seizing his son firmly by his square waist the man dropped him on the platform, bent over the mother, and spoke to her in a coaxing tone. "I not haf it," she declared, tearfully. "You mus'," he insisted, and hurrying off he returned shortly with a mug of beer and a sausage. Under his masterful persuasion she consented to sip the beer, then took a far-reaching bite of the sausage, looked up at the provider of the feast, and smiled. The smile was tender, forgiving—the incident was closed.

The Palace of Liberal Arts and the buildings occupied by Varied Industries and Manufactures are closely united in the character of their contents. In the Liberal Arts the Chinese have a marvelous collection showing the products of their country and the craftsmanship of the people. Carving on ivory, ebony, teakwood, painting, pottery in exquisite developments, vegetable products, skins, tools and instruments—marvels of manual skill—and presiding over all the quiet, slant-eyed men in native garb. One attendant had been in America two months and spoke English well, though he still showed some difficulty in answering questions. A firm-looking lady, intent on getting information first hand, lined up in front of him. "Are any of your people fair—light—fair—light?" she repeated perseveringly, indicating at the same time a blonde young woman who was unconscious that she was being used for an object lesson. He shook his head emphatically. "No fair Chinese," she said aloud as she entered the item in her book, and then began to price articles like any other woman. Two ancient porcelain screens of great beauty of workmanship are exhibited by the Industrial Institute of Pekin. It is impossible for any one "jest episodin'" to make a thorough study of the contents of this palace, but the range of exhibits may be imagined from the following list of articles noted in an all too brief visit: Opium and other products of the poppy, with the queer little knives for separating the gum from the plant; a pipe organ with a mechanical player; Japanese compositors setting up a Japanese paper; hundreds of Chinese birds stuffed by Chinese taxidermists; the exhibit of the German Library Association of Leipsig; an American photograph gallery; a collection of door-knobs made by French artisans; Siamese paper manufacture, and Japanese silk culture.

Holland, Denmark and Germany have splendid collections of china in the Varied Industries, a set of Dresden plates depicting scenes in the life of Napoleon being greatly admired. Great Britain has a model of King Edward's yacht, with many other things; Japan, lacquer ware and enameled pottery; and the Persian section makes a beautiful showing of rugs and draperies. It is needless to say that opinions vary as widely as the exhibits, and that individual taste is not always up to the standard. "Don't rush along so fast, John," implored a visitor whose husband whisked from place to place. "I can't half see things." And "I've had enough of this," announced a stout, elderly lady, sinking into an inviting seat, "I can't go a step further, I'm all stiffened up." "You know the story of the old war-horse,"

reminded her escort, a college youth, gallantly, "thought it could n't go till it heard the guns, and then it made a run for the field, lickety split." Whether under the stimulus of such encouragement his companion acquired the degree of speed indicated by "lickety split" is unknown, but she at least succeeded in getting to the Hall of Agriculture, where she was seen later in the day, in the North Dakota reservation, trying to be interested in the Roosevelt cabin and the cattle brand which the President had blazed with bullets into one of the logs when he was a ranchman. Nearby there was a semi-woodland glade with American parlor rockers and the hospitable legend "Every one welcome," and towards this she directed her lagging steps. But the alert youth intercepted her. "Don't sit down," he entreated. "Keep moving, it's the best way to keep limbered up." Near the cabin, and shut in by a paling, was a papier mache cow, seeing which, a mother with a trio of boys improved the opportunity. "Our President's cow, children," she said impressively and respectfully. The corn exhibit of Missouri, and its fruit in Horticultural Hall are notable features; California makes a noble showing; Minnesota has strawberries seven inches in diameter; and everything eatable and drinkable coming from the soil, together with the implements and machinery for planting, harvesting, and marketing, finds representation here.

What a vital thing American enterprise is! There are myriad manifestations of it at this Fair, but none more novel and extensive than the floral clock on Agricultural Hill, the dial of which is one hundred feet in diameter. The numerals —made of flowers—are fifteen feet high. The mechanism by which it is worked is a marvel of human achievement. An advertising scheme that found thousands of willing promoters was the distribution of checkerboard boxes with handles, the checkers inside, and the ends inscribed with advice to use someone's crisps. These boxes dotted the landscape before the day was over, and even intruded on the evening calm of the Grand Basin.

And what a scene that Grand Basin was when night had fallen! Long before the trees began to grow shadowy against the gathering darkness the silence of expectancy made itself felt. Occasionally a ripple of laughter was heard, or the dipping of oars in the waters of the Basin; it would be a pretty touch to tell of the notes of a song floating out on the stillness, but the only one I heard was fearful, it rent the air. The singer wore the jaunty Swiss hat and feather and as he propelled his boat under the span of a bridge he raised his voice in—Was it a yodel? I have read of yodels and found them soothing in novels, but if that was one, that I may never hear another is my fervent prayer. An old man spoke of going home. "They are going to illuminate, Pa," remonstrated his daughter. "Don't care if they are," he answered. "Don't care anything about that. I'm beat out and—" But he didn't go home. Suddenly lines of light flashed along column, and tower, and dome, changed the cascades into fountains spraying diamonds, spanned the archways and bridges, and encircled the Basin until its waters shimmered like a sea of molten gold. It was magic, fairyland, enchantment—all the things we read about and loved in the long ago when we knew so little that we believed a great deal, and were happier.

The art and inspiration of Nast must have been bequeathed to the man who carved the cocoanuts in Horticultural Hall with ape-like representations of the immortal Dooley and his friend Hennessey "Down at Casey's wake." Fortunately there is n't much of that kind of humor in evidence. The managers of the Fair show their wisdom in keeping the Exposition, as far as possible, up to the

standard exacted by people of culture and intelligence.

The Fourth of July brought together a great crowd, a remarkable one in many ways, but particularly in the unruffled good nature shown under the most trying circumstances of a holiday spoiled by a heavy rain storm. In a very few minutes dainty silks and muslins, garden hats, white shoes, silk parasols—all the paraphernalia of a feminine dress parade on a national holiday—were quickly reduced to hopeless limpness and pulpiness, but good temper held sway; there was even much appreciation of the humorous scenes caused by the drenching rain. Thus when a general stampede for shelter took place, two girls and their escort found a vantage point under a projection of the Alps, and as the girls wrung the water from their lace hats the youth addressed himself to the flying crowd: "This way, ladies and gentlemen," he cried in the tones of the showmen, "We are the wettest people on earth. Absolutely no charge to look at us." The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran had been announced as the orator in Festival Hall, and Hon. W. Jennings Bryan was to speak at the Louisiana Purchase monument, but the storm caused a change of plans, and at the hour announced Mr. Bryan and his party appeared in Festival Hall. They indulged in much lofty rhetoric and won the applause of the assembly, a very large one, augmented by the presence of many whom the rain had driven in, among others the omnipresent woman with a baby. The baby evidently stood for both gold and silver, so impartial were the yells with which he punctuated the platform eloquence. This hall holds the grand organ, said to be the biggest in the world. It has 239 movements and 10,059 pipes, but it is only mild exaggeration to say that it was admirably adapted to the range of that infant's voice.

On the platform there was a feast of oratory, regular Fourth of July oratory. The speakers complimented one another, they complimented the nation, and the nations they admitted to the Exposition. One gallant speaker declared that on this day the Goddess of Liberty had no party politics. "It was the one day when she put on her low-cut gown and went into society." Mr. Bryan was given an ovation. Every word he spoke was closely followed, and when he asked, "Do you love your Government well enough to die for it?" the applause was tumultuous. Even the bi-metal baby seemed willing to stake his life for his country—a sacrifice that more than one present would have accepted cheerfully. Festival Hall has a superb dome, crowned by Victory, —a Victory modeled by a woman, Miss E. B. Longman,—is pierced by a row of bullseye windows, and terminates in an Ionic colonnade. The rain beat upon it fiercely, and forced a leak at one point from which great drops fell on a chair in the auditorium, a chair that was a joy to a group of youngsters of both sexes held in captivity by the storm. Every latecomer, rain-draggled and perspiring, seeing in it a chance to rest his weary limbs, took possession eagerly—for a moment—the next he stared upward with a puzzled expression, rose hurriedly, and made his escape before another drop had a chance to splash on his uncovered head. The youngsters' smothered mirth was shamelessly encouraged by the unmistakable laughter of some older folks, who ought to have had a greater sense of propriety.

Festival Hall, with the east and west pavilions—the three connected by the colonnade representing the states erected on the Purchase territory—forms a screen for the Palace of Fine Arts, which in color and architecture is out of harmony with the general scheme of the other buildings. The fine arts fill 134 galleries besides the grand court of international sculpture forming the centre of the main building.

The foreign exhibits are in the side pavilions. France has nineteen galleries in the west wing, displaying oil paintings, inlaid furniture, wrought metal and other art work. Japan fills five large rooms with a collection of carved gems, enamel work, embroidery, and priceless antique prints. Spain, Russia, Italy, and Belgium have wonderful exhibits. Cuba, and the Argentine Republic are also represented here. Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Austria, and Canada, fill the east wing. America occupies the main building, where thirty-two galleries are none too many for the classified exhibits—contemporaneous, retrospective, and the loan collection, which includes masterpieces from American galleries, public and private. Wood carving, architecture, pottery, decorative glass, wood and leather burning, china painting, and sculpture are shown in a bewildering profusion and variety of designs.

Here and there a picture fairly starts from the wall, arresting the attention even of visitors who have no knowledge of technique or color schemes. Such attention is the highest tribute to art. A gallery of Presidents of the United States painted by a Mexican artist is an unusual exhibit. It will always be a problem why people who are bored by pictures frequent art galleries. They are always in evidence, languidly consulting catalogs, and venturing inane comments. One critic remarked that a portrait reminded him of Bouguereau's art "The face was so soft;" and exclamations of "Is n't that natural?" and "How cunning!" were very much in order.

The touring public numbers many a one lacking the true spirit of appreciation. An incident noted in a side trip around the Niagara Falls scenic route happily illustrates this. When the car reached Queenston, a passenger, evidently a man of money and affairs, asked a tourist who got on at that point "Anything going on up there?" "It's just lovely up there," was the enthusiastic reply. "From the Heights you can see the lakes and all over the country, or you can walk round General Brock's monument—"

"Don't know as we care anything about old Brock, do we, dear?" he interrupted, turning to his companion. She hesitated, seemed to struggle with her memory, then spoke up with great animation in voice and manner. "Why, George, don't you remember when we were here before? Wasn't it somewhere near where Brock fell that we got the lovely fish dinner for thirty-five cents?" It was. The next stop. And they got off, but not before the lady had expressed her approval of the way "They name places around here. You know what to expect. You remember, dear, how puzzled we were when we went to 'Frisco, about the Golden Gate! We were so disappointed."

On emerging from the east wing of the Fine Arts Palace and following the road a comparatively short distance, as distances are measured at the World's Fair, one comes on Grant's cabin, hidden in the trees near the unique Oregon building, and not far away from Kentucky and Texas. While looking for the last-named building a visitor lost her way. Advancing towards her was another woman, with hat very much awry and her arms filled with instructive literature. "A higher education woman," speculated the lost Texas-seeker. "She looks as if she might know everything. I'll ask her where Texas is." And she did. "Texas? I'm sure I don't know where it is," was the reply, accompanied by a weary, harassed look. "But they're all back there in a bunch somewhere." "Texas?" queried a small boy, who was next appealed to—"Do you see that sorter dome? That's Texas." And Texas it was, at its best, the scene of a pretty reception given by Mrs. J. B. Wells, the hostess for that week, in honor of Cardinal Satolli, who with Archbishop Glen-

non, greeted a large number of guests. It had been a busy day for His Eminence, bringing to a close his inspection of the Fair, but smiling, unwearied seemingly, he stood for more than an hour, evincing a kindly interest in every one presented to him.

Every Fair-goer visits the Pike, where there are forty attractions to choose from. All may be visited at a total expenditure of twenty-one dollars, but a very much smaller sum will cover admission to the most interesting. Individual taste decides what these are. "I don't recommend anything to anybody," a wise man said to a group of friends. "I think Creation is worth fifty cents, but you mightn't! Let folks find out for themselves, I say." This is not bad advice.

The human advertisements on the sidewalks shout themselves hoarse: "Just in time now to visit Hereafter;" "This man is a prince in his own country;" "Al—a—look;" "You can't say you've seen the Exposition unless you've seen how that beef's cooked;" "All the big battles of the world fought here!" "Creation! Creation! about to begin!" "See Paris, the only free thing on the Pike." And so they go,—a bewildering medley of cries, mingling with the laughter of the people, the stamping of animals, and the music of many bands. The place is instinct with color, life, motion—humanity in a kaleidoscope.

The Irish Village on a July afternoon was tranquil, soothing in its apparent freedom from hurry or care. From above St. Lawrence Gateway a persistent voice addressed the Pike through a megaphone. It was a persuasive voice as well, though all it said was "Hal-yo! Hal-yo!" with much geniality and enjoyment. Passing through the frowning gateway one gained admittance to the court and to the theatre which is said to have harbored the "stage Irishman." This nondescript individual has been the cause of much unhappiness to the management, and it is a wholesome sign that he has been compelled to move on. He is nowhere to be seen in the enclosure. The stage presented biograph views of Ireland's beauty spots, and a pretty little one act play depicting Irish village life on "Granny Kelley's birthday." Granny with her white cap, smoothly-banded silvery hair, neat dress, and smiling old face, was a granny to be proud of. She loved Irish songs, and being queen of the revels by right of her birthday she commanded her little circle at will. A young lady with a fine voice sang at her bidding Kathleen Mavourneen, Mary, and The Wearing of the Green. Granny loved dancing, so the doors were laid on the floor and two boys, and a little girl in white frock and scarlet cape, danced step dances as only Irish dancers can. The music and the stepping proved so irresistible that one by one Granny's friends joined in, and the curtain went down on Granny herself surprising them all by springing from her chair and whirling in the dance with astonishing lightness and grace. It was all very pretty, restful, and satisfying as an intermission in a round of sight-seeing. To attempt classic Irish drama under the conditions obtaining at a fair was a great mistake. A learned divine, a man of wide vision and great love of humanity, once said: "After all, the brilliantly intellectual are comparatively few. We like to think that we are erudite, are profound students, but we do not stand the test. If we did our lecture halls and classic recitals would be crowded, and minstrel shows and light entertainments sparsely attended."

But the theatre in the Irish village is merely a detail of the whole display. The vital interest centres in the industrial exhibit, which reflects the life, ambitions, and occupations of the people. The public should know more about this feature. From it we learn of the economic resources of Ireland; her general industries; home, cottage, and art industries;

the progress of education; the minerals and raw materials; agricultural system and products; the fisheries; and a miscellany of other information. The lace, pottery, metal work, stained glass, and Donegal rugs, were fine exhibits, the last-named showing the actual process of weaving with Donegal weavers at the loom. The lace work, embroideries, and paintings of the convent schools are beautifully executed, fully sustaining the world-wide reputation Irish girls have won by their deft handiwork. Donegal, Sligo, Leitrim, Mayo, Kerry, and Cork, have admirable exhibits in care of the Congested Districts Board, and the photographic exhibit helps one to a better understanding of how such results were obtained despite adverse conditions. Dean Swift's chair, valuable old silver and glass, silver plate of the seventeenth century, antique furniture, weapons, banners, uniforms, the sword of Phelim O'Neill and many other objects of antiquarian interest are included in the Historic Loan Collection in the upper hall. Here also is a gallery of famous Irishmen.

Leaving the Irish village by the Four Courts, where, instead of be-wigged legal gentlemen, waiters move to and fro, one passes under the walls of Ross Castle, and with little effort arrives so conveniently near the Alpine Village that a call is in order. And no more pleasing time could be chosen than the early evening, when the sun touches the Alps with purple and rose, and darts quivering javelins of golden light at the leaden-framed windows of the little chalets perched on the mountain side. The village church with its picture of the Virgin, its quaint stairway—up which men and women in native costume, with jaunty hats and feathers, troop decorously when the bell in the tower summons all (and patrons in particular) not to prayer but to a reproduction of the Ober-Ammergau performance—is a bit of old-world rural architecture restful alike to mind and eye. If it were not an ungracious thing to complain of trifles where the illusion in general is so perfect one might ask for the removal of the sign "Barber shop east of the church." No reasonable mortal could object to having the Alps tunnelled for restaurants, but a shave or a shampoo! The thought is as incongruous as adding an American dress suit case to the Alpine outfit of William Tell.

Foreign appreciation of the American idea is noticeable in many foreign exhibits. Thus in Jerusalem a camel rejoicing in the name of "Bedelia" vies with its brother "Holy Moses" for public patronage, and in an eastern-looking enclosure, with splashing fountain in the centre and divans lining the walls, duplicate portraits of President Roosevelt hold up a linen scroll on which is inscribed in English "Welcome." Near the entrance to the Bedouin village stood a young woman in college cap and gown, who might have graduated from an American college a month ago, but she bears an unpronounceable name and is an occult personage who tells the past, the present and the future. To reach Jerusalem I had followed implicitly the instructions of a "Jefferson Guard." I followed a cinder path, went round the Walled City, crossed a bridge, and finally stopped at Zion's Gate, where two men were making a demoniac noise with a species of drum. Dragomen are in attendance, and no one can complain of lack of attention. They are the most industrious and tireless of showmen and salesmen. The chanting of wares from the booths, the cries of the camel drivers and fortune-tellers, the exploitation of the Bedouins by a native, whose slow, conscientious pronunciation of English is delightful, fill the air with sound. A beautiful little child in Bedouin dress toddled about the square, her face aglow with laughter, her chubby hand held out now to one now to another while she lisped "Ave a wide," a phrase learned no doubt from the drivers who impor-

tuned every one to have a ride, and succeeded in getting an unwary visitor to mount a camel. She must have weighed two hundred pounds, and as the animal rose to its full height her shrieks were enough to discourage less daring spirits. Travelers who have been in the Holy Land say that this reproduction of Jerusalem is wonderfully accurate, others claim that it is disappointing; it is certainly unique, an actual city covering eleven acres with three hundred houses and twenty-two streets. The Mosque of Omar, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Jews' Wailing Place, and the Mount of Olives are among the features here reproduced. The doubt rises to the Christian mind whether it is helpful to reverence to have a reproduction of the tomb of Christ exploited as a paid attraction by a tobacco-chewing, expectorating showman in American garb.

The State and Territorial buildings, the Foreign buildings and their exhibits, the Queen's jewels, the Indian village, the manifold beauties of the cascade and Grand Basin, the statuary on the grounds, and many other exhibits and objects challenge attention, even if one can only "run in and out," as one sight-seer declared was her intention. Suiting the action to the word, she forced her unwilling feet up a steep bank, while her companion firmly declining to go any farther sat down on the roadside to await her return.

But these "episodin' " experiences grow too numerous. Was it not Hopkinson Smith who intended to delight his friends with his reminiscences of a European tour, but only succeeded in boring them? They wanted to tell him about the installation of a town pump during his absence, and in their pre-occupation over the calamity of a flooded cellar had no thought to spare to his Mediterranean notes. The mind is more appreciative when it deals with the known—which is all the more reason why people who have not been there should visit the Exposition. It is an education in itself; the rates are reasonable; though one must add a liberal percentage to many published estimates of daily expenses; the heat not intolerable; the management almost perfect, ensuring conditions that make it possible for even the timid to see the Fair with comfort, so environing are the provisions made for the protection of guests.

The intending feminine visitor will do well to leave her best clothes at home. Cool, sensible clothing that will launder, and cannot be spoiled by chance showers, conduces to greater enjoyment. Apropos of this important matter it may not be amiss to recall here an amusing incident that happened on the writer's return trip, at one of the stopping places along the Niagara Falls scenic route. Among the passengers was a young woman, athletic in build and coloring; she wore a long, loose coat with patch pockets, a high linen collar, four-in-hand tie, mannish gloves turned back at the wrists, shoes that might have belonged to her brother, a Panama hat with severely plain band, and an umbrella with folds tightly furled around the walking-stick handle. A linen skirt was an inconspicuous part of her attire. To complete the illusion her hair was coiled flat against her head, every wisp held in place by a closely drawn net. When the car stopped it was surrounded by young venders of cherries, among them a little girl, who, despite the bolder tactics of the boys, succeeded in making several sales. Coming within view of the Panama hat the child paused, a puzzled look creeping into her brown eyes, from which she brushed back the tousled hair as if it were responsible for her bewilderment. But there was n't much time for thought, the boys were moving up; so, standing on one bare little foot, the girl reached up until her head came above the floor of the car and thrusting her basket of fruit towards the athletic young woman she exclaimed, with a query in each word, "Cherries? Sir?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

Modern Spiritism. By J. Godfrey Raupert. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price $1.35.

To some persons at the present day a critical examination of spiritism might almost seem like wasting time. A few years ago when the craze was at its height the wonders of spiritism created quite a stir, but as the novelty wore off they ceased to interest men of science and were almost ignored. There is no doubt that the phenomena of spiritism are mainly the results of trickery and clever manipulation, but there are other wonderful occurrences of this order which cannot be cast aside so lightly. How to explain these is the problem which Mr. Raupert's work endeavors to solve!

He does not regard spiritism as something to be ignored: on the contrary, as he said in his earlier work on "The Dangers of Spiritism," he looks upon it with great concern. While the author may perhaps paint a picture a little too severe in parts, yet his general contention of the danger from this quarter is undoubtedly true. This he endeavors to show from an examination of the phenomena and an inquiry into their causes. The ultimate cause he holds to be *diabolical* intervention.

By careful analysis of the evidence the author first shows the impossibility of the hypothesis adopted by spiritists themselves, viz. that they hold converse with the spirits of the departed. The explanation from "multiple personality" and "subliminal self" offered by some psychologists he shows to be equally unsatisfactory. This theory has this much in its favor that it recognizes the necessity of postulating some cause other than mere imposture to explain the facts adduced; but, says the author, it fails in a vital point, since everything goes to prove that the cause of spirit phenomena must be an intelligence distinct from the person of the medium. This intelligence cannot be a departed spirit, and hence the only resort is to the theory adopted by many Catholic theologians that such phenomena can only be the work of evil spirits.

While this conclusion is nothing new it would be a gain to modern religious thought if it were more fully realized by Catholics. We cannot afford to pass by such a cult with a mere scornful laugh when we know that perhaps through the mouth of the trance medium the prince of darkness is speaking. To bring Catholics to a true idea of the importance of the question has been Mr. Raupert's object. A convert to Catholicity, he has seen in the past the real nature of spiritism and the dangers thereof and filled with a sense of its enormity he has resolved to expose, as far as he can, its fraudulent proceedings. This book deserves to be read by Catholics and by all, and its conclusions ought to be followed by a sturdy opposition against the progress of spiritism in modern life.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1904. $1.50.

The first chapters of this stirring tale, a story of adventure, love and war, carry the hero, Davy Ritchie, over the Cumberland Mountains to share the fortunes of the famous leader and Indian fighter, George Rogers Clark. General Clark, Tom McChesney, the loving and lovable Polly Ann, the women of the St. Gré family, and Nicholas Temple and his mother are strongly drawn characters, taking part in a drama that ends with the peaceful conquest of the great Louisiana Territory. At the present time there is a special interest in a novel based on such a theme. The St. Louis of that time differed widely from the city towards which sightseers are directing their steps to-day. Here is Mr. Churchill's pastoral description of it, as seen through the eyes of David Ritchie:

"A great peace hung over the village, an air of a different race, a restful change to a Kentuckian. Clematis and honeysuckle climbed the high palings, and behind the privacy of these low, big-chimneyed houses of limestone, weathered gray, could be seen their roofs sloping in gentle curves to the shaded porches in front, or, again, houses of posts set upright in the ground, and these filled between with plaster, and so immaculately whitewashed that they gleamed against the green of the trees which shaded them. Behind the houses was often a kind of pink and green paradise of flowering fruit trees, so dear to the French settlers. There were vineyards, too, and thrifty patches of vegetables and lines of flowers set in the carefully raked mould."

Of New Orleans, too, we are given a vivid picture,—of the villas; the levee bank; the Place d'Armes, thronged with gayly-dressed people; the newly-built cathedral, and the procession emerging from it on the feast of Corpus Christi. "Flaming soldiers of the Governor's guard, two by two; sober, sandalled friars in brown, priests in their robes —another batch of color; crosses shimmering; tapers emerging from the cool darkness within to pale by the light of day. Then down on their knees to Him Who sits high above the yellow haze fell the thousands in the Place d'Armes. For here was the Host Itself, flower-decked in white and crimson, the gold-tasselled canopy upheld by four ton-

sured priests, a sheen of purple under it—the Bishop of Louisiana in his robes."

Monsieur, talking to David, thus briefly speaks of the passing of the disputed territory into American keeping: "To-day at noon the flag of Spain was lowered from the staff at headquarters. To-night a guard of honor watches with the Tri-color, and we are French for the last time. To-morrow we shall be Americans." The closing paragraph describes the ceremony: "The little company of soldiers was drawn up before the low stone headquarters, the villagers with heads uncovered gathered round about. I saw the Stars and Stripes rising, the Tri-color setting. They met midway on the staff, hung together for a space, and a salute to the two nations echoed among the hills across the waters of the great river that rolled impassive by."

In an "afterward" Mr. Churchill explains his choice of title:

"This book has been named 'The Crossing' because I have tried to express in it the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself. The Crossing was the first instinctive reaching out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant. No annals in the world's history are more wonderful than the story of the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee by the pioneers."

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. By the Right Rev. E. G. Bagshawe. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price $1.25.

The attitude of very many Catholics towards the psalms could hardly be characterized as one of extreme enthusiasm. They feel the beauty and the piety of the psalmist's inspired words but in their practical life they give but little thought to David's beautiful utterances. The cause of all this lies chiefly in the unattractive manner in which they are presented in versions at hand. The thoughts running throughout the psalms are unrivaled in beauty; they are inspiring, but to the average reader a certain degree of amplification is necessary. A translation giving this realistic and amplified sense has at last appeared in the work of Bishop Bagshawe.

Translations of the psalms, however, are not without difficulties. As they stand, the psalms are rugged and, we might almost say, disjointed. On the other hand, there is often the temptation to allow one's own fancy and desire for elaboration to obscure the meaning of the original, thus causing the product to appear rather an adaptation than a translation. To neither one of these extremes has Bishop Bagshawe gone. He has polished off the original and given us a smooth and thoroughly literary rendering, yet throughout the whole the spirit of the royal psalmist stands forth, only brought into clearer relief by the skilful work of the author.

This is not Bishop Bagshawe's first effort along this line. A few years ago he published an English translation of the Breviary hymns. Both works show him admirably fitted for the task. Both fill a long-felt want in Catholic literature and both deserve a wide circulation among English-speaking Catholics.

Essays of Charles Lamb. Selected and Edited with Introduction and Notes by George Armstrong Wauchope. Ginn & Company, Boston. 50 cts., by mail 60 cts.

"The Essays of Charles Lamb" appears in the publishers' well-known Standard English Classics Series.

Dr. Wauchope's edition contains not only thirty-three of the most popular Elia papers, but the four essays on Hogarth, Shakespeare, Wither, and the Elizabethan Dramatists, as representative of Lamb's best work as a critic. The introductory essay by the editor is a fresh, sympathetic, and judicious appreciation of the author's character and work. It is accompanied by a chronological table and short bibliography. The Notes are the most adequate ever presented in an edition of Lamb, and embody the results of ripe scholarship and several years of laborious research. Accompanying the Notes on each essay is a set of questions and review topics illustrating the editor's original pedagogical methods of teaching literature. The volume contains a complete index.

Consoling Thoughts From Father Faber; selected and arranged by Mary Winifred Hall. R. T. Washbourn, London. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1904. 45 cents.

A good idea has been carried out in this little book. With a proper sense of responsibility to the author the compiler has made many selections of substantial value—one for every day of the year—forming a collection of consoling thoughts from the pitying heart of Father Faber that will appeal irresistibly to burdened lives, convincing them that darkness as well as light comes from God, and that in Him is their refuge in all sorrow and affliction. This little volume is of the kind we like to have near at hand, to be taken up at any time, and always with confidence of gaining courage and comfort.

Francis Parkman. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. $1.10 net.

The heroic career of Francis Parkman is the subject of this latest addition to the "American Men of Letters" series. Mr. Sedgwick bases his work upon the historian's

diaries, notes, and letters, and gives a particularly full account of his youth.

Parkman's plan of writing history was formed early; his travels fixed in his mind the scenes and figures which he was to portray, and the rest of his life, as is well known, was spent in the retirement of an invalid scholar's chair. His working time was frequently reduced to less than half an hour a day, yet the greater part of his career was one of such tenacity of purpose and such magnificent endurance as has scarcely a parallel in the history of American letters.

Many personal letters are used to show his close friendship with the great men of his day.

Oxford Conferences on Prayer. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. St. Louis. Herder. 1904.

Fr. McNabb in a series of Conferences, which have been slightly embellished for publication, takes up the consideration of the important subject of prayer. Among other points he discusses "the nature of prayer," "the theology of prayer," and the "psychology of prayer." He has thus a splendid opportunity to meet the objections urged so fiercely against the theory and practice of prayer by a certain school of so-called scientists. Father McNabb places the difficulties in the strongest possible light and in forceful and well-chosen words shows the flimsy foundations upon which they rest. The book should appeal strongly not only to the learned theologian or to the erudite philosopher but to all educated Catholics who desire to become adepts in the science of the saints, the science of devout, intelligent, uplifting prayer.

Territorial Aquisitions of the United States. By Edward Bicknell. Small, Maynard & Company, Boston. 1904.

Though brief, this account of the acquisition of territory by the United States gives in convenient form much information relative to the Northwest Territory, Louisiana, Florida, Oregon, Texas, the Mexican Cessions, the Samoan Islands, and Panama. It is a useful book to add to the reference library.

QUESTION BOX.

I was lately asked the question: How many fishes were in St. Peter's net at the great fishing? What ought I to have answered?

The answer to this inquiry is found in the words of St. John. For in the Gospel of the beloved disciple, chapter XXI, verse 11, we read: "Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land, full of great fishes, one hundred and fifty-three. And although there were so many the net was not broken."

Who was St. Brendan, declared by some writers to have been an early discoverer of America?

Saint Brendan was a native of Kerry where he was born towards the close of the fifth century. His early youth was passed under the care of St. Ita, who devoted himself to the special care of the young. When St. Patrick was journeying through Kerry he prophesied the birth, sanctity, and greatness of St. Brendan. While the account of his voyage to America cannot be relied upon absolutely there is nothing at all improbable in it. The incident is usually related as follows: We are informed that St. Brendan, hearing of the previous voyage of his cousin, Barinthus, to the Western Ocean, and obtaining from him an account of the happy isles he had discovered in the far West, determined, under the strong desire of winning souls to God, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself. And aware that all along the western coast of Ireland there were many traditions respecting the existence of a Western land he proceeded to the Islands of Arran, where he remained for some time holding communication with the venerable St. Enda, and obtaining from him much information on what his mind was bent. Having prosecuted his inquiries with all diligence, Brendan returned to his native Kerry; and from a bay sheltered by the lofty mountains now known by his name, he set sail for the Atlantic land, directing his course towards the southwest, in order to meet the summer solstice. After a long and rough voyage, his little bark being well-provisioned, he came to summer seas, where he was carried along, without the aid of sails or oars for many a long day. This, it is thought, was the great Gulf Stream. He brought his vessel to shore either near the Virginia Capes, or somewhere along the New England coast. Landing here, he, with his companions marched steadily for fifteen days into the interior of the country, when he came to a large river, thought by some to be the Ohio. This river the apostolic adventurer was about to cross, when he was accosted by a person of noble presence, who told him that he had "gone far enough, that further discoveries were reserved for other men, who would, in due time, come and Christianize all that pleasant land." This voyage took place about the year 540 of the Christian Era.

St. Brendan, after his remarkable voyage, returned to Ireland where he founded the celebrated Abbey of Clonfert. He died in the year 577 at the venerable age of ninety-four.

SUMMER STUDIES.

HAY-MAKING.

PUB
LIBRA

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"VIVA PIO X." (THE PONTIFICAL HYMN BEING PLAYED.)
The Holy Father on the Throne attended by the Pontifical Court.

AN AFTERNOON WITH PIUS X.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

Little by little the pontificate to which Catholics are already bound by indissoluble links of fealty and devotion is being brought ever closer to the heart of the people by the tenderly-human hands of Pius X. Never was this fact brought home to the mind more clearly than in a recent visit to the Vatican, when the Sovereign Pontiff received the committee and members of the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith." This association was instituted during the latter half of the pontificate of Leo XIII, for the object of combating the insidious and persistent ef-

forts of proselytizers of foreign nationalities (more especially American and English) to undermine and destroy the faith of the poor of Rome. Naturally these efforts are principally directed against the young, and the Catholic Preservation Society is accomplishing, under overwhelming odds, an active rescue work, in spiritual and corporal works of mercy, such as First Communions, retreats, and spiritual instructions, and the founding of crêches, schools, shelters, soup-kitchens, etc.

Many cardinals, prelates and religious orders have interested themselves in this essentially needful work, while the members of various religious institutes have lent their valuable co-operation for the spiritual assistance. By way of rewarding and encouraging the efforts of the association, the Holy Father graciously consented to receive all the members in collective audience, and tickets were distributed for the event, to take place on June 19th. It was announced beforehand (to the universal satisfaction) that the audience would be an outdoor one. Those who had already been fortunate enough to assist at similar functions, given last autumn to the various parishes of Rome, were glad of an occasion of renewing their impressions of one of the most picturesque sights ever seen in Rome, while those who would be present for the first time looked forward to the event with pleasurable anticipation. "In case of unfavorable weather the audience will be deferred to the following Sunday!" so ran the text on the tickets of admission, but there was no necessity for the precaution. A glorious June afternoon with the sea-breeze blowing over the crest of the Janiculum, straight from the tideless sea; a cloudless sky, and the

WAITING FOR THE HOLY FATHER.

DURING THE PAPAL DISCOURSE—PIUS X. SPEAKING.

Sabbath afternoon stillness of the Vatican broken in upon by hundreds of men, women and children, thronging the "Cortile di San Damaso," that noblest of palace-courtyards. Usually its great spaces are silent and deserted, except for the clank of the spurs of the pontifical gendarmes, pacing back and forth on sentry duty, or the carriages of cardinals and ambassadors, arriving for audiences, awaking the echoes on the paving-stones. But to-day, contrary to expectations, its lofty dimensions seemed more than usually extended, populated by the few thousands who scarcely appear to fill it. The pontifical throne is erected against the pillared portico at the further end of the court on a high raised platform;—a Swiss guard on either end. All around the cortile the members of the society are assembled; the committee and zealous propagators of the work on each side directly under the platform; then the members and associates, the young men attending the "Irish Christian Brothers' Night School for Foreign Languages," and finally the hundreds of white-dressed, white-veiled young girls and children from the various schools and institutes, marshalled by the good Sisters who have done so much for their spiritual and temporal welfare. It is a characteristic gathering. Restless, bright, eager, happy, chattering volubly in their excitement, it is difficult to keep the children quiet, and, to do them justice, after they have been assigned to their places in the cortile, no one seems to try.

Not even the presence of various bishops, in all the splendor of episcopal purple, and the prelates, monsignori, and chamberlains of the papal court, who flit to and fro among the crowd, seems to exercise the slightest embarrassing or constraining effect. Here a resplendent papal dignitary—the Pontifical Master of the Chamber, (one of the most important personages in the Vatican world) in flowing violet "ferraiolo," purple sash, and wide-brimmed hat with crimson cord and

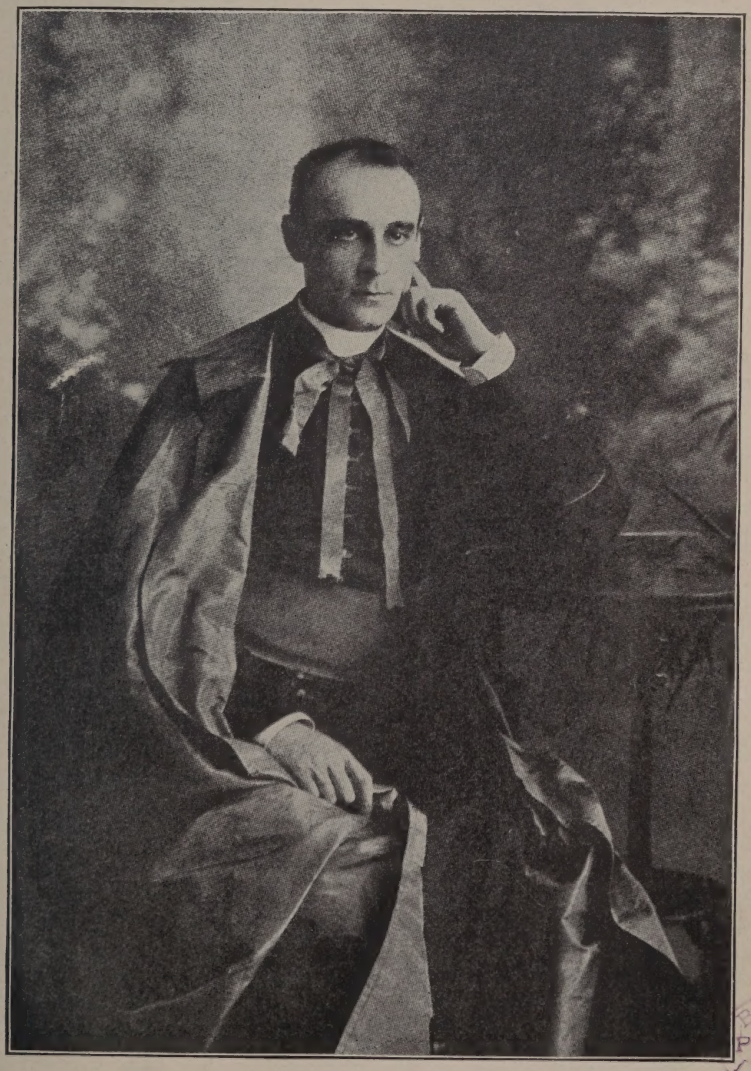
tassel,—stops for a moment on his busy way to pat the cheek of a tiny child who is far more interested in the manipulation of a paper flag than in appreciating the honor done her. Again an hereditary office-bearer of the papal court, an elderly marquis, in all the gold-lace splendor of court uniform, his cocked hat under his arm, makes his way with difficulty through the serried files of children. Unabashed by his magnificence they are scarcely willing to let "His Excellency" pass through their ranks into the open space in the centre, and they eye him suspiciously as if to say, "Why may *you* go, if we cannot?" Even the big pontifical gendarmes only smile the easygoing smile of the giant on pigmies when a small truant from the ranks crosses their beat, to make investigations of the Pope's palace.

Presently there is a stir in the court. A carriage thunders up to the carriage-entrance, and a cardinal descends, making his way up the side and disappearing under the portico. It is the Capuchin Cardinal Vives y Tuto, his coarse brown robes making a curious contrast to his scarlet cardinalatial "zucchetto." Then comes a prince of the holy Roman Empire, resplendent in orders and decorations, and followed by a group of black-veiled ladies, standing out prominently from the summer costumes around; (black is not obligatory at these out-door gatherings) then a number of the Do-

POPE PIUS X.

mestic Prelates of His Holiness, (among them Very Rev. Monsignor Kennedy, the Rector of the American College) easily distinguishable by their violet "ferraiolo" and sashes, and the crimson silk cords

white-veiled girls and children. In a point of vantage on the left side of the cortile a photographer has set up a series of gigantic cameras, in order to take cinematograph pictures of the scene.



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CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

and tassels on their wide-brimmed hats. Group follows group in quick succession, meeting and mingling in the crowd; and forming points of varied brightness, thrown out by the solid white masses of

One wonders, in looking at it all, if the sombre mass of the Vatican ever before looked down upon a scene of such animation and brightness, so different from its usual state and pomp. All is ready

and waiting, and expectation quickens as hour and half-hour chimes from the great clock over the throne. At intervals a sharp ring of the "lift-bell" creates a false alarm, and sends the crowds at attention, the children standing on tip-toe and eagerly jostling each other for a first view of the Pope. As the clocks strike half-past six, and all eyes are concentrated on the high raised platform, where the Pope is expected to appear, a small group of figures, unnoticed at first, quietly fills the small doorway to the left of the portico. Then the crowd catches a glimpse of the tip of a white "zucchetto," encircled by a group of burnished helmets, but that *one glimpse* is enough to send a mighty shout of welcome ringing through the court, together with a burst of music, as the band strikes up the pontifical hymn. In an instant the great cortile is a white forest of waving flags, magical in effect, as if a flock of sea-gulls, flapping their wings, had descended in sudden flight. As the thousands of flags catch the afternoon breeze, there is a rushing murmur through the court, as of a mighty wind.

The Holy Father has come. As the solitary unmistakable white figure emerges fully in sight, from the environment of scarlet and purple robes and uniforms and is seen in bold relief against the archway, raising his hand in blessing, enthusiasm redoubles. A second the Sovereign Pontiff stands there, a smile pervading the gentle face whose half-wistful melancholy strikes the spectator afresh every time it is seen. Then almost as if obeying a sudden impulse His Holiness has turned away from the direction of the raised platform, made a step downwards, and in another moment he is among the delighted crowd, walking with quick decisive footsteps through their ranks, making the complete tour of the courtyard, and giving his blessing as he goes. In his generous thoughtfulness our Holy Father cannot bear to send anyone away

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, FROM THE TIBER

without a sight of him, and not one person present—not even the tiniest mite (whose only hope of a sight of "il Papa" had been a lift on some sturdy shoulder) but is gratified by a long satisfying look and a special blessing. His Holiness is escorted by four cardinals, his soldiers and the members of the papal court; but the brilliant escort is left all unnoticed. They are but so many unwelcome obstacles in the way of the people's view of the Pope; and there might be only the *one* figure in the cortile; for the crowd have eyes for the Sovereign Pontiff alone as he passes along smiling, fatherly, apparently enjoying to the utmost the pleasurable surprise caused by his spontaneous act of kindness. The people's unmistakable delight must have been manifest to the Holy Father—even in that almost *gasp* of pleasure which arose in place of a shout, as he came down among them. They could hardly credit their good fortune. They had come prepared to see the Pope, but from a distance; to hear him speak, to receive his blessing. But that he should pass so near that they could kiss his hand surpassed their wildest anticipations. Such a little deed of fatherly kindness to cause such keen satisfaction; but it is by deeds like these that Pius X. daily endears himself even to the humblest of his universal flock.

Followed enthusiastically by the people who crowd about him from every side, the Holy Father makes his way around the entire cortile, then mounts the raised platform and takes his seat on the throne, while the band again plays the stirring strains of the pontifical hymn. The color-picture presented by the scene at this moment is more striking than words can depict. In description it would seem an agglomeration of brilliant color almost too intense and exaggerated, yet the reality forms an effect in which an artist would glory! Violet, purple, scarlet, crimson, every gradation of the dominant note of red, caught up and repeated in a blending, which seemingly daring is yet an all-harmonious setting for the pontifical figure in the centre—a study in purest white. The Pope's face is turned slightly in profile; the white hair with its upstanding lock escaping from the white "zucchetto"; the hands crossed on the white soutane; and about his whole pose that slight yet unmistakable droop, not so much of shoulders as of head, so characteristic of His Holiness' bearing when seen in repose. What is that indefinable something about the aspect of Pope Pius X. which suggests to the mind of one who sees him an embodied "Fiat voluntas tua!" It may be but an idea, nevertheless the impression is ineffaceable.

Surrounding the Sovereign Pontiff stands a notable group of the Sacred College—all members of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith—His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, (President of the Association) Cardinal Cassetta, Cardinal Martinelli and Cardinal Vives y Tuto. Beside the brilliant scarlet of their colleagues in the purple, the black and brown robes of these two latter cardinals of the religious orders, in the respective habits of the Augustinians and the Capuchins, emphasize a note of decided contrast which renders their sombre figures perhaps even more striking and remarkable than those of the other cardinals, court officials, and soldiers. An address on parchment is presented by the members of the committee to His Holiness and to the cardinals; then the Pope rises from the throne to speak to the gathering, advancing to the edge of the platform in order to throw his voice out as far as possible into the utmost limits of the court. There is no need to impose silence on the people; quietly they have

crept nearer and nearer to the platform, not to miss one word of the papal discourse. It is not an every-day privilege to listen to the gospel of the day explained and commented upon by the visible head of the Church on earth. The Gospel is that of the "miraculous draught of fishes;" — most singularly appropriate coming from the lips of the actual successor of Simon Peter. What a wonderful and solemn thought! To that white figure standing here before us—on his lips the gospel message which he carries so faithfully in his heart—were also spoken the words—"Fear not! From henceforth thou shalt catch men"—fateful words, which, on the eve of his great calling, terminated all human doubts and difficulties born of a deep humility.

"And leaving all things they followed him!" There is a shadow of solemnity on the Pope's face as he speaks; for has not he, too, tasted of the supreme joy and pain of the Apostle who left all things to follow his Master? From whose lips can the injunction come with such authority as his—an authority not human but divine—to follow the precepts, to listen to the teachings; above all, *to cling with life to the faith* embodied in the one true Church which alone can bring us to eternal salvation? It is a stirring discourse for the object of the gathering—the preservation of the faith—and amply calculated to animate the fervor of those engaged in the work. As the terse, vigorous, telling sentences proceed, welling up spontaneously from a heart so impregnated with the practical meaning of the Gospel that its message must bear fruit in the minds and hearts of all his listeners, the conviction is borne in upon us that we are blessed indeed in a pontiff who fulfills one's highest ideal of the successor of St. Peter—St. Peter's humility, St. Peter's impetuosity, St. Peter's burning zeal for souls! "And leaving all things they followed him!" Those words will remain ever imprinted on the mind as a living memory of Pius X. His Holiness seems to close the short discourse almost unwillingly, as if his words had but inadequately expressed the intense desire of his apostolic heart to win and keep all souls for God.

During the course of the papal address one casts a glimpse occasionally through the closely-massed crowds in the cortile; all intent on following the precious words of the Pontiff. Only a few groups of tired little ones, weary with play and heat, and eluding the vigilant eyes of the Sisters, detach themselves from the central mass. Their baby-attention is wandering; the grown-ups are fully employed; and they take the opportunity of seating themselves lightly on the steps leading to the grandest library in the world; they are busily engaged, with precocious feminine care, in *taking off their white veils* and carefully folding them up—the while the thrilling accents of the silver-tongued pontifical orator ring out resonant through the court. More than favored children! as yet unrealizing the great boon they enjoy—that mere being in the presence, and hearing the voice, of Christ's Vicar on earth,—a boon which many a Catholic at the ends of the world, would give much to realize. "As children in their Father's house!" Yes, verily; and Pius X. would have it so; as his Master and theirs once gathered the children about Him.

Finally His Holiness solemnly imparts the apostolic benediction to all present. The audience is at an end, but when the high clear voices of hundreds of children join in a parting hymn, the Holy Father, (as if divining the intention of detaining him as long as possible) returns to the throne, with an indulgent smile, to listen to the sweet yet untutored chorus of childish trebles. Suddenly from the very midst of the crowd comes a flutter of

snowy wings, an upward wheeling flight. In a second the scene seems changed. We are no longer shut in by the massive encircling walls of the Vatican; but out in the free broad space of St. Mark's square in Venice, where the white doves rise in circling spiral columns. Someone has conceived the beautiful thought of letting loose a hundred carrier-pigeons, to mark this occasion and in memory of the Pope's beloved home. Slowly, with the soft delighted cooings of liberty and freedom, the exquisite creatures disperse, the sunset glory glinting on their wings, as they soar out, above walls and boundaries, into the cloudless ether—the incarnate poetry of motion. One dove lingers long behind its mates, under the Vatican eaves; then wheels high above the courtyard, where it balances itself with infinite grace; finally, spreading its pinions and rising slowly, almost reluctantly upwards, disappears straight into the radiance of the western sky! With uplifted head the Pope's gaze follows the doves intently, wandering from one bright group to another with kindly smiling interest; in which, for once, there is no shade of habitual melancholy. Yet for that very serenity one knows the feeling must be deeper. Surely under the smiling exterior the thoughts of the kind heart have gone out with the carrier-pigeons, in a sharp momentary pang of homesickness for the fair sea-city, which even yet Pius X. cannot speak of without a rush of tears to the eyes! Strangest of inequalities—it strikes one curiously, more in this open courtyard than within the Vatican walls—the birds and the children are free as air, yet he in whose hands is earth's grandest spiritual dominion, is a prisoner, if even in a palace; and that wide-open doorway through which the crowds are passing and repassing forms a barrier between the Pontiff and the outer world more effectual than iron bolts and bars.

The "great white Father" has gone from among his children; the people have dispersed, but the occasion will remain in the mind as a glimpse of something quite apart from every-day life.

THE ROSE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Why is the rose, beyond compare,
The queen of flow'rs? 'Tis not more fair
Than many others—nor so rare.

Its dainty petals, folded tight,
Enshrine a heart—or red, or white—
That breathes of love—exhales delight.

O, mystery of Nature's art—
'Tis just that quality of *heart,*
That sets the rose for e'er apart.

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

(Author of "A Lad of the O'Friel's," "Donegal Fairy Tales," "Through The Turf Smoke," &c., &c.).

At one time, a couple of hundred years ago, Ireland bade fair to be a land of cottage industries, but a blight fell. The British Parliament, at the instigation of rival English manufacturers, killed off some of our chief industries by statutory measures; others ceased to exist because of obstacles that spontaneously sprang up in the way—obstacles which, with very little wise direction from a patriarchal Government,—if we had had such,—could have been removed or surmounted; and others again ceased through a mere temporary paralysing of trade. After a little time, when these last should have resumed, the people who had conducted them wanted spirit, energy and encouragement to start them again; for it was during the penal days that most of our industries died.

Amongst other callings, our people were formerly great woolen manufacturers; great linen manufacturers; producers of iron on a very extensive scale—from bog iron ore; and to some extent miners. There is no reason why the two first-named of these as well as the two last named should not flourish again in Ireland; and also why many other industries should not be added. We have the raw material for many manufactures. We have labor in abundance at reasonable rates. We have empty jails, workhouses, castles, landlords' residences, etc., spread all over the country, which would be sold for a song, and which could be turned into excellent factories; and we certainly have, in addition, cottages and cottagers enough for extensive cottage industries.

It is, I think, the cottage industries that would be most beneficial to Ireland. When I say beneficial, I do not use the word in its worldly sense merely. I believe the cottage industries, whereat boys and girls would perform their work around the sacred stones of their father's hearth, would bring with them by far the greatest amount of truly happy prosperity. When I look to the great manufacturing centres of England and Scotland, and know, as I do know, the appalling amount of drunkenness, wretchedness, misery, and vice of all kinds in these manufacturing cities, I say in my heart, "May God preserve us from such aggregations of factories, misery, and degradation." And I say rather than introduce such degradation into our country I would prefer to see our people remain in abject poverty, since in that poverty they have ever retained an elevation of soul, and a gentleness and happiness of heart that is beyond all riches.

Although in England and Scotland, vice and misery always flourish under the shade of the great mill-chimney, it may possibly happen that it is not necessarily because of the mill-chimney that they flourish; and it may be that the great manufactures that sow money and misery at once in Great Britain might not necessarily do so in Ireland. It may be, and I believe would be, possible to introduce factories in the country parts of Ireland without harmful effect provided they be set down singly, and that the hands employed be the ordinary boys and girls,—farmers' sons and farmers' daughters of the districts—boys and girls who, notwithstanding their work in the factory, would not lose hold upon the healthful soil. Anything that is poisonous, morally speaking, in the atmosphere of the factory, would be rendered innocuous by the

healthy country air, and after a little time that part of the country would not be one bit less country because of the introduction of the factory. I know of a few places where this has been tried, and where the experiment has succeeded in a manner that is most gratifying.

But a man's own roof-tree throws over himself and over his family a sacred shield that averts from all whose lives are mostly spent underneath it the arrows of sin and the darts of degradation. Under the family roof-tree health of mind and happiness of soul flourish as, strangely, they cannot flourish elsewhere; so the happiest family, as well as the most lovable family, is that which earns its support by work done in its own house. The next happiest are those that earn their living under strange roof-trees, where, however, the preserving family atmosphere exists; and the least happy, least lucky, are those that earn their living under roof-trees in which there is no family atmosphere—that is to say, in factories.

What Ireland needs, then, in the industrial way, is first, the stimulation and fostering of the already existing cottage industries; second, the founding of further cottage industries; third, country factories; and, fourth, the development of the mines. For all these Ireland is at the present day, prepared, and her people very eager; and in these there are, I believe, good openings for speculating not merely with Irish capital (of which, alas! we have too little) but with Irish-American and American capital, also.

At the present time our chief cottage industries, some of which are practised in one part of the country, and some in another, are the spinning and weaving of woolens by hand; linen hand-manufacture; sprigging; embroidering on linens and muslins; knitting; shirt-making; lace-making; crotcheting. The other very few large industries that we have are whiskey-making (for which we need not take much credit), and linen and woolen weaving in mills. There are, of course, a few isolated instances of other industries (as ship-building in Belfast) which need not be set down here. The spinning and the weaving, both of which naturally go together, are practised in some portions of the west coast of Donegal, Galway, and Kerry; but the chief home of this kind of work is Donegal; and the Donegal tweeds are presently famous, and bringing a very high price throughout the world. This is a most beneficial industry, because in the first place, it makes the keeping of sheep in these poor mountainous districts pay better; then it gives employment to the women and girls in carding and spinning the wool; finally the man of the house who may work on his farm during the day can sit down to his loom in peace and content in the evening, and sit down to it also in peace and content on wet days, when otherwise he would be idling by the fireside; then again, the women find employment in dyeing the cloth with vegetable dyes. This home weaving is an ideal occupation for our mountain people, and one too that presently pays them very well. There is a great amount of hand-made tweed turned out in Donegal; and there is no reason why such an industry, that is both pleasant and profitable, should not be extended more widely over the country. Donegal tweeds, which have many virtues and many recommendations in their favor, could by a little direction be much further improved so that they would answer not merely for fashionable wear, but likewise as a substitute for the coarse, hard-wearing cloths of the laboring classes. It is impossible to say how much money is sent out of Ireland annually for foreign cloths, but the sum is enormous, and if all our people would do as many of our enthusiasts are doing, that is consent to wear no cloth of other than Irish manufacture, the impetus thereby given to weaving in Ireland (both hand-loom and mill) would

be enormous, and it would re-act most favorably upon the country.

The linen weaving, both hand-loom and mill, is carried on almost entirely within a radius of twenty miles from Belfast. At one time the whole north of Ireland wove linens, and the people were prosperous; but owing to various causes the manufacture of it shrank away half a century ago, and gradually narrowed itself into the small area I have indicated. And it is feared that even in that area it may become extinct, for the competition from the continent is too keen. The linen weavers of the east have always been more comfortably circumstanced and much more highly remunerated than our woolen workers of the west. There are about a dozen cloth manufacturing mills scattered over the country, North and South, from Donegal to Cork. They are doing a much greater trade since the recent revival than they had done. Their stuff is becoming more widely known, and more highly appreciated, and our people are discovering that, after all, it pays to support home manufacture.

Shirt-making is a home industry, to a large extent limited to an area of thirty miles radius from the city of Derry—which city is the headquarters of it. Sprigging or embroidering of muslins and linens is chiefly a Northern industry also, and is practised particularly in the counties of Donegal and Down. It gives the girls of the household much work to do, but at a very poorly paid rate. If a girl sit at it all the day long (in which case it is an occupation trying upon the health and eyesight) she might earn a shilling (or a quarter dollar) for a day's work. Some girls do sit at it so, following sprigging as an occupation; but they are few. As a general rule girls take up their sprigging at intervals of their work, and upon spare evenings, and thus they make use of time that otherwise might be wasted, to turn for themselves a few shillings that will help to purchase articles of dress. Lace-making, which so far, has been introduced in Ireland only to a very limited extent,—in a few places here and there over the island,—is a much more profitable employment than sprigging, but it needs a longer apprenticeship. Irish girls though, are particularly deft, and I believe that if lace-making were introduced much more widely it would flourish in Ireland. Crotcheting has not been widely introduced. Knitting, which all the Irish girls can do, is the worst paid of all the home occupations. Irish women do their knitting for English houses in competition with English machine-shops. The machine-work is of course not remotely to be compared with the Irish women's hand-work, yet strange to say, they are paid for hand-work prices that are not much higher than are given for machine-work.

Paper-making is an industry that in Ireland has greatly increased within the last five years, and an industry that is certain to increase still more in future, as the Irish industrial revival coerces newspaper proprietors as well as private individuals to support home in preference to foreign manufacture; soap-making has also increased much, but there is still a tremendous amount of foreign soaps in our country. It would almost seem that the Irish shoe-maker was going to become a man of the past. Shoe-making was at one time a great and flourishing trade in Ireland. That time is gone, and now we find only cobblers where formerly were shoemakers. The importation of the foreign ready-made shoe,—the English shoe, the Scotch shoe, and the American shoe, —and its general adoption by our people, great and small, ruined the country shoemaker. The tailor has been affected in like manner, though not to a like degree.

Ireland has ever been admitted by authorities to be rich in minerals. A couple of hundred years ago many mines were worked, but in the troublous times these mines were allowed, one by one, to fall

into disuse, and were never opened again. Ireland has silver, copper, and lead in abundance which only need enterprise and capital to bring them to the surface. We have also a fair amount of coal in places scattered all over the island—both stone-coal and wood-coal. Some of it is continuously being raised, but it is being worked in too petty and too unenterprising a fashion either to attract the attention of outsiders or to pay sufficiently well those who are engaged in it.

Now, Ireland suits industries, and Ireland needs industries. It is our duty to foster and develop those already established, and likewise introduce other suitable ones. Those already established are not widely enough spread over the country, with the consequence that presently three-fourths of the girls of the country (to say nothing of the boys) have no profitable work to take up in their homes at the many times, and on the many days, that they are unemployed. It would be a good thing if some philanthropist, well posted in such matters would introduce into Ireland an industry that, while being suited to our people, would at the same time offer for its products a ready market.

In Ireland, we import many millions of pounds worth of material over and above what we should import—that is to say, many millions of pounds worth of materials that we could manufacture as well and as cheaply ourselves—cloth, paper, soap, starch, shoes, caps, &c., &c.

The growth of the new spirit is prompting the people every day more and more to support the home in preference to the foreign article. There is a good opening, and there is good hope, for the extension and multiplication of the manufactures; and at such time men of enterprise and men of capital from outside the island, since we may not have them from inside, would be welcomed, and would in Ireland find fit and profitable channels for their enterprise, energies, and money.

TWO QUATRAINS.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

I.

POVERTY.

For her, no spring of hope, so fair,
No rosy summer glad appears,
Her eyes are filled with autumn tears—
They see the winter—white Despair.

II.

TRANSFORMATION.

At dawn, I gazed into an opening rose,
Its pure, young soul was steeped in pearly dew;
At dusk, again, my sinking heart drew near
And lo! there flowered Love's white thoughts of you.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

QUARANTINE.

It was only a few days later, and the party at Witch's Castle were still at breakfast when Doctor Glenn was announced.

He followed close on Rose's heels and broke into her announcement of him. The pleasant rosy tints of his face had gone grey: sudden care sat upon his brow, gloom in his usually merry eyes. He took off his hat as he came in and wiped his forehead as though it had broken out in a cold sweat. He was plainly too troubled to think of the courtesies.

"What news?" asked Madam.

"Bad news," he said, hoarsely. "They've got the typhus on Inismacsaggart. I've been bothered about them for some days. There's a woman dead this morning, and they sent for me. Don't come near me, for I haven't had time to disinfect."

He stared at the faces round the breakfast-table which had suddenly grown pale.

"Good God," he said, "what am I to do? They can't be nursed there in their rotting cabins. There are no beds, no fires, no linen, not a basin on the island. And how can I go back and forth with the things I want?"

"Bring them to the mainland," said Madam. "There is the schoolhouse. They shall have all this house contains that may be useful to them."

"I've thought of it," he said, a clearer light breaking through the perplexity of his face. "The only thing was the immediate help. Every second they're there lessens their chances of recovery. I did it once alone when I was in the County Clare. But there it was nothing. The sea hadn't the currents that run between us and Inismacsaggart. It was diphtheria there, the children dying like flies, and the women giving them hot tea for the sore throat. I carried boat-loads of them across. It was the desolate spot, and no time to look for anyone to help me. I was doctor, nurse, and grave-digger, as well as boatman, till the help came."

"I can take an oar," said John Corbett, standing up. "I row a good deal for health's sake on the river at home. It's not quite the same as salt water, of course. Still, I have rowed in the sea."

"Why, that is two of us," said the doctor more brightly.

"Three," said Anne. "You didn't suppose you were going to go without me."

"You!"

The exclamation broke from John Corbett, almost violent in its dismay and protest.

"I," Anne smiled, and as she stood up stretched her arms as though already she was pulling an oar. " I've often rowed in that channel in worse weather than to-day; ask the doctor."

"You will not be permitted to expose yourself to such danger. Madam." He turned vehemently to the old lady.

"It is her duty to go if she is wanted," Madam said, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Miss Nan is as good as a man in the boat," said the doctor.

"As for contagion, you couldn't keep her away from them once they're here."

said Madam. "After all the way you die is nearly or quite as important as the way you live. I wouldn't have my girl a coward."

"I've sent to Mick Fannin, the Inspector of Constabulary, for help," went on Doctor Glenn, losing his bewildered air. "Those fine fellows of his might as well be doing something more useful than turning the railway stations into beauty spots. But I don't know when they'll come, and we can't wait. I can depend on you, Madam, for some help this side?"

"Wasn't I through the famine?" asked Madam, "and helped to lift the dead from the road where they'd fallen on their way to the relief? Didn't I see the ships laden with wheat sent out of Galway harbor when the people were dying for it? I was a girl of eighteen, and the famine sowed my hair with gray."

"I am coming too, of course," said the Abbé. "There's no strength in my old bones, but I'll be wanted. There's no priest nearer than four miles."

"The Inish 'll be black with them as soon as they know," said the doctor; "but that can't wait either, Abbé. We'll be glad to have you for a passenger."

Angela had been watching her father with dilated eyes. There was a great love between the father and daughter.

"You are going into that danger?" she said with a sharp catch of her breath.

"And you wouldn't keep him out of it if you could?" said Doctor Glenn coaxingly, as though he talked to a sick child whom he wanted to swallow something bitter.

Her gaze traveled on to Anne.

"And are you going too?" she asked in a bewildered way.

"Why, to be sure, dear," said Anne cheerfully. "It's my manifest duty. They are my people. I've seen lots of sickness and I'm as strong as a horse. But you" —turning to John Corbett—"We will absolve you. They are not your people and there are many things depending on you."

"All the children of Adam are my people," he replied. "I'm not as exclusive as you, Miss Daly. And I don't think that even the Abbé could absolve me. Angela will be brave. I know Angela. What are we to do with these children, Madam?"

Angela and Judy cried out with one voice to stay, but "No, no, no," said Madam. "We can't have our hearts wrung with the care of children other than the sick. Jane Kelly, Father Kelly's niece will take charge of you. I have only to send word to Jane. You had better both be quite out of the way of temptation, so you will go to Gweedore with Jane. Just at the end of the Glen there is an inn where they'll feed you and take care of you, good souls. Now no crying, no crying! Ye are to be good children."

Angela was not crying. She lifted a face startlingly like Miss Angela's to kiss her father, and let him go without a word. He looked down into her eyes. Her kiss had the anguish of parting in it.

"I am proud of my daughter," he said.

They carried a bale of blankets and some necessary things in the doctor's cart that was to take them to the boat. Through the narrow channel between the island and the mainland the water flowed like a mill-race. Short as the distance to be traveled was it took some stout rowing. The Abbé was at the tiller. Anne and John Corbett took the oars. The doctor with his medicine chest between his feet was compounding something.

The sea was blue as a sapphire, dancing and sparkling in the sun. The mountain on the island was pansy-purple. The pigmy houses were like so many boulders. One might have supposed the place uninhabited except by gulls and gannets,

that stood about the rocks and kept up a great clamor. There were about a dozen cabins altogether on the island, and there was sickness in almost every one of them. The men were away in England at the hay harvest. There were only old people and women and children left to the fever.

"What is to become of the children?" asked John Corbett.

"When the sick are disposed of," said the doctor, "we shall have to think of them. I tried to separate them this morning when I found out what was the matter, but they would creep back to their mammies. There are some children sick. When we have carried the sick across we must find a place for them. There is an empty emergency barracks at the end of the island which I think we may make use of for them. It is a more comfortable place than they are accustomed to."

Very little more was said in the boat. Presently they drew it up on a small beach, facing a row of cabins ragged as a deserted rookery. John Corbett was out first and held his hand to Anne to assist her. As she took it she sent him a glance from her beautiful eyes that made his quiet middle-aged heart beat as it had not beaten since Miss Angel died. They stood an instant, side by side on the sunny beach, while the doctor collected his belongings. The Abbé, placing a purple scarf, the insignia of his office, about his neck, as he went, was slowly walking up the incline to the nearest cabin. One or two old men came out of the doors and down the beach to offer their services.

"We shall have some help," said Doctor Glenn, beside them. "They will do anything but carry the dead in their boats for that would ruin their fishing." He was dragging out a bundle of bedding from the bottom of the boat.

"I shall never forget it to you," said Anne in a low voice, while she and John Corbett waited for instructions.

"If I had not been willing," he answered,—"I cannot imagine not having been willing—I must have followed where you led."

He took the bedding in his arms as he spoke and carried it up towards the cottages, laying it down as he came near the low doors beyond which it was impossible to see anything for the obscurity and the smoke. The Abbé was already within the first one.

"He is wanted there more than I am," said the doctor, going on to the second. "Wait here, Mr. Corbett, if you please. I shall call you when I need you. Miss Nan, I should stand as far away as possible. We don't want to expose you unnecessarily."

"So long as I'm not wanted, doctor," she answered cheerily, going farther off.

"Ah," said Mr. Corbett to himself, 'she is an example of the disciplined helper. She will not embarrass those whom she would help."

While he waited he watched her where she stood, tall and straight as a lance by the boat and the blue waters. Presently a child, then another, stole down the beach towards her, an old woman followed, then two or three more. They wore a cowed, terrified look. The sickness was a new, terrible thing to them. A little group gathered about her. She had a child in her arms. The women fell to chattering like the gulls.

John Corbett had known before what it was to pass through a deadly epidemic, but then there had been everything to fight it: here there was nothing. He had refused to leave Elsdon when the small-pox was there, though everyone who could had fled. He had sent the children away and left Minster to the old servants, taking up his abode temporarily in the ascetic rooms that were furnished

for the occasional convenience of the partners, at the top of the business premises. He had not been content to give money then: he had given personal service as well. To someone who had objected that his life was a valuable one to be put in peril he replied that one could die only once, and the important thing was to die worthily; which saying had made some of the shrewd business men of Elsdon shake their heads over him. John Corbett must have a screw loose, they felt, or he would have recognized that the important thing was to postpone dying as long as possible, to die only when life had lost all possible savor.

Doctor Glenn reappeared in the door of the cabin, took a sheet from the bundle of bed-clothing and went within again. A minute or two later he signed to John Corbett to come and bring with him the mattress which was part of the bundle. He could hardly see anything passing within from the brilliant daylight outside, and he was half suffocated by the turf-'smoke and the other foulness that it but partially covered. Presently he made out on a heap of straw by the wall something that moaned and tossed incessantly. The something had a smaller creature upon its skinny arm. He laid the mattress as the doctor directed him; watched silently, ready to lend a hand, while the patient was quietly slipped from the bed on to the strong sheet and the mattress; helped to lay the mattress on the few planks of a rotten boat which the doctor had seized to make his ambulance, and then took the foot of the mattress while the doctor took the head, and carried it out.

Anne waited for them by the boat-side. When they had laid down the mattress with the sick woman in the bottom of the boat she leant over it, and then looked at the doctor with a startled air. He came in answer and looked at the face of the baby who lay within the sick woman's arm.

"Let her keep it," he said. "It will do her no harm. Poor mite! We can take it from her when we reach the mainland."

So they set out, with a dead and a living passenger.

They made the trip half-a-dozen times, and as many times carried the sick to the temporary hospital where Madam and her helpers were ready to receive them. Anne was beginning to look very white, despite her proud spirit, when they were relieved by the arrival of three or four big constabulary men. The doctor's messenger had carried word of his need to his friend the Inspector, over the mountain, and this was the answer.

Doctor Glenn drew a deep breath when the green uniforms came in sight.

"These lads have attended ambulance classes," he said. "'Twas a fad of Mick Fannin. Take her away, Mr. Corbett, sir. She's a heroine, but she's only a woman after all. I recommend you both a boiling hot bath, with a disinfectant in it. You'll get the disinfectant if you call at the dispensary on your way home. And then a good meal and to bed."

"But yourself, doctor?" said John Corbett.

"I've got to see this through. Never mind me. I'll get home and to a bath as soon as I can manage it."

"He'll go on till he drops," said Anne, as she and John Corbett walked home together. Instinctively they walked apart as though each might communicate infection to the other. "If the Victoria Cross were given to doctors that little man should have it."

"If it were given to women . . . " said John Corbett with eyes of reverence.

"Gran ought to have it," she concluded for him lightly. "She has fought so many epidemics, so many famines. No one would think seeing her so cheerful and

indomitable how she has taken their sufferings to heart. Perhaps I ought to go back to her presently to see if I am wanted."

"They must find someone else," said John Corbett. "You have done enough, too much for any mortal woman."

Sudden tears of weakness swam into her eyes. She tried to conceal them, holding out her hands for his inspection, with a smile. There were great weals and marks on them where she had held the oar.

"Glorious wounds!" he said and his eyes said more than the words. They looked as though Miss Angel herself had leant to him out of the clouds.

"I see I shall have to prolong my holiday," he said and smiled.

"We shall have to keep quarantine at Witch's Castle," she answered.

Was there something of exaltation in both their voices. as though it were a pleasant thing to take the risk of the fever?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NECKLACE.

Never was wooing, if wooing it was, done amid such strange surroundings. For a few days there was nothing but the hospital work to be thought of. They went on till they were dazed and blind with fatigue, helping the doctor, who seemed superhuman in his energy as he was in his good-will. The epidemic had practically laid hold upon every one of the islanders. Even reinforced by Mick Fannin's boys,—and the Inspector left glens of mountain sheep and miles of desolate bogland unpoliced in order that his boys might help,—they were not enough, seeing that all the appliances were wanting.

However that was only for a few days. After that doctors and nurses, who volunteered for the post of danger, came down from Dublin, and they were free of the hospital. But still the Abbé came and went. Witch's Castle that had smelt only of the sea, now reeked with disinfectants. The talk was all of sick folk, how this one was dying and Doctor Glenn had great hopes of that one, and yet another had been hastily buried at dawn.

There was enough to do still at the improvised crêche on the island, where the children who had yet shown no sign of illness were gathered together, crying for the homeliness of the smoky cabins and mammy's breast. They had found a comfortable motherly peasant woman to put in charge, and in a very little while their own mothers would not have known the babies, so fat and clean and well-dressed were they. There was plenty of money now for everything, money given unobtrusively, with a request that it should be used without any mention of the donor.

"They must never go back," said Anne one day looking around the circle of golden heads, with a proud face. "The cabins must be razed to the ground."

"Is there a landlord?" John Corbett asked quietly.

"A very old, very eccentric maiden lady who lives in Dublin. She never comes here, but someone collects the rents for her. I don't suppose they amount to fifty pounds in the year."

A few days later he informed the circle at Witch's Castle that he had acquired the island of Inismacsaggart.

"I have for some time had a fancy for being an Irish landed proprietor," he said, with that gravely humorous smile which had made Madam declare that he must have had an Irish grandmother.

With money and good-will everything is possible. Within a few days the island resounded with the noise of the masons' and the carpenters' tools. The new landlord had decided to remove the village to

quite the other side of the island. The old village was to be pulled down, and the débris carted into the sea or burnt. John Corbett superintended the work of rebuilding with as much interest as though he had never handled bigger affairs.

"I am having a long rest from Armytage, Armytage and Corbett's," he said. "I must find some occupation for my business energies, else they will rust."

He had called to the crêche for Anne and had found her sitting on the floor, with riotous babies clambering over her, and her hair all about her shoulders. She had jumped up, laughing and blushing, in a delightful shyness which he had never seen in Anne before, and twisting up the long coils of her hair had alternately reproached the children and sent him dazzling glances of deprecation through the silk masses she was trying to get into order.

He wanted her advice about something at the cottages.

"Being English," he had said with a humility that pleased Anne," I am afraid I may go wrong. I look to you to keep me right."

"Not too fine," said Anne. "No, I think, no scullery sinks. They wouldn't know anything about them and they'd only be sources of danger. Just plain cottages with light and ventilation and good flooring and walls, and a fine coat of thatch on top of them. And yes, just the open hearth they're used to. And a hook for the pot."

"Tell me," she said one day. "What kind of a bargain did you make with Miss Lawlor?"

Miss Lawlor was the former landlady of Inismacsaggart.

His eyes twinkled.

"My men of business, who dealt with her through their Dublin representatives, tell me that she asked and got something exorbitant. I had told them to do it quickly no matter what it cost. I am going to see Miss Lawlor when I am out of quarantine. She must be worth seeing judging by the letters of the Dublin solicitors to my men."

"How good you are!" said Anne. "I used to think money a contemptible thing, but I don't think it so now that I know how it can be used in the hands of a good man."

He blushed boyishly.

"I don't know that I deserve much credit," he said soberly. "I did it at least as much to gratify myself as for . . . better things. I did it . . . in fact for you."

Anne's sudden burning blush amazed him. Her cheeks had been wont to keep their creamy coolness for him. She put up her hand nervously and fingered a long chain which she wore about her neck and which he had hardly ever seen her without, the pretty thing with heart-shaped stones of opal, closely following each other. The pendant was a round watch-shaped locket with a beautiful enamel centre and a circlet of old paste.

Another man would have spoken then, but John Corbett thought not at all of his wealth and position and Anne's poverty, only of his middle-age, his grown-up children, and the sprinkle of gray in his hair. He was quite conscious that Anne was becoming to him what Miss Angel had been, not pushing that gentle ghost out, but rather assuming her lineaments, taking her shape, recompensing him for the love he had lost. But he was a devout and humble lover, he was not sure that this lady was going to lean to him, and become mere woman for him as Dian had done for the young shepherd.

They had nearly forgotten now the first fear with which they had watched each other's faces for a sign of the fever. Apparently it had passed them by, and the outbreak was, Doctor Glenn assured

them, well in hand. The hay harvesters would come back to Inismacsaggart many of them to find themselves without the woman or the child they had left behind; but there were no more cases, the disease was being stamped out.

There was one of the young nurses who had come down from Dublin in whose praise Doctor Glenn was lavish. Doctor Glenn had not resigned his command to any of the fine Dublin gentlemen who had come upon the scene.

"Here have I," he said, "been waiting for an opportunity all my life to distinguish myself, and do ye suppose I'm going to have it taken out of my mouth the first time it occurs? Do ye think I've no women-folk to be proud of me?"

As a matter of fact Doctor Glenn's fame had spread among places and people that had never before heard of Inismacsaggart. The London newspapers had begun to refer to him as the Inismacsaggart hero, a title which alternately made him comically indignant and tolerantly amused.

"The old mother swallows every word of it," he said, "and so for the matter o' that does Sister Mary. 'Tis she is the hero if you like. She's an angel to them, that's what she is."

Now that the work grew slacker they often met the nurses out for a spin in the sea wind. Anne had taken a great fancy to Sister Mary's plain, freckled, angular, sweet face. She used to come along with her blue cloak flapping in the wind, something like a tall, lean, rather ungainly boy Anne used to think, but with that soul of goodness shining out of her face that made her beautiful.

"I want to see more of Sister Mary as soon as everything is all right again," she said to Doctor Glenn. "Though goodness knows when my employer"—Anne's eyes danced with fun—"will give me a holiday again."

So it had actually come to that that Anne's dependent state should be a matter of jest to her, to John Corbett also, who received his title with quiet appreciation. This new, bewildering, delightful Anne filled him with an amazed joy. Could he ever have imagined the transplanted Anne to be a creature like this on her own soil? And would it all pass away like a dream once the quarantine was over and they were back in Smokeshire? Would she again be the stately Anne, the big, innocent unworldly Anne of the impossible pride, and with the limited sense of humor, as he had once presumptuously thought?

"Indeed then," said Doctor Glenn, and his dancing eyes softened, his merry face became suddenly thoughtful and tender, "'tis myself is ready to help you to an opportunity, Miss Nan. I haven't had time to say a word to her, the creature, but I sometimes think by her way to me that she has a kindness for me. 'Tis myself would like to be looking after her a bit, the creature, and fattening her up and taking care of her; and the old mother would be wild with delight."

Anne seized both his hands and shook them with effusion.

"I am delighted," she said. "I know she's as good as gold. It's in her dear face. And you deserve to have her."

"I'm afraid then I don't," said Doctor Glenn. "But sure if we all only got what we deserved, Miss Nan, there'd be few men married."

It was a few days after this that Lady Finvarra imparted to her husband her discovery that Anne had given up wearing her chain and pendant.

"And what she means by it is what bothers me, Fin. She's too straight not to have a straight motive about it: and my own opinion is that she has given up wearing it because in her inner heart of

hearts she has discovered that it was all nonsense about Brian."

"Pooh!" said Lord Finvarra at least he came as near as possible to saying 'Pooh!' "The catch is broken or something."

"I wonder why I ever married a man with so little imagination," said Lady Finvarra. "Anyhow I'm going to ask Anne."

"I'd rather walk up to the muzzle of a gun than do it myself," said Finvarra. "Women are audacious enough for anything."

"You're absurdly afraid of Anne, Finvarra, just because she was the goddess of your young dreams. Anne won't snub me."

Lady Finvarra made her opportunity. It was after a quiet dinner. They were necessarily quiet for as they had all come and gone to the Inish they were all still secluded from their fellow-creatures, for mere precaution sake. She had Anne to herself in her boudoir.

"Where's the necklace, Anne?" she blurted out suddenly. She wouldn't have acknowledged for words that she was a little bit afraid and that was why she rushed on the attack. "Where is the necklace, and where is Brian's picture with the very blue eyes, and the lock of his hair?"

Anne did not answer her for a minute. She stood tall in her white gown, turning white and red, with her eyes on the ground at her feet.

"Like an adorable big child," said Lady Finvarra afterwards, describing it for Fin. "Yet Anne must be well over thirty, Fin. She was older than you when you fell in love with her, and you are no chicken."

Then she lifted her violet eyes and looked straight into Lady Finvarra's friendly brown eyes.

"Perhaps, Peggy," she said, "Brian is never coming back. Perhaps indeed that is the thing Gran and I ought to have made up our minds to. Could Brian be alive, and never send us a word all those years?"

"If he could," said Lady Finvarra, vindictively, "he would deserve to be shown the door, not to have necklaces worn for him."

"I thought," said Anne looking at her, the color coming and going in her cheeks, yet her eyes frank and her lips set to speak the truth, "that it was time for me to assume that Brian was not coming. It will be a blow to Gran .... but .... "

"My dear, everyone said you ought not to have been tied," broke out Lady Finvarra impetuously. "It was always cruelty to a beautiful young woman. Now that it may be cruelty to someone else ..."

She kissed Anne.

"We won't say another word about it," she said; and to give here her due she did not reveal the whole of the conversation even to Lord Finvarra, greatly to his relief. The good gentleman was always protesting to his Peggy that she must not betray her friends' secrets, and was uneasy under her feminine sophistry that since they were one what was told to one must be the property of the other.

The exquisite time went on, that blossom time of the year which comes between Easter and Whitsuntide, with masses of fleecy clouds in the high sky, a cloud of daisies on the earth, the birds singing in full rapture, and the whole green world as fresh as though it had just come from the hand of the Maker. Whitsuntide passed, and the imploring letters from Angela and Judy grew more and more persistent. Armytage, Armytage and Corbett clamored for the return of the junior partner.

"This time of quarantine," said Mr. Corbett to Anne, "has been a green spot in my life. Quarantine does not usually spell Paradise."

She turned his speech aside. She had put away Brian's locket and Brian's ring, but the habit of many years is not dropped in a day. She wanted time: like many another woman before her she wanted time. It is always the woman who cries "Slowly, slowly," and the man who says "Hasten, hasten;" that is if the man is in love.

The day came when Judy and Angela came back, when once more Witch's Castle smelt of nothing but sea-wind, when all the bogland and mountain and sea were bathed in clean, shining beauty as though disease and death were not in the world.

The two girls had become close friends in their isolation and the fear that bound them together.

"Let us ask Madam if we may take Judy back with us," whispered Angela, clinging to her father.

Madam heard and consented. There were still one or two fever cases in the temporary hospital with Sister Mary in charge. Perhaps little Judy was better away for some time to come.

It came to their last night at Witch's Castle. There was a sadness which at first everyone strove against, but at last yielded to as inevitable.

"To-morrow night," said Madam, "the Abbé and I will be alone. It is very sad for the old when the young go away. Not but what the Abbé has the advantage of me in age." She bowed to the Abbé in her most gracious manner and flirted her fan.

"The age of a priest can't matter," she said. "The age of a woman . . . why, a woman should never have any age."

Mr. Corbett bent over and laid his hand on hers like a son.

"They shall come back whenever you say the word," he said. "At a moment's notice, if the loneliness becomes too sad, they will return."

"We shall keep each other company, the Abbé and I," said Madam, more bright-eyed, more indomitable than ever. "I shall not send for them, oh no, not before it is time for them to come. After all I am not old nor infirm."

But to Anne when at last they were alone she made her retraction concerning John Corbett.

"To think that I should ever have said he wasn't a gentleman," she said.

And Anne was thinking of the desolation with which she had left Witch's Castle less than a year ago, of how the prospect then, of having little Judy with her and gathering the little black head to her lonely breast whenever the pangs of exile became too intolerable would have seemed. Now, Witch's Castle was no less dear: but it was true that Minster was no more the dreaded place. She wondered how she could ever have so contemned the beautiful old house, over which the shade of Angel Sachevarell seemed to her fancy now to lean benignantly.

(To be continued.)

FRÄULEIN FORSCHHAMMER'S STUDIO.

HAUS KINSCHI, DAVOS-DORF.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

Davos is a place that few can associate with art. It cannot boast even a picturesque aspect. The mile-wide valley,—in which lie Davos-Platz, and Davos-Dorf (now one "long, unlovely street"),—is enclosed by "lumpy" mountains, that is all the mountains *look* lumpy from below, except the far-off Tinsenhorn and Pitz Michel. A Tyrolese dame questioned an ex-Davoser: "How can a *high* valley be ugly? What's the matter with the mountains there?" The traveler stammered: "The Alps round Davos are like *puddings!*" and the Tyrolese, looking up at her own glorious crags, promptly understood.

THE "ODE TO IMMORTALITY" CHILD.

But all that is best in the local landscape is seen from, and near, Fräulein Forschhammer's dwelling. Haus Kinschi lies on the outskirts of Davos-Dorf, where the valley bends slightly. The Davos Lake is in full view. The entrance to the

Fluella Pass is close by. Lake and Pass lie eastward, and south-eastward, of the châlet; while, closing the valley to the extreme west, stand Pitz Michel and Tinsenhorn. The upper ranges of Schiahorn,—looking like an extinct crater,—and the daring head of Seehorn, are visible from the painter's precincts, though both are lost from much of inhabited Davos.

A YOUNG KNITTER.

Fräulein Forschhammer,—delicate-looking even in an Invalid Settlement,—does the honors of her studio with great charm. Though naturally excessively timid and retiring, the topic of art lifts her at once to a pitch of enthusiasm. My eye is caught instantly by a noble head of a man; and, beside it, another charcoal portrait, that of the artist's brother. They have breadth and power, and rivet the attention. At the opposite end of the studio hangs a highly successful oil painting, the torso of a young woman. The classical head looks backwards, over the shapely shoulders.

"Ah, but my present joy is in children's heads," cries the artist. "And how interesting is the Bündner coloring! But it is a most difficult subject of study!" A German friend here said, laughingly: "Cheeks to light a match from!"—pointing to a young face, made rosy by the fierce cold of a dozen winters in the High Alps.

A number of little girls came running to the painter's knees, and clutching at her skirts. "My best friends!" she exclaimed, then added: "And my models!" But this was quite unnecessary; for a first glance identified three of the little ones as the originals of three bright heads resting close to us on their easels. They are shown in the illustrations; but, alas, black-and-white suppresses the painter's extraordinary color-faculty. One portrait is like a Rubens' cherub;—beautiful in its kind; delight-giving, a most successful canvas; but a head of Rubens' own somewhat fleshly type. The golden head and the brilliant complexion might stand for an infant Hygeia. The cleverness of the picture takes away one's breath. It seems a miracle to get such a fulness of color-effect (and such a clarity, as of health,) from sober pigments, on a sparsely-set-out palette.

But a little cousin of "Hygeia" seems, to some of us, a more attractive subject. The face is dreamy, or happily-wistful; and one of the many things that this picture suggests is Wordsworth's most famous Ode. Take:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

We may paraphrase the last lines of the Ode:—

"To her, the meanest flower that blows will give
Thoughts that may often lie too deep for tears."

Stanzas VI. and VII. fit the portrait so well that they seem made for each other. But the artist says she "does not know the Ode!"

That seems hard to realize! Yet, after all, both painters and poets are "prophets." Wordsworth made his "revelation" in that Ode; and the painter has done no less with her portrait! "Hygeia," whose face is like a sunrise cloud, and her cousin, are the most perfect foil for each other. Doubtless, brother-artists would call "Hygeia" the greater *tour-de-force*. The Wordsworth-child is more touching.

The illustrations show another childish head, with eyes that have a wonderful, far-off look; eyes that promise depths of heart and brain. This little "puss" makes a most engaging picture. It is a pity that Fräulein Forschhammer does not exhibit at the great picture shows. Her children would go to the hearts of "the motherly" of both sexes; and to *many*, besides!

LITTLE SUNRISE'S COUSIN.

A BÜNDNER CHILD WITH A FACE LIKE A SUNRISE CLOUD.

The artist's rendering of eyes,—whether juvenile or adult,—is really most remarkable. There is, in eyes painted by her, a life, and a character, that most great portrait-painters might heartily envy.

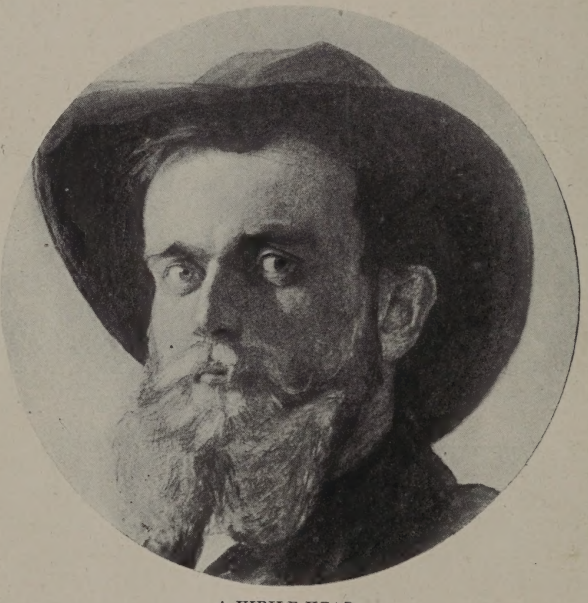
As a portrait painter, Fräulein Forschhammer begins her work psychologically,—applying herself very intently to study *the self* of her sitter. I saw, in the studio, unfinished portraits of three acquaintances of mine, which established the artist in my mind as one whom Jane Austen would describe as "a studyer of character." (The phrase may be inelegant: it is certainly expressive!)

A landscape,—only just begun,—stood in one part of the studio. Near it were studies of the types inhabiting the Swiss "Flatlands." But, to give a list of all the drawings would be to take up too much space. Besides, a mere list conveys too little.

The great painter, Lenbach, told Fräulein Forschhammer that she had better

follow her own bent; he recognized her inborn gift; he would not permit her to imitate any master; nor force herself into the style of any *atelier!* She has achieved, in short, her own "art of seeing!"

Some years ago, she studied in Paris, at Julien's, and at Robert Fleury's. Here, for a year, she was Marie Batschkierzeff's fellow-pupil. She describes that self-absorbed diarist as very industrious; very self-confident; ("Good for her progress in Art!" interjected our painter;) and full of ambition. "Yes, certainly; the girl showed *much* talent," she said; —"at least, *much talent for a beginner*. But I felt that her feverish life must soon come to an end. She danced all night; and she worked strenuously every day! Could *that* last?"



A VIRILE HEAD.

Presently, the painter said: "Are you not quite tired of canvas; boards; paint, and pencils? The light, too, is growing dim. Ah, see what a misfortune befell me! I built this studio; and, hardly was it finished, with its perfect north light, when a peasant ran up that stable. He covered his wall with the dullest, non-reflecting sacking. And so, my north windows are blocked! Was ever anything more unlucky for a poor painter? But come and see my quarters in the châlet!—a home-like place; quite 'Old Swiss,' in style!"

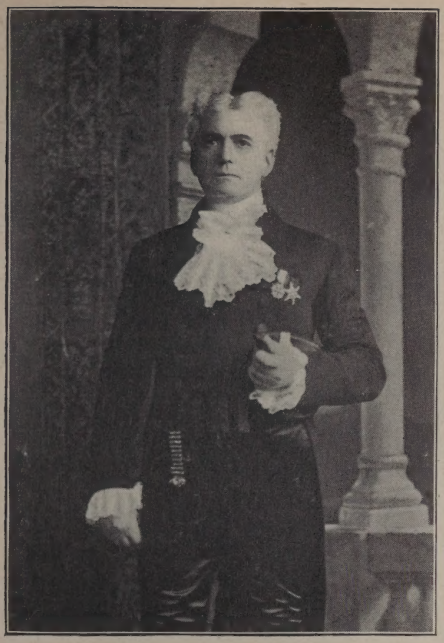
So, indeed, we found it;—the sitting-room, a corner room, with many, latticed windows, set in walls covered with dark, old wood paneling. Here, the painter's "speaking likeness" of her mother presided. There were plants, as in all Swiss dwellings; and cut flowers. A big, porcelain stove gave assurances of ample warmth. The outlook, to south, and to west, is charming.

One of her visitors said: "Are you not German, Fräulein. I read the speech, in the Reichstag, of a Deputy Forschhammer, this morning. A relation?"

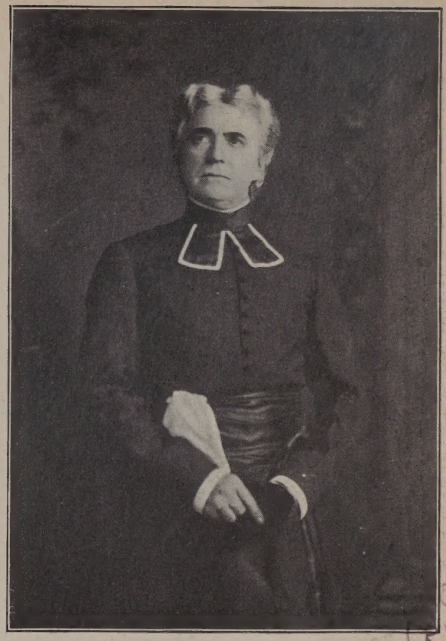
"Originally, we are all Danish," she answered. "There are no Forschhammers who do not come from Schleswig. But I have been long in 'foreign parts.' My father was for years a clergyman in this valley; and, now, I don't think I could live long away from here. It is such a splendid climate!"

The painter hospitably pressed her visitors to take tea with her; but we were obliged to keep another engagement.

When I again called at the studio, the artist was full of interest in an experiment. She was attempting to render the brilliancy of the local complexion,—*not* by a clever mixture on her palette, but by laying pure tints in very small quantities upon her canvas. To paint even the very smallest space, of, say, a cheek, in brightest green, is daring,—to say the least of it! But no one who had not seen this painter's magic brush in action could dream how happy is the result of the curious method.



JAMES O'NEILL AS THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.



JAMES O'NEILL AS ABBE BUSONI IN MONTE CRISTO.

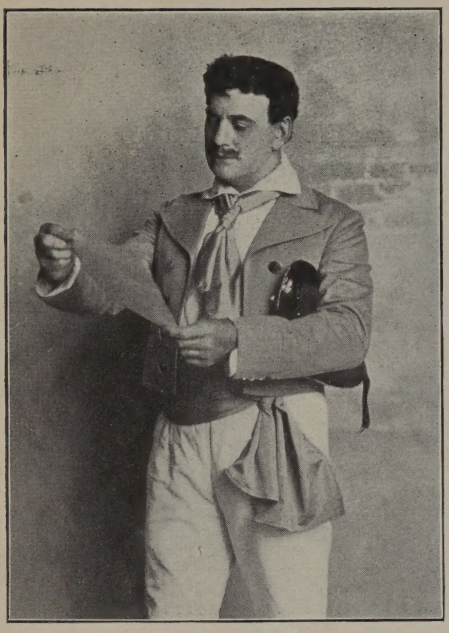
PUBLIC

JAMES O'NEILL, ACTOR.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

It never does to decry art of any kind, not even the art of dancing; for art is art wherever found, superior, born of an impulse implanted by the Creator, an inward fire that melts and moulds the visible creations; and a hose-pipe will as soon extinguish Vesuvius in eruption, as sneers and decrees will extinguish art. The art of dancing still exists despite the Puritans. Yet it is only now that the rigidists are learning to guide and restrain that simple but irrepressible poetry of motion. The dramatic art was once banned by churchmen all over the world. In France to be an actor was to be excommunicated, and in death deprived of Christian burial. The art has survived hostile legislation, and men are learning to let some things that God created alone. The dramatic art has been attacked on the grounds of its apparent uselessness; the actor and the play leave nothing but a memory to the next generation, unless literature rescues both. The sculptor leaves his statue, the writer his book, the painter his picture; but the actor leaves nothing tangible to represent his art, the playwright leaves a written play, which only half lives until acted. The dramatic art has survived this strong objection, it has its intense devotees, it will not down, it persists, it develops according to the general and particular laws of its being. Therefore it must be true art, springing from the inner fire, a force planted in man for a purpose, and it should be cherished, studied, until its exact mission is known.

What is rooted in human nature cannot be sneered or legislated out of existence. Even the Syndicate cannot kill

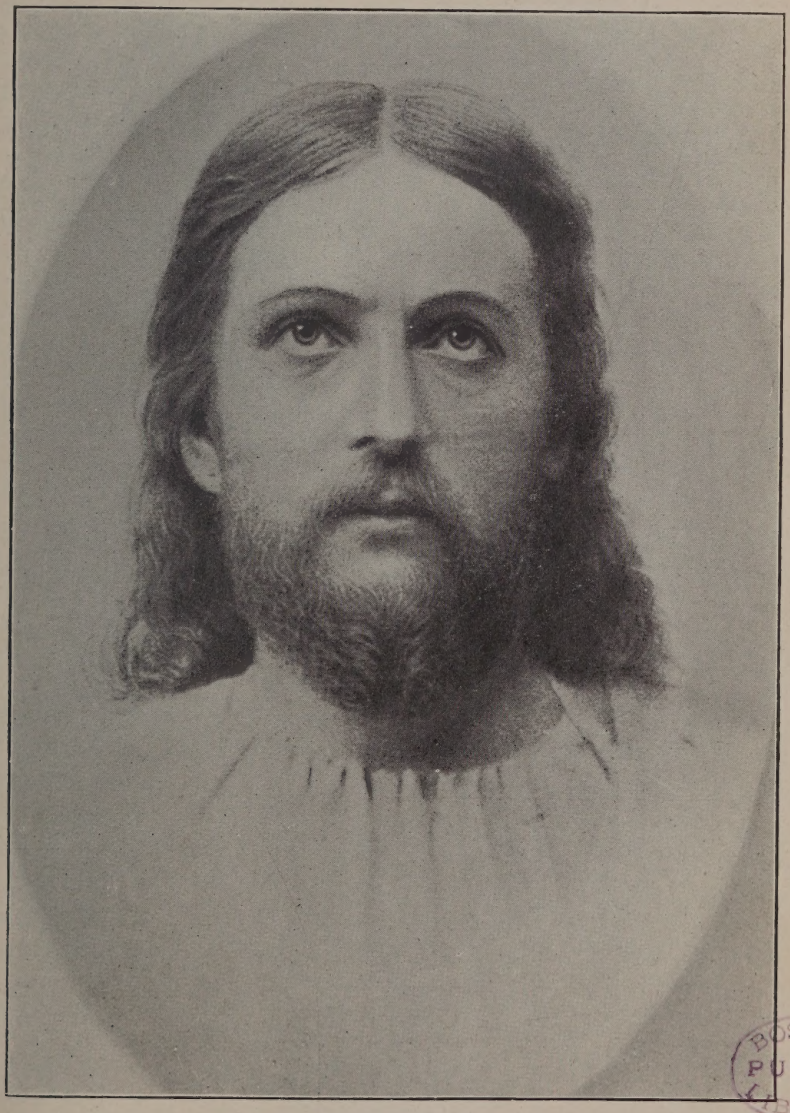


JAMES O'NEILL AS EDMOND DANTES.

it. That octopus can kill the drama in its higher forms, destroy the finer actors, diminish the power of the acting art, turn the stage into a slot-machine, and the actor into a puppet, and the playwright into a ninny, but it cannot destroy the dramatic art. The resources of the stage have developed while play and actor have died out: cause, money. Charles Frohman has just told us through his press-agents how hard a time he has had securing plays for next season. American playwrights are few. He had to go to Europe to select his plays among the successes of the last season. Mark the method! The managers of Europe do the hard work of selecting, and take the risk of staging, and labor with all their might for the success. Mr. Frohman takes the cream of that success; the milk is put in the pans over winter and he skims the cream in the spring. No labor, no risk for him and his kind. And then he sends out such a piteous story of his difficulty in finding a success! The other members of the Syndicate make the same moan. "Divil mend them," and may they have a worse time before they finish. They go about with their long noses, sniffing for the feast prepared by others. Yet even under their savage treatment the drama will not die. In the northwest territory, where are no profits large enough to tempt the octopus, stray companies wander about playing Shakspeare. Men whose superiors are not to be found on Broadway starve pleasantly for the honor and delight of interpreting nobly the plays of the great poet. They are doing more for their art than all the Frohmans that ever will be; and at the same time proving the intense, ineradicable impulse by which they are driven.

Since the dramatic instinct or impulse is ineradicable, the art has its function in society. We must therefore aid it towards its destiny. The earnest managers, the capable playwrights, the clever interpreting actors must be picked out for encouragement. James O'Neill has the temperament and the qualities which help to make the fortune of a manager and the fame of a dramatist. Why not begin with this still young, still handsome, still energetic actor. Did I say energetic? Permit me to change the word. James O'Neill played last season in something not worth naming, and closed in the part of *Pierre* in *The Two Orphans;* and next season he will play the part of the Chevallier in the same play. What enterprise on the part of his managers! What energy on his own part! The man who might have been the successor of Booth still possessed of fine qualities, running about the country under the enterprising money-makers,—Liebler & Company—in the ancient and honorable mouse-trap which shut off Kate Claxton

from fame and usefulness and turned her into a profitable parrot. One must not say that the fault is entirely of the Syndicate and its imitators. James O'Neill must bear a goodly share of blame. His art has been subordinate to money-making. He tied himself to *Monte Cristo*, until the actor and the play became another form of Siamese twins, but the ligament being golden O'Neill did not mind until his twin died before him. Someone, say Augustus Thomas, ought to put that situation on the stage: the living actor tied to the dead play!



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THE SAVIOUR IN THE PASSION PLAY.

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JAMES O'NEILL.

To appreciate the condition, however, you must know more about the actor and his career. He is an Irishman by birth, took up the stage early, and won success with promptness; not the success of the present time, as it came to the stars of our machine-made plays. He played second to the best that ever wore the buskin in America. Thirty-five years ago the old stock system was in existence, when each theatre owned its own company, and the great actors traveled about with only two or three actors in their special company. As leading man of the Cleveland theatre O'Neill supported all the traveling stars of the time, Forrest, Barrett, Jefferson, Mrs. Bowers, and Maggie Mitchell. As leading man of a Chicago theatre for two years he supported Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, and William Florence. His success finally brought him to New York, where he crowned his fame by sharing with Charles Thorne the honors of the Union Square theatre. What a training for a young man! How finely his best qualities must have developed under the stimulus of associates, of environment, and of success! He happened to be the stock star of the Baldwin theatre in San Francisco when Salmi Morse undertook to stage a Passion Play, and was invited to play the part of the Saviour. One may see from the portrait on another page to what wonderful illusion O'Neill's face will lend itself. The play was not permitted in New York, and had to be withdrawn owing to the strong sentiment against it. After some other unimportant ventures he fell foul of the popular success, *Monte Cristo*, which made his fortune, a very good thing of course, and at the same time condemned him to stand still for the rest of his career.

For when a man is making money, the problem of life is solved. Ambition for better things dies out, enterprise becomes superfluous. All the qualities that enable a hero to climb shrivel up from lack of exercise. One may imagine what splendid parts belonged to O'Neill in his early youth, that he could hold his own with the great actors. To what heights would not these noble qualities have led him had he escaped monied success! At this moment when the years are crowding upon him age has not touched him. His height is above the medium, but his graceful and dignified carriage on and off the stage makes him seem to tower above others. The contour and expression of his face are of the clerical character, smooth, refined, pleasing, his eyes are as soft as velvet and as keen and bright as steel, but benevolent; and his voice has that manly resonance which dominates by its sweetness and its power. On the stage it can overwhelm. "My, but it's him has the powerful voice," said a venerable critic who had listened to O'Neill; "you'd think it was a whole ton o' coal rowlin' into a cellar." That charm of manner so much spoken of in the novels of the time, and never described, belongs to O'Neill. It springs from a warm heart, expressed with such completeness and artistic restraint that one knows not where to look for the fountain which gives birth to the stream.

The qualities of the actor on the stage are usually dormant on all other occasions. One would take O'Neill for a priest meeting him in the street. From his quiet but positive manner one might suspect the presence of power, but not his profession. His manner indicates distinction. He could never be taken for an ordinary man, and the consciousness of his own success and his American fame helps the emphasis of his personality. A shade of melancholy lingers in his eyes and general expression, in his voice, and in his gesture; that gracious shadow without which human beauty would not be perfect, would

smack too much of the earth. Study would have made him a remarkable Hamlet, for his temperament and expression indicate the powers that produce a Hamlet. Altogether, not to prolong this description unduly, the O'Neill of this moment indicates that the O'Neill of the year 1870 must have been one of the glories of earth and stage at twenty-five. All this promise of nature confirmed by art a nasty wind of fortune blew into the well called *Monte Cristo*. The play was in many ways remarkable, apart from its monetary success. It reflected as nearly as a play can the book from which its characters and plot were drawn. Melodrama to the marrow, the theme was human vengeance worked out through most picturesque incidents. The interesting and peculiar fact connected with it was that the dramatist seemed to have built it specially for the temperament and the qualities of James O'Neill. In reality the play was very well balanced in its characters, and gave large opportunity to several actors of the first rank. In the course of time perhaps the play changed more and more to suit its particular star. In this play O'Neill played three characters. As young Edmond Dantes in the first act there never was great opportunity, although the type represented must have suited him well in his youth. The weakness of this play lies in his character. The dramatist was unable to express and portray in Edmond the qualities which, under stress of a great wrong, were to produce the resolute and terrible Count of Monte Cristo. In the book Dumas powerfully foreshadows what this youth may become when wrong has given the stimulus and money has created the opportunity. Edmond of the play is the ordinary young man overcome by a cruel fate. Any actor can play the part, after the ordinary training. It is quite otherwise with the part of the Abbe Busoni. After his escape from prison and his finding of the hidden treasure, Edmond Dantes becomes the Avenger, and in the person of a priest sets out to discover his enemies and to punish them. The part of the priest sits well on O'Neill, all the better perhaps that the character is fed by other springs than the graces of vocation, that he is the priest of revenge, of a pagan deity and not of the Christian altar. The furies provide his inspiration. In this sacred guise he carries out the first part of his mission of vengeance. He would be a poor actor indeed who could not make much of the part; it need not be said that O'Neill makes it radiant with life, in spite of its horror. Justice rather than a cruel revenge seems to be the spirit of his representation.

As the Count of Monte Cristo O'Neill enjoys the opportunity of portraying the changes which sorrow, wealth, and success have wrought in Edmond Dantes. He stands, in presence of his conquered and horrified enemies, powerful and at the same time frightful. They have been struck down in secret, without knowing the hand or the motive that gave the blow. There are sufficient variety and contrast in the three characters to give a capable actor brilliant opportunity, and to the three O'Neill lent his fine powers and finer craft for the last thirty years. For after all the characters were only three. In the same space of time he might have played a score of parts. Consequences followed his devotion to an income at the expense of his art. His stagecraft did not die, but his spirit failed. Year after year he uttered the same words in the same scenes under steadily failing conditions; the quality of his protagonists in the drama diminished with time; his company came to consist of inferior talent; and at the last only O'Neill remained, executing vengeance on poor ghosts, not on flesh and blood. All

the vigor and fire and realism of the first presentation of the drama in the Union Square had disappeared. Finally O'Neill had himself to fly from the scene. But in a quarter of a century, while his old qualities remained without stimulus, and the new failed to develop for lack of provocation, he himself had deteriorated. It is not possible to keep the skill of youth under the invasion of time; it is absolutely impossible to keep any part of it, if that skill be not sharpened by the development of the qualities that first produced it. The thirty years of inaction left O'Neill without development. He could not play Hamlet to-day even with the most careful preparation. He might play Virginius, but no one would be reminded of McCullough. He has paid the penalty of deserting his art. He is no longer an artist.

When a man possessed of the artistic temperament realizes a loss of this magnitude, he may console himself by measuring his income, his passing fame, or his past achievement. If the spirit in him is strong he may even attempt to recover the lost glory. Actually O'Neill has made this attempt; first in presenting other plays, both new and old, while on tour. He could not give them the life and interest which belong to *Monte Cristo*. All other faculties beside those which gave point to the situations and the emotions of that worn drama refused to act at his command. Then he cut loose from the old play, and tried whatever came in his way as the profit-maker for the commercial house of Liebler & Company, who produce dramas just as they would raise a fine breed of horses, or put a new brand of chewing gum on the market. The force of O'Neill's character and the reality of his talent proved themselves in this honest attempt to get another and a better footing in his profession. He must be commended for it, even if it only landed him in parts which the sketchy actors of the day could play as effectively; if not so well as he. Naturally as Pierre in *The Two Orphans* he outshone his associates. His feeling, and his power of expressing it, are both far finer and deeper than in any of his American contemporaries, with the exception of Richard Mansfield.

What O'Neill might have become may be seen by observing the career of such actors as Otis Skinner. Mr. Skinner is not blessed with the natural talent which belongs to O'Neill. Yet he has done far more for the honor of the stage. His course has been upward, his aim has been varied achievement. He starved at times one might say. When he made money it was turned into some glorious venture, which gave men as great hope for the play as the Syndicate caused them despair. He staged *Francesca de Rimini* splendidly, and rejoiced, even if he made no money, that he had attained to the height reached by his master, Lawrence Barrett. He has the stuff which should have been lighted by the torch of genius. O'Neill's highest achievement has been *Monte Cristo;* Skinner has given us ten as good, and crowned his career with the beautiful if stagey drama of Boker. The history of the stage will have something to say of Otis Skinner, where a line will do O'Neill. The world greets this statement with its usual sneer: O'Neill is rich and Skinner is poor!

With the same noble ambition O'Neill at this moment would be wearing the mantle of Booth. If Richard Mansfield has not succeeded to that honor it is due to the fact that he is a character actor rather than an interpreter of the great creations of the drama. James O'Neill has the Booth temperament, and with proper ambition might have had the Booth success. Now the honor is utterly beyond him. He will never get higher

than the height of Monte Cristo. Few men develop new powers after the age of fifty, and with difficulty can add to their actual qualities. This may seem a hard sentence to pass upon an actor of real power. There is, however, one chance for James O'Neill. What talent remains to him, his acquired skill and his wide reputation have made him valuable to the Syndicate, and he may spend the rest of his life in their service at a good salary doing machine work. This service will kill finally both his reputation and his ability. He will be known before he dies as the promising actor who made a fortune out of *Monte Cristo,* and served the Syndicate until they threw him aside like a squeezed orange. He will be pointed out, in the expressive language of the Rialto, as a "Has-Been." Or, he may take that same talent, skill, and reputation, place them boldly in a great venture, and set sail for that true fame which up to this moment he has ignored. By a great venture I mean a drama which represents a moral idea, a fine moral principle; and particularly a moral principle which our time has insulted, neglected, or tried to destroy. For the most part the dramatists of the English stage ignore the exposition of principle in their dramas, so fearful are they of preaching; and even were they inclined to portray a moral case the managers would object. Yet the people demand the proper presentation of those things which touch most intimately their own lives, and affect most powerfully their own destiny. The monied power of the stage refuses to gratify their wishes.

O'Neill possess powers which would present a moral idea nobly. He is a Catholic, his temperament has the clerical polish, he could preach picturesquely the lay sermon. It has become evident to the least thoughtful that the true drama in America is dead and buried, and its resurrection must come through morality and the basis of morality, religion. Protestantism has never given the world an art, or even sustained the elder arts. It has been hostile to the drama. The only morality and the only religion which can and will sustain the drama is the Catholic. What the Catholic religion has become in this country no one need describe; what its glory shall be hereafter no one would venture to say. But when the late Senator Hanna could tell his constituents that the Catholic Church would yet be the defence of the Republic against socialistic anarchy, one may surmise what strength he saw in its organization. A drama embodying picturesquely what has been just said is O'Neill's chance to rise. A splendid historical figure, struggling and suffering to maintain a moral principle understood and loved of the multitude, Catholic in its externals like Richelieu and more Catholic than he in conscience, surrounded by the conventional characters and incidents which appeal to the playgoers: here is O'Neill's need, here is his opportunity.

Strangely enough, fortune, which has always been kind to him, has placed this opportunity at his door no less than three times in the last five years, and as many times has James O'Neill turned away. The stream can rise no higher than its source. *Monte Cristo* is dead, but its baleful hand seems able to keep down the once lofty and soaring spirit of James O'Neill.

GUIDO'S ACRE.

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER.

Guido was the only child of Luigi and Anna Lunardi, and when he was ten years of age his father and mother jointly gave him an acre of land. It was an irregular piece, and probably he would not have had it if his parents could have agreed as to where their dividing line should go. For both Luigi and his wife held very closely to their individual property, having their separate bank accounts, and each contributing to the support of the household.

The family lived in Corinto, an old walled city of Italy, and they were looked upon by their fellow-citizens as very respectable people. Anna Lunardi's only brother, Giovanni, had married a sister of Monsignor, the Bishop of Corinto, and his name had been sent to Rome in the list of names from which a mayor would be chosen for the town. Nor was it their least claim to public consideration that their financial affairs were in a good, though modest, condition and slowly improving under their prudent management. Their land produced olives, walnuts, wheat and grapes, and they made excellent wine.

At twenty-one years of age Luigi was in love with the prettiest girl in Corinto and —more than hoped—almost believed that she was not indifferent to him. Nor was this any proof of vanity on his part. He was not a brilliant scholar, though fairly well-educated, but he was honest, gentlemanly, religious, and as handsome as a picture. He could play the mandolin and sing charmingly to its accompaniment, and he knew a good deal about farming, thanks to his acre of land. For the conditions of the gift had been that he should cultivate the land himself with some occasional help from his father's workmen, all that he could earn from it being his own. From his fifteenth year he had bought his own clothing and had his own pocket-money, and on his twentieth birthday he put twenty scudi in the bank, his first deposit.

But for all that his hope of winning Maria Grazia Feroli was a feeble and fluttering one, for her father was the richest man in town. But for the girl herself he would have despaired. She had not only looked at him more than once with tender eyes, but she had once sent him a kind message by his uncle Giovanni. Of course she never saw him alone. Respectable girls in Italy do not make appointments with young men.

So matters were going on quietly when one night, all the town being asleep, a letter, badly written and not punctuated at all, was slipped under the bolted door of Luigi Lunardi's house. He saw it before he opened the door to go out in the morning, turned back and went upstairs with it.

On the outside of a large folded sheet was written: "Open the window over the street door before you go out and show yourself to the piazza reading this letter."

Luigi's house was in the piazza, or square, which was the very centre of the town, and from daylight to dark all sorts of people congregated there — tradespeople, loungers, donkey-drivers, women drawing water from the fountain. Neither he nor any one else could know which of the many who might see him was the one who would know what he was reading. But he did as he was commanded, and this is what he read:

"I give you six days to leave a thousand lire rolled up in a white cloth in the trunk of the broken olive tree in the corner of the first vineyard. Tell no one but your wife of this letter, and let her beware. If you fail, on the seventh day you die."

Luigi understood why he was allowed

to tell his wife. It was that she might urge him to yield. He told her, and she implored him to yield. He set his teeth and refused. In vain she pleaded and wept. In vain she proposed plan after plan by which the brigand might be watched for and caught. They both knew that the person who writes such a letter is prepared at every point.

The husband promised to use every precaution. He would go well-armed, revolver in hand, on his daily rides to the campagna to oversee his workmen. He would trot his horse past the bosky places in the road and he would accept safe companionship if it were offered. But, give his money to a brigand? Never! Besides, he said, it might be only a hoax to see if he would be frightened.

Those were tremulous days for the wife. She longed to tell some one, to tell everybody, but did not dare. Not even Guido must know, for he would be sure to do something desperate, and there might be two victims instead of one. His mother kept up as well as she could before him; but as soon as he and his father were out of the house in the morning she went up to the roof-loggia of her house, locking the door behind her, and, kneeling by the parapet, watched Luigi riding down the long half-mile of straight road till he disappeared into the cross-road leading to their possessions. There the bushes hid him from her. And again at sunset she took her station to watch for his return.

When the fifth day came she could bear inaction no longer. After one more vain appeal to Luigi she watched him out of sight, then went in search of her brother Giovanni. Bidding him ask no questions, she proposed that he should buy her land for a thousand lire, giving her the money at once. Moreover, he must promise to sell it back to her for the same price after a month, if she should wish, receiving fifty lire for the use of his money.

"No matter why! No matter why!" she cried excitedly in reply to his first expression of surprise.

He asked no questions, but promised to bring her the money early in the afternoon, coming to the loggia and tapping on the door in such a way that she should know who was there.

Giovanni kept his promise, and found his sister on her knees at the parapet. She removed her gaze from the campagna only long enough to count the money he gave her and give him the receipt which she had prepared. He stood and looked at her, understanding, but saying nothing, and when at length she flung her arms up and started to her feet with a cry of thanksgiving, he went away without a word.

The seventh morning came. There was one more prayer, vain like the others; and after a long embrace and a word of tender chiding for what he called her folly, Luigi rode away through the square with head erect. It was one of those sunny summer days when all Italy goes to sleep at noon. Anna Lunardi waited till the square and the streets were all silent and deserted. Then she put on an old grey dress and pinned an old black veil over her hair. There was a nursery of young olive trees close to her back door, and one of the city gates was not far away. She went out cautiously without seeing anyone. When safe outside the gate she ran. But instead of taking the long road, she climbed over a stone wall into an olive-orchard, and ran until she reached a vigna. There no one could see her, for the vines on their cane props were as high as her head. This vigna reached to her own, and just beyond was the broken-olive tree. She sat down under the vines to get breath, count her money again, listen if any one was near, and think over carefully what remained to be done. Neither Luigi nor his men must see her. At that moment she was more afraid of her husband than of any one else.

If the affair should prove to be a hoax, she would get her land back, but there would be the fifty lire to pay Giovanni. If it should not prove a hoax and her thousand lire should disappear, would Luigi ever forgive her? But for that land perhaps he would never have married her. He had said laughingly when proposing to her: "Our lands are married already." They liked each other and lived pleasantly together; but money was a sensitive subject with both.

She took the roll of bills from her bosom and counted them over, grinding her teeth. What a sum of money to throw away! She breathed maledictions on the one who should take it from her. All the fierce, blind questioning which human depravity gives rise to in helpless and ignorant souls surged up in this woman and foamed over her lips as she counted the treasure so honestly and painfully earned, and prepared to leave it in the grasp of an unknown thief.

Panting from the storm of passion, she rose at length, went cautiously to the tree and put her little package into the broken trunk, leaving outside a corner of the white cloth that covered it. The thief must be sure to see it, for this was the last day. Tomorrow would be too late. That thought made her gasp for breath, her husband's image once again filling her mind and heart. Only let him be spared. No matter for anything else.

Going back through the vines, she crouched down near the turn of the road. It was almost time for him to come. After he should have passed she would go out and walk back by the road. She listened, hushing her breath.

Presently, from far back in the cross-road came a faint sound, indefinite at first, then a horse's hoofs. Only walking! Oh, why did he not gallop! She clenched her hands till the nails tore the flesh. She rose and stood looking through the vine-tops. There he was coming! She could see his figure through the foliage, almost at the corner. He was safe!

Even as the words rose to her lips, from a clump of bushes at the turn of the road issued a puff of smoke. There was a sharp report, a trampling of hoofs, and a riderless horse rushed by galloping up to the town.

Anna Lunardi flew out to the road, tearing through brambles, and screaming.

There he lay. There was no life in him. She stood over him, screaming. She did not hear a rustling in the underbrush inside the stone fence, nor see the man, low-crouching, who fled away in the direction whence she had come. She saw nothing but a swirl of shadows like storm-clouds and her husband lying dead in the midst of them. She stood and screamed, and after a while some one came. Before long there was a crowd. Lugi's body was carried up to the town. His wife followed, screaming all the way.

The last chapter of their story was a short one: Luigi Lunardi had been shot by some one when on his way home from the campagna. Who was the assassin? *Chi lo sa!*

After a day or two of delirium Anna Lunardi came to her senses. The funeral was over, and the world went on as before. She bethought herself of the money, placed just too late, and told her brother to look for it. He went and searched. The money was gone.

It was the finishing stroke. Within a week Guido was motherless as well as fatherless.

Some one has said: "Excess of joy weeps: Excess of sorrow laughs."

The day after the second funeral Guido's uncle found him walking to and fro in his desolate home, and laughing.

"Why! What is it? What is it, Guido?" he exclaimed.

"I can't wake up," said Guido, rubbing

his head with both hands till his curly black hair was like a crow's nest. "I'm having bad dreams, and I can't wake up."

Something had to be done. His uncle took him off to Rome and talked business to him. It did him good. But what helped him most was a little note slipped into his hand by one of the Feroli servants as he came out of church on the first Sunday after his bereavement.

"I'm weeping all day for you, Guido mio," it said. "We will both pray every night and morning for the repose of their souls. And if you want me to wait for you, I will wait, if it is for a hundred years. Maria Grazia."

He held this note in his hand, tucked into his glove, all the way to Rome. It was his plank in a stormy sea of anguish, and he clung to it.

But business had to be attended to. Of course uncle Giovanni must not lose his money; and since he had what had been his sister's land he might as well have her husband's. The price of it would give Guido a start somewhere else. Besides, Guido had the house, and it was a better one than his uncle's. So Giovanni bought that and moved into it, his nephew staying with him till something should be decided upon regarding his future.

"Go to America," his uncle urged. "Cousin Cesare is going next month and you can go with him. He speaks English and French and will be a help to you. He sails from Naples. He may be the next consul after Dr. Antonio gives up the office. You've got money enough to pay your passage and have five hundred dollars over. With that you can soon make a fortune."

The thought of Maria Grazia made it hard to consent; but he saw no prospect of winning her in any other way; and she had promised to wait. He consented.

Now, in selling his land to his uncle, Guido had made one reservation: he had retained his one acre. It was too dear and sacred to be sold. It would be a link to hold him to his native land. Moreover, he had a plan concerning it which pleased him. It had never grown anything but beans, salads and broccoli. He meant to uproot these common things and make a poetical little orchard of the place. He would set out a few young olive trees, a walnut or two, there should be a pomegranate tree in the centre and all round a hedge of those large, honey-sweet muscatels that Maria Grazia liked. Then he would give the place to his beloved to be all hers till his return from America, and forever hers if he should not live to return.

He began the work with his own hands after planning and marking out everything, began by digging a place for his pomegranate-tree. Tears rolled down his face as he worked. He did not want to go to America even if money did grow on the trees there. Only the day before when coming out of church, Maria Grazia had whispered to him in passing, "O Guido! Guido!" Her mother was with her and she could say no more; but that little whisper was full of grief.

As he paused in his work to wipe the tears away, he became aware that his spade stood alone. It had caught in something under the turf, probably between two stones. It was hard to draw out; and when he pushed it down again it struck on a stone. If there were a large rock there he would have to set his tree elsewhere. He dug round carefully to find what the obstacle was, and found soft earth, and some sort of stone with a sharp edge. He cleared the earth away carefully with his hands, and bent low to examine the place. There was a glint through the brown earth of bright green that was neither leaf nor stem.

Something flashed like lightning through Guido's frame, and the blood rushed to his face. With trembling hands

he smoothed the earth away from a long, narrow strip of verde antique that faced the side of what had once been a door or a window. Almost breathless he knelt there and gazed at the marble, stories of fortunes excavated from under rough farm lands passing through his mind in a gorgeous procession. He knew that in ancient times some of the rich Romans had built fine villas in that vicinity; and though nothing very valuable for sale had been found, some of the remains had been considered interesting historically. De Rossi had come to see them, and Armellini and Lanciani. Besides, did not the Princess of Corinto wear a beautiful gold chain of Etruscan work that had been ploughed up in a villa of hers not five miles away? And did not that French artist who had visited Corinto the year before pick up an old Greek coin from a mud bank after a hard rain? And had not he himself a red carnelian seal engraven with a victory that his father had found in their own vigna?

Guido looked at the western sky. The sun was at the horizon. It was too late to do anything more that day. He considered the situation a while, then filled in carefully the hole he had made; and when the bells of Corinto began to ring for the Angelus he went home.

"Don't expect too much, Guido," his uncle said. "Tomorrow we will set some men to work, and there must be a guard over the place till it has been examined thoroughly. If anything of value is found, the government must have the refusal of it before it is offered to any one else. Of course you are always free to keep it yourself, if you wish to. Keep cool, and say not a word to anyone. I will go down with you in the morning taking one man along. We may find nothing but a few pieces of marble that forestieri will buy to make paper weights of. Keep cool."

It was scarcely day when the three went down to Guido's acre the next morning. Before noon the uncle had gone up to the town and got two more men to help them. And before night they had uncovered a room lined with exquisite painted stucco-work and with rare marbles bordering the doors and windows. In the centre of the room was a cemented pedestal round the base of which lay a broken group of finely sculptured figures.

As days passed other rooms were uncovered, each one containing some treasure in coins, gold, or sculpture. Before a week had passed some famous archæologists from Rome had visited the place, and Guido, counselled by his uncle, was considering an offer of sixty-thousand scudi from the government for his findings.

One night a month later, after all was safe and sure, Guido Lunardi went up alone to the loggia where his mother had watched and prayed. There wasn't air enough for him in the house, nor in the street, nor in the square. He stood a while looking toward the west where a golden light still lingered. Then he took off his hat and made a sweeping bow toward that part of the sky.

"Good-bye, America!" he said with great suavity. "I am under the necessity of asking you to excuse me for the present."

Proper courtesy having thus been shown to the disappointed continent, he knelt at the parapet and said a prayer for his father and mother, and gave fervent thanks to God for his own escape from utter shipwreck and for the happiness that had come to him that day. For Maria Grazia was now his betrothed wife. Then he went down and out, found a garden that he knew, and standing under a window that was also known to him, sang a song to his mandolin till a dear little head looked out above.

A few months later Guido made another

romantic expedition by moonlight when the town was all asleep. Stepping noiselessly from his own door, a great basket hanging to each of his arms, he went through the silent streets to the door of his beloved. There from the baskets he began to scatter flowers, slowly progressing to the nearest church. The air grew fragrant about him as he softly stepped, scattering sweetness till there was a carpet of flowers spread all the way.

Early the next morning Maria Grazia Feroli with her attendant maidens would pass over that flowery pathway to the church, where Monsignor the Bishop would pronounce the words that would make her Guido's bride, his own dear bride.

A BIT OF IRISH ROAD.

BY MAUDE REGAN.

The infrequent stranger who finds his way to Tyrconnel escapes at least one danger that besets the traveler in more populous districts, for he runs no risk of losing his way.

One road, plain and unmistakable, leads him anywhere he may care to go, but so far does it lie from thoroughfares frequented by pilgrims to the shrines of the picturesque, and with so little of unusual interest does it requite such wide digression from the regular tourist track, that its dust is seldom trodden by alien feet.

So it is the bare feet and clumsy brogues of Tyrconnel folk which have woven the long gray ribbon that skirts the black bog, and, dividing arid fields that yield a grudging hold to their scant crops, stretches northward till it is a mere thread over gorse-clad hills, and south to that last stage on all our journeyings—the churchyard.

An emerald, flower-decked border fringes the road on either hand, and though barren and poor may be the land through which it winds it is never unlovely. A splendor of gorse and bracken is flung over the stony soil like a royal mantle covering a pauper's bones, and when spring takes the Tyrconnel road every bough in the thorny thickets blossoms like an enchanter's wand, and the yellow primrose is sown so lavishly over hill and hollow one might fancy King Midas had passed that way, leaving the whole world golden. And such birds as pipe there of an April morning! And such a miracle of blue sky for them to soar in when the subtle elixir of spring loosens the music in their throats, and sends it rippling out in streams of liquid melody! All nature is then wildly, recklessly, and alas, unprofitably gay, else so many Tyrconnel folk had not sought in other lands the livelihood their own barren but beloved soil so stubbornly denies. Whether it be restlessness or more often necessity that drives them, certain it is that the spectacle has become sadly familiar to Tyrconnel—that passing of "the childer" along the northern road which leads them over the hills and far away.

There is scarcely one in the huddle of cabins that crowd together for comfort and companionship, where old eyes do not turn northward with expectation or dread, according as they hope to see a well-loved form hastening homeward down the road, or fear to follow one as

dear, and see it grow less and less as it speeds its way to the vague world that lies beyond the mist-draped hills.

Tyrconnel has discovered no cure for the restless fever that seizes "the childer" and sends them forth on the trail of fortune, so she comforts herself with prayers that the quest may lure them no further a-field than Dublin, or, at worst, London, and not as befell Miles Barry, to an Eldorado beyond the sea.

Father and son, the Barrys had been part of Tyrconnel for a hundred years. Never a movement for the rights of the "ould land" but had drawn its recruit from a family whose boast it was "to have carried the pike, but never the bayonet." Even had circumstances been less coercive, it is likely that sooner or later the restless spirit of the race would have driven its last representative,—a not unworthy one for breadth of shoulder and length of limb, and sparkle of deep dark eye—to seek a broader field of endeavor than his quiet birth-place afforded.

Still it was felt in Tyrconnel that fate had dealt unkindly by John and Nora Barry in not retarding the calamity for the few years which would have left none immediately concerned to deplore it, and this was perhaps the first occasion on which Nora Barry entered into the sympathies of the neighbors on equal terms with "himself." Vague rumors to the effect that she was "high-notioned" and "had a great opinion of herself entirely," were the chief bars to her popularity, faults which supposing they existed were thereafter amply expiated. But the charges were never actually substantiated, and since Tyrconnel is a clannish spot that looks askance on aliens, 'tis likely the head and front of her offending lay in the fact that John Barry had brought her from a distant parish, where a tradition he did not allow to lapse had it that her people were "strong farmers" and her cousin—could audacity go farther?—a bishop.

Whatever the barrier that had shut her from the sympathy of her neighbors, they crumbled before the flood of commiseration which greeted the announcement of this sudden determination on the part of Miles.

"Why, woman dear, what'll you do at all? 'Tis a quare notion he has taken into his head."

"Deed then I see nothing quare in a young man wantin' to see more of the world than lies between the hills and the churchyard," his mother would answer, quick to seize her cudgels at the least trace of disparagement, expressed or implied. But the "quareness" of the notion was the theme of her dreary meditations through many a sleepless night when the logic wherewith she had silenced Tyrconnel seemed piteously unconvincing.

"We might have managed somehow. It would n't have been for long," she would wail to that deaf fate which permits the passing of "the childer."

The grand shawl that was to be Miles first investment in the New World for the dazzlement of Tyrconnel, and his glowing account of the luxuries to be unladen at her door, "when his ships came in," left her strangely apathetic.

"Let but the ship bring you back safe, avic, and the old place'll do well enough for your father and me the little while we have to stay."

All too swiftly the days wore on to an April morning which was Miles' last in Tyrconnel. What a morning to turn one's back on Ireland with the myriad voices of awakening spring coaxing one to stay, and fleecy little clouds scurrying in from the four corners of heaven to weep themselves away at one's defection! When they had shed their futile tears for Miles, the sun struck gaily through them on a road all glistening and opalescent,

fringed on either side with a splendid border of diamond-tipped grass spears and wet spring flowers, the loveliness of it suggesting to Miles new and appropriate efforts at consolation.

"Sure it'll be no time at all," he said with affected gaiety, "till you'll see me swingin' down the road in me grand car so fine you won't know me, and me pocketbook that full it's fairly tuggin' at the strap."

"No time at all, darlin'," his mother assented bravely.

"God grant I may live to see it," John Barry answered, staring intently on the blue wreaths that curled from his pipe, as though they were revelations of the splendors thus graphically depicted. He was a veteran smoker, but somehow that morning the pipe seemed bewitched, sending swirls of smoke into his eyes, across which he often dashed an impatient hand, and into his throat that needed constant clearing with sudden coughs and gasps that never quite were sobs.

"My blessing and the blessing of God be with you," were his last words to Miles, as he sped his feet along the road his hopes had long since traveled. And in the doorway the old folks stood side by side, their eyes straining after the lithe stalwart figure, till it was a mere speck on the summit of the last rise that may be seen from Tyrconnel.

The mother was the first to take up the broken threads of life, busying herself mechanically about her household tasks, with a curious feeling that it was some one else who was thus employed. But when, with instinctive neatness, she knelt to scour the muddy foot-prints Miles had left when, on the pretext of asking "where about she had packed his Sunday coat," he had run back for a last kiss, it was with an aching sense that she was effacing the last record of a happy past.

Himself, usually unobservant, noted the misery in her face and laid his hand on her head with one of his rare caresses.

"Sure Nora, it had to come sooner or later: there's nothing for him here, the crathur."

And the poverty of their surroundings bore witness to the truth of what he said.

Through the ordeal of parting, Miles had been upheld by an easy confidence that in a year or two he would return "a made man," and take up the old life just where he had left it. That he should ever find the cabin altered by mutations which affect the hearths and homes of others was a contingency that gained no hold on his sanguine mind. But his father, warned by those physical signs which remind three score and ten it has run its lease in its tenement of clay, and that each new day is but a reprieve from the inevitable appearance of Death with his warrant of eviction, saw the reverse of the picture.

From America came to him brief infrequent letters—often (more often perhaps than Miles could easily spare the enclosure) with a crisp bank note tucked in their folds. The letters stated vaguely that now at one thing, now at another, Miles was "doing fine," and described New York as "a quare noisy place" whence he soon hoped to push his way westward to the Klondike, a frozen land where gold was to be had for the digging. The contemplated change made small impression on the minds of his parents. Once cross the ocean and it was small matter where you went, since, Dawson or New York, 'twas all America, a vague shadowy land upon whose topography the wanderer's letters shed scant illumination.

To both father and son the pen was a fearsome implement not to be idly wielded or lightly driven, and a stranger reading their unexpansive missives might

have formed a quite erroneous estimate of the warmth of the hearts dictating them.

For Miles, the kernel of the home letters was the statement, "your mother and I are gettin' our healths finely, glory be to God." The last of these reassuring bulletins, "himself" achieved with infinite difficulty, and unwonted twists in the queer crabbed letters, when the rheumatism was in his fingers, the "quare weakness" in his chest, and at his heart the chill foreboding that he had taken the "bad turn" that was to shut from him forever the splendid sight of Miles swinging down the road as had been foretold.

But since no concealed warning sprang to light between the lines, when Miles perused the letter in his New York lodging on the eve of his departure for the Klondike, it sent him on his way cheered with a conviction that they were getting on famously without him.

Tyrconnel is vague and non-committal in her diagnosis of the diseases to which flesh is heir. Aside from fever, and a few such ancient, well-defined enemies, she is chary of characterizing her maladies by any definite name, though nowhere do keener eyes follow the outgoing pilgrim beyond the stage that may be conservatively described as "poorly," to the point where he is known to be "failing," whence 'tis but a step to the "bad turn," where the vista narrows swiftly to a grassy mound. Along this road John Barry was hastening with a rapidity made clear to "herself" by the swift slipping of old interests into an ever-receding back-ground. In the light of a new fear seeming trifles assumed an ominous significance. For instance it would be difficult to paint her dismay when it became clear to her that he had out-worn the companionship of his pipe. There had been a time when she had bewailed the number of precious sixpences that curled away in wreaths of faint blue smoke, but now, heaven knows by what shifts, the costly "twists" were procured with reckless prodigality, and her heart would sink within her, when after a few perfunctory puffs he would exclaim, "Take it away, woman dear. I don't know what's gettin' into the tobacco that there's no taste to it." The empty pipe lying unheeded day after day on the window ledge was to her thinking an object as fateful and significant as Time's inverted hour-glass, whence the last sands of "himself's" life were ebbing fast.

The state of the crop was no longer with him an engrossing question; even mail day was apt to slip his memory, and it became daily more difficult to pierce the apathy that greeted good news or ill with a bit of philosophy wherewith Tyrconnel folk have been wont to solace themselves for all fate's buffetings, "'Twill be all one in a hundred years."

For a while he was disturbed by a fancy that the mist from the hills came floating down, hiding daily more of the road, whereon Miles might now be descried any fine morning; but soon this too ceased to fret him. One evening when "herself" suggested that he should don his glasses and "try could n't he see a bit further now," he turned his face wearily to the wall, answering faintly with a little variation of the Tyrconnel adage that struck despair to her heart.

"I'd have liked fine to wait for him, the crathur, but it's all one to me now."

"He's wanderin'," Nora wailed piteously as she sank to her knees beside him. But John Barry's earthly wanderings were done.

. . . . . .

They bore him down the road the old folk travel, six of Tyrconnel's stalwart sons, and take it all in all he had a fine funeral, which was a certain solid comfort to which "herself" clung fast while the

foundations of her world crumbled to ruins around her.

The road to the church-yard lies due south, and is marred, or so Tyrconnel folk fancy, by a glaring new brick edifice whose shadow darkens their lives with grim forebodings. It is ever a dreaded contingency that they may come to end their days there through a mysterious combination of untoward circumstances, chief among which is the failure of the crops and the non-arrival of those American letters which form so large a source of revenue to the old folk in that quarter of the globe. To come on the parish in one's old days and enter on the unappreciated comforts of "the house," means to the sturdy independent Tyrconnel poor to have plumbed the very depths of human misery. Viewing the inroads sickness was making on her little hoard Nora Barry had sometimes feared such an ending for "himself" and to see him carried safely by the ominous walls to his freehold in God's acre robbed his death of half its bitterness. Her own course was less clear.

The summer of "himself's" illness had been an anxious one to those, who, unlike Nora Barry, had been visited by no more pressing worries than those occasioned by the state of the potato crop. The tragic faces which Tyrconnel men bent over spades that lifted from the disappointing "drills" so many lumps of black decomposition might have seemed unwarranted by the gravity of the occasion, to a stranger ignorant of the important part the potato plays in the uncertain game of keeping body and soul together in a region where the grim spectre famine is never wholly laid. A winter such as confronted Tyrconnel would have converted him to other views. Each lump of black slime tossed from the spade meant a pawn swept from the board and the stakes were life and independence. Since more than half of her bit of ground, at best small and unproductive, lay in the grip of this mysterious blight, it will be seen that Nora Barry staked both on a losing hazard.

The brief scrawl which told Miles "his father was gone and what with one thing and another she was sore put to it to keep body and soul together," traveled hither and yon across the continent, finding him at last on a day when an overwhelming longing to see the old place had resulted in the selling of his Klondike claim at a price which the gold fields considered moderate but which in his far-off home spelt wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. But even while he was hastening with his hoard over leagues of land and ocean a bitter thing befell. There might have been seen, one November twilight, a little group of sympathetic neighbors wending its way to "the house," accompanying thither the "Widdy Barry," dumb and despairing, and carrying for her the few "bits of things" which, like some salvage from the wreck of her life, were to be cast on the shores of a haven where "never a soul belongin' to her, however misfortunate," had drifted before.

Had there been in the stores of her neighbors anything over and above what on the closest computation would have sufficed to keep body and soul together the calamity had not befallen. To avert it they had strained to the utmost their slender resources, proffering their assistance with a delicacy that robbed it of all offence, under the guise of loans or temporary accommodations, "A creel of turf till you can get your own cut," or "A stone of pitaties we have no manner of use for, and a rale kindness it ud be to take them off our hands they do be spoilin' that quick this year." But the keen eyes of the Widdy Barry soon pierced the kindly subterfuges and it be-

came evident to her that her choice lay between falling on the charity of those who could ill afford what they so ungrudgingly spared, or on the organized impersonal relief that entails no sacrifice on its dispensers.

There was yet another alternative whose appeal was almost irresistible when she passed southward on her frequent visits to the churchyard where the birds sang gaily and the sun slanted brightly and the sleepers rested quietly whether the crops failed or throve. "Sure they have it fine and easy there!" she would exclaim almost enviously and sometimes she fancied "himself" was calling her to share his peace, and abandon the struggle for an existence so little worth while. And then the other end of the road would exert its counter spell and one thought whispered o'er and o'er nerved the daughter of "strong farmers" for this last hard step on the path that had fallen so sheer from heights of better days; "It ud be lonely for Miles, the crathur, to come home and find us both gone."

The neighbors made the step as easy as possible, managing with a tact which would have done credit to a higher stratum of society. "It'll be only for the matter of a few weeks and you'll have your own bits of things to make it seem more natural. If it was only for an example to the poor foolish people that have n't the sense to go in quiet and easy, to see the likes of you, own cousin to a bishop, (the prelate was now ungrudgingly conceded) stoppin' there for a month or two"—and so on, with kindly eloquence that somehow failed to convince.

Whatever the bitterness of those weeks in "the house" they wrung no complaint from Nora Barry. Their story might have been read in an eloquent droop of the straight strong shoulders, in sudden whitening of the hair, where, despite her sixty years, gleams of sun had always lurked; in new lines that sprang to light about her patient lips, like invisible writing suddenly revealed in the searching fire of adversity. Whether it was due to her example or to the coercive eloquence of bitter winds and empty larders, many another derelict drifted that fall to the same haven. Each had its tale of wonderful cruises on fortune's high sea, and Nora Barry, the erstwhile proud and prosperous, alone was silent when the theme was halcyon days of yore. That she gave herself no airs on the score of a well authenticated past redounded greatly to her popularity in a community where her unobtrusive kindliness had already won its way.

Her "bits of things" were soon dispersed. They might all have been bought for a few shillings, but it would have been a cold heart that would have thus valued trifles about which twined the memories of a life. The well scoured brass candlesticks which found their way to the snowy table by the bed of Michael Doonan, whose weary feet were set towards an eternal bourne, had held the blessed candles which lighted the last steps of "himself's" pilgrimage, and, though an artist's eye might have scorned the heavy piece quilt in its glaring dissonance of hues that she gently tucked about the pain-racked frame of Mrs. O'Callaghan who was "desthroyed entirely with the rheumatism and perished with the cold," it was a family mosaic whereof her mother's wedding dress had formed the nucleus, and priceless memories were stitched in every square.

And so, denuded of her few poor treasures, she might have been seen day after day at the window of her unhomelike room, her fingers busied with the familiar knitting that laid no tax on her eyes, which were free to follow the windings of the road north or south, accord-

ing as they wandered on the trail of hope or memory. Certain it is she would not long have taxed the charity of the parish, for the most casual observer might have noted her quick decline. Happily the angel of deliverance in the form of a bronzed, weather-beaten, sorely afflicted Miles dashed down the road one December morning at the topmost speed of two fleet horses, whom their owner and driver, Ned Brady of Ballyvore, declares "Never to have been the betther of the dhrive that day to this. Though 'tis n't for all the thanks they got from Miles Barry, the crathurs, only the worst word in his mouth, 'for a pair of the greatest ould snails in Ireland.'" And, as his choler rises, he will indulge in picturesque denunciations concerning the sudden haste of prodigals, "who took things fine and easy, gallivantin' from ind to ind of America while their fathers were dyin' and their mothers comin' on the parish." Which is unjust to Miles, who would have died tramping the continent or swimming the sea at the least hint of either calamity. As it is, he can hardly bear the frail thin form of his mother a moment from his sight, in the old cabin where she has chosen to end her days in preference to the finer abode his remorseful affection would have gladly provided.

The neighbors bask in the sunshine of her prosperity, which even gilds the lot of the dwellers in "the house" with many a pound of tea that even there fails not to cheer, and many a twist of tobacco that sends smoke wreaths curling from discolored pipes, while memory bears off tottering age to range again the sunny slopes of long ago. All of which things you will hear again, should you ever climb the gorse-clad hills and take the narrow lonely road fashioned by generations of humble feet, that yet has been a highway broad enough for the march of all great events common to human kind.

Ragged, lovely children have trodden it with childish glee in quest of the first spring flowers; deep-eyed white-souled colleens and their stalwart swains have followed it in the scented dusk to a land of enchantment whose gates swing wide but once. Youth has spurned it with restless feet as it sped to a land of promise beyond the barrier of hill and sea, and age has faltered there beneath the wreck of all its earthly hopes and dreams. Death has marshalled down its windings the humble cortêge of simple unworldly folk, failures perhaps in a world where their ambitions struck slight root because at heart they were never aught but pilgrims and wayfarers wending towards a lasting City.

Should you follow such a funeral to the deep-grassed churchyard, you will have come to the one Tyrconnel field where is sown a golden harvest. Scarce a stone is there to mark the resting-place of such as have come to the end of their journeyings, though among the sleepers lies many a saint and hero, philanthropist and poet, who has no place in liturgy or honor roll, or library; saints of a few strong beliefs and short old-fashioned prayers that moulded lowly lives to lofty ends; heroes who fought for hearth and home against twin enemies, famine and disease, thrusting "the childer" out of "harm's way" at the price of all their worldly possessions, whilst they waited patiently at poor-house or road-side the coming of the Great Deliverer; philanthropists whose benefactions extending but to a stone of potatoes or meal, or a creel of turf, left them so cold and bare they may rank in the Eternal Records above the millions of richer givers; poets with souls attuned to nature's subtler harmonies, for whom the soft haze on hill and valley, the gold of sunset sky, the silver of shimmering loch, were an abiding solace for the lack of more substantial joys. And though they wrote no line their golden fancy came between them and the sordidness of life screening its unloveliness as the gorse and bracken hide the arid fields that lie along this bit of Irish road.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, POINT BARROW, THE MOST NORTHERN SCHOOL IN AMERICA

OUR POLAR POSSESSIONS.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

In most of his big business transactions that grand, benevolent-looking old gentleman with the queer star spangled hat and trousers, named Uncle Sam, has shown remarkable business tact. His purchase of Alaska from Russia for $7,200,000, in 1867, was probably the most profitable, in more ways than one, of all his great real estate deals. As nearly always happens when he steers wide of other wakes cries of financial disaster and even shipwreck went up from many of the heirs whose estates he was administering. It was little more or better than a lot of ice islands and icebergs he had bought they said. Yet some of these same "kickers" who have since enjoyed their summer outing under the midnight sun in that marvellous land are now wondering how they could have made such dolts of themselves. Why had they not at least credited the old gentleman with his innate shrewdness of not trading jack knives "unsight—unseen?" The fact was that years before he had had some of his best geologists and mineralogists and other expert scientists examine the country, and had digested well their report of its vast mineral wealth before deciding to make Russia an offer for it.

When a very few years later a private commercial company offered Uncle Sam double the cost price of his purchase people began to realize that he had made a really good trade. Still it was only the very few credulous, adventurous prospectors who, on even such evidences of gold being there, were willing to take their lives in their hands and pursue the glittering tempter so far beyond the barriers of snow and ice.

Other men heard with avidity the dazzling stories of great finds in the new Eldorado, but few had the temerity to fol-

low where the polar winter had buried trail and path deep in snow till Joe Laduc, pioneer of Alaska and founder of Dawson, came back with his sacks of dazzling nuggets. Joe was driven out of San Francisco by being beset night and day by crowds of people eager to hear about gold in the Klondike. On his flight to Chicago he was held up by a car load of Christian Endeavorers, eager as the Californians to hear how to find gold in Alaska. He stepped from his car in Chicago into a crowd of questioners, waiting his arrival on the platform. The same reception awaited him at his native Plattsburg, in the Adirondacks. Joe's nuggets were real object lessons in the mineral wealth of Alaska. They made believers of hitherto doubting thousands and the real exodus of gold-hunters bound for Alaska then began. On seeing the beginning of the rush, Joe, knowing the fatal mistakes many of the inexperienced were sure to make, determined to give them, as far as possible, the benefit of his experience. Joe's estimate that there would be $20,000,000 taken out of the "Eldorado streak" was a bit in excess of the actual yield, but he was far too correct in his calculation that "lots of the men who went in would never come out." Yet such is the fate of many inexperienced miners in all such new, wild, wintry mining countries. It is in fact the price that many have to pay for becoming the argonauts of their time and is an essential factor in the opening up of a new country to civilization and commerce.

The profit of Uncle Sam's investment in Alaska within the thirty-seven years since his purchase is almost incalculable and may be best shown by the fact that in the year 1902 the gold output alone, as shown by report of the superintendent of mints, was $8,345,800, more than double that of Arizona for the same year. Though gold is the only precious metal which has been mined as yet to any extent in Alaska it nevertheless abounds in other minerals. Silver, copper, iron, lead, coal, etc., are known to be there in abundance. But minerals are only a small part of the territory's wealth. In the Yukon, Kadiah, and Sitka divisions there are magnificent forests, full of game. Alaska has a longer coast line than that of the entire Atlantic coast of the United States. Its resources for profitable fishing industries are simply illimitable. The salmon canneries, already in operation for some years, are on a very large scale and doing a thriving business, shipping cargoes of canned fish to nearly every part of the civilized world. Afloat, fur-seal and otter are hunted in schooners and other craft, of different nationalities. Some of the American schooners have crews of fifteen or more, including professional hunters. They ply their trades along the coasts and adjacent islands. It is of one of these that Mr. Jack London writes in entertaining readers with the sanguinary exploits of Wolf Larsen—as blood-curdling a bit of rather improbable romance as the most gory-minded reader could wish for. In his "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," a trail of blood follows in the "Ghost's" wake from the Golden Gate to Japan.

Kipling too has made the international fur-sealers the theme of a poem in which he thus characterizes the American poachers:

"English there be and Japanese that play on the brown bear's flank;
And there be Scot, but the worst, God wot, and the boldest thief be the Yank."

In the forests and on the plains and mountains are found game, wild enough to suit the most intrepid hunter. Mr. John Muir, prince of mountain climbers and past-master of the art of word and brush painting of the glacier splendors of this mountainous region, has spread on canvas and on paper much of the wonderful beauty and "superlative grandeur" of the polar world "wrapped in snow" and touched to rainbow colorings, of the sum-

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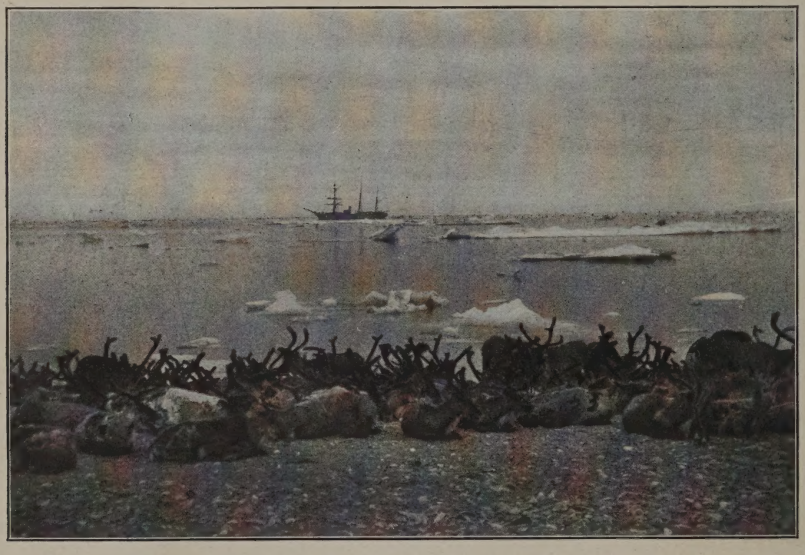
LAPLANDERS MILKING REINDEER AT PORT CLARENCE, ALASKA.

mer sun and shade, lovely and delicate as that of the inner lips of sea shells.

A glance at the map shows that nearly a quarter of this Alaskan territory lies north of the Arctic Circle. Places and things which are within the frigid zone have as a rule little meaning or interest for other than the scientist, naturalist, and the artistic-minded. And yet it is in the Arctic Ocean that a great part of the whalebone which is used in distorting the female figure the world over is found.



REINDEER ON THE SIBERIAN BEACH WAITING TO BE LOADED ON "THE BEAR" FOR TRANSPORTATION TO ALASKA.

The leviathans of the stormy sea have been killed off so unsparingly that the supply of their bone has for some years been running shorter and shorter. Now that men too have taken to wearing corsets we may expect to see the ocean presently depleted of its biggest fish.

With this great mineral wealth came also a sparse Indian and Eskimo population. The Indians as a rule are the more intelligent, and are more apt and energetic in picking up and retaining the ways and teachings of the white missionaries and teachers sent by the Government to civilize and enlighten them. But here as elsewhere where the Government has from the beginning assumed fraternal charge of her brown wards the inevitable tendency has been to weaken and finally destroy their self-dependence and to weaken their rugged manhood. While left to their own makeshifts they dried their fish, seal and walrus skins and preserved their nagoon berries in seal oil for the long winter's food. Bear, beaver, marten, fox, and other skins, were cured and dried for raiment. For the first few years that our cutters were carrying them Government supplies cases of real destitution amongst them were unknown. They still kept on hand ample supplies of their native food to tide them over a chance season when the ice kept the cutters from entering the bays and harbors till late in the summer. But of late years, since they have come to depend almost wholly on Government supplies, there has been more and more suffering. True this is in great part the

LOADING DEER INTO BOATS

outcome of their own ignorance. Men, observant and competent to judge, who have been up the Behring Sea and Arctic with supplies for the Indians nearly every season since our Government bought Alaska tell me that the Indian policy there is fatal as it has proved elsewhere.

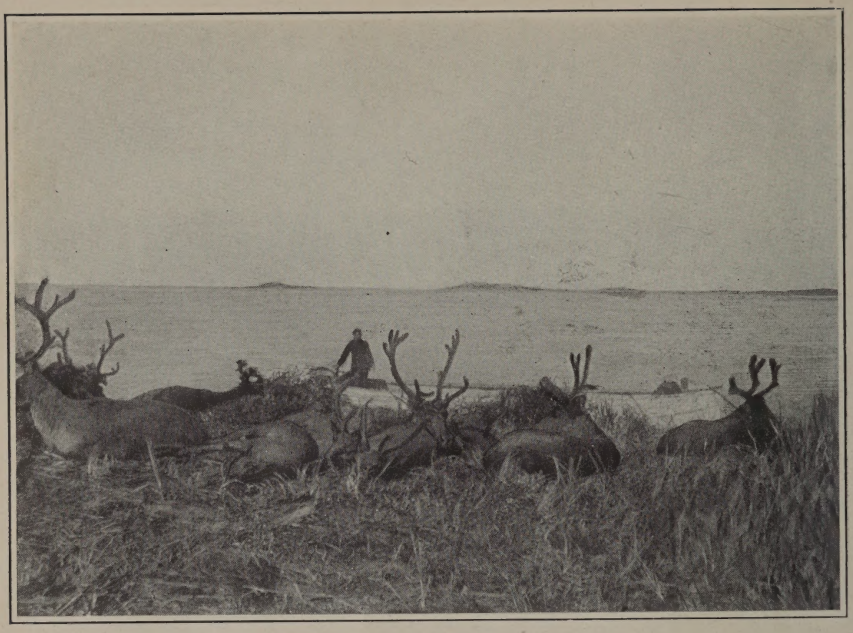
The wild, free, hunting and fishing life of the Indian and Eskimo as they were is certainly better than no life. It is picturesque and romantic at least. To go on civilizing, educating and killing them off in the past and present fashion will soon depopulate our polar possessions. The great trouble with the civilizers and educators is that they judge other races and peoples by their own standards of the meaning, best pursuits, achievements and enjoyments of life, ignoring the fact that the standards of those they judge may be the very reverse of their own. To a healthy, intelligent Indian, who loves the invigorating chase of his hunting-ground, and his wigwam and squaw when night comes, nothing could be more distasteful than the heartless affectations of a modern society drawing room. And still he is decried for not more readily and cheerfully adopting our up-to-date ways and manners. His ideals of happiness are ignored in spite of the fact that every race and people believes its country and way of living to be the best and happiest in the world.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where ere we roam,
His first, best, country ever is at home."

. . . . . .

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease."

If the Alaskan Indian is almost brutal in his unkindness to and lack of respect for his wife he is probably no worse or better in that respect than were, and still are, other pagan, barbarous races. The test of our higher civilization, the measure of our social refinement, seems to be the respect, courtesy and tender affection with which women are treated by men. Yet if a wealthy society man in a fit of unwarrantable jealous rage tortures or shoots his wife to death, which is frequently done, that seems to be no blot on our much be-praised culture. The Indian



DEER HOBBLED READY FOR LOADING IN THE BOATS

does the best he knows how and is easily disgusted with shams and false pretences. These foibles of the pale-face come to educate, enlighten, and make a respectable self-sustaining citizen of him have cost him the loss of nearly all confidence in the integrity of the white race. From this loss has arisen nearly every difficulty met by the missionaries and "Yankee school marms" following close in their reindeer sled tracks over the glacier snows. Missionary stations and schools have already been established at various points all the way from Carmel to Point Barrow, the northernmost point of Alaska. Fifteen of these mission stations have herds of reindeer loaned them by the Government for the use of the missions. In addition to these thus loaned the missions have herds of their own, the Congregational mission having the largest, 993, in 1901.

Of the five Catholic missions doing active work in Alaska, as shown by the last published report at hand of the Secretary of the Interior, 1901, that at Nulato, conducted by the Rev. J. M. Treca, S. J., was loaned a hundred reindeer by the Government, which, with the number already owned by the mission, made a herd of one hundred and thirty-six. This in view of the fact that the Jesuits have ever been the pioneers and first cross-bearers of missionary work among the Indians of the entire continent is not a very flattering numerical showing, but in this as in most kinds of spiritual achievement it is quality rather than quantity that counts most for lasting good and the Jesuits never do things by halves. General Agent Jackson's report on the introduction of domestic reindeer into that territory best shows the difficulty of traveling there. In speaking of turning the herd over to Father Treca he says:

. . . "Dr. Gambell made a reconnaissance with reference to the feasibility of driving the herd set apart for the Roman Catholics over that route. There were from thirty to forty inches of snow on the level, upon which it had rained and frozen, causing a crust several inches thick of frozen snow which made it impossible for the deer to secure food.

In loose snow not over four feet deep the reindeer will paw down to the ground, and pasture on the moss, but when a rain or thaw occurs followed by a freeze creating a coating of heavy ice or thick layer of frozen

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TRAVELING DOWN A STEEP HILL WITH REINDEER.

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PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN ALASKA.

snow it becomes impossible for the deer to break through the crust and dig down to the moss."

The herd was, after consultation with Father Treca, put to pasturage in charge of an experienced Lapp, near headquarters, till the next open season. The reindeer, owing to his subsisting on the moss to which he thus paws down through several feet of snow, as well as being the most useful of all the domestic animals, is easily the most invaluable to the traveler or sojourner in Alaska. The reindeer is taking the place of the Eskimo dog as a beast of burden in transporting passengers and freight over frozen snows. He is more enduring and tractable and free from the fits of ill-temper that make a pack of dogs troublesome to manage. The dogs, too, must be fed while the deer find their moss for themselves. They also supply their possessors with wholesome, nutritious milk, even in the rigors of the polar winter when and where no other milk can be had at any price.

To the stout-hearted and sturdy-limbed prospector for gold the reindeer is as indispensable as he is to the missionary, teacher, scientist, or artist. The native Indian, Eskimo, or Lapp, makes the reindeer serve every purpose which the horse, ox, cow, mule and donkey serve in other zones. The reindeer's docility enables the traveler to descend mountain steeps which would often be otherwise impassable with a pack sled. At the top of such descent the deer is unhitched from the front of the sled. A rope, made fast to the rear end of the sled, is then hitched round the deer's neck. With a couple of fathoms of stray line the traveler mounts his sled and lets go. By bracing back on his stout legs, firm-footed in the snow, the deer steadily restrains and graduates the pace to the bottom of the steep. It is this docility which also enables the seamen on the revenue cutters to handle with comparative ease large herds to be shipped long distances. The throwing down and hobbling process, that is lashing the deer's feet together, looks at first glance to have a measure of cruelty about it. But as a rule sailors are kind to dumb animals and the deer take quite submissively to their temporary captivity.

Amongst the native Indians, Eskimos, and Laplanders, the various missionaries are not by all accounts making very satisfactory headway. With the plastic young minds of the school room the teachers seem to be having somewhat better success. Still the material which even they have to work on is scarcely of the best. Ancestral instincts and all deep-rooted racial and barbarous heritages of so many centuries are not to be wholly overcome in one generation. Yet some of the teachers' reports to the department give ground for hope of the future. The obstacles met there in the way of better results in the schools are so much like those met in civilized lands that an excerpt or two seems quotable.

With an enrollment of one hundred and twenty-five in the Hooriah school Mrs. McFarland, the teacher, reports of her Thlingket scholars:

"I fear the keynote of my report this year will be one of discouragement. I returned the last of August after a restful vacation with renewed energy for another year's work. But before it was time to ring the school bell the first Monday in September the village was deserted. A grand feast and potlatch was to be given at Dunaas Bay. This occupied them a week. Then their favorite berry, nagoon, must be gathered and preserved in seal oil. By the 18th of the month I opened school with five scholars. (out of 125) . . . . The First of December we were getting down to pretty thorough work when the feasting and dancing began, with visitors present from other tribes and for three months our people were engaged in this dissipation."

This is from an Eskimo school on St. Lawrence Island. "The second term opened January 2nd and continued without intermission until the end of April.

Two days were lost on account of the school room stove proving refractory. . . . . One day was omitted following the arrival of the shipwrecked seaman Mr. Murphy." You will find the ubiquitous Murphy bobbing up in such dramatic fashion and in such strange out of the way places too. Another report descants on the rescue of Mr. Egan, a shipwrecked seaman, and search for his companion having "interrupted" the tenor of the school. Operating "on Mr. Egan's foot" was a further interruption, and thereby hangs a tale.

At their feasts and potlatches, which frequently continue throughout a whole season, the natives drink so much hoochinoo, and smoke almost continuously, that their minds are fuddled for weeks afterwards. The children migrate with their parents and elders to these protracted carousings, the boys filling, lighting and passing round the lighted pipes to the men.

Attracted thither by her great mineral wealth and splendid scenery, there is reason to hope that the steadily increasing influx of whites to Alaska, bearing "the white man's burden" of intelligent sobriety, will have a helpful effect on the natives. This and the missionaries and the schools may open their eyes and bring them to their senses ere their mines and seas have been ransacked over and over and emptied of the greater part of their wealth, their forests and mountains stripped of game, and the timber felled.

But the chances are ten to one that their free and easy lives will go on with but slight change till every acre of their mother earth worth having has been title-deeded to their more thrifty Caucasian civilizers. They will continue to perish from the earth as did the nobler Delawares, Hurons, and Susquehannas. We can meantime continue to hold up our boasted higher civilization to the envy and admiration of mankind.

NOTE.—The writer of this article gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the courtesy of the Department of the Interior for the loan of the plates illustrating it.

FROM SUMMER DAYS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

If any one were to ask me what is the chief cause of trouble in a neighborhood into which strangers occasionally move, I should answer, a dog. If further questioned as to the best restorer of harmony, I should reply a garden. You will go far until you find a more agreeable neighborhood than ours, and, though not exactly a nomad, I feel that I have had sufficient experience since leaving my quiet home in the Blue-grass Belt to justify the assertion. Our neighborhood lies east of the town and stretches, in pretty links of wooded knoll and flowered dell, to the river. The single track of an historic railway separates us from the town, and we find the narrow rails of steel, which any two-year child could cross in a step, as imposing as a Chinese wall. An unpretentious people, none of us placed above the necessity of gaining our daily bread, we have, in some unaccountable manner, come to be regarded as proud and exclusive, the newspapers going so far as to term us aristocratic. Now, if any of our slanderers were to take the trouble to come to see us, they would be met at the door by the smiling hostess herself, and if they accepted the inevitable invitation to stay for dinner, they would be served with good and bounteous fare, which had been prepared by the lady of the house or her capable daughters. I believe any fair-minded person will grant that this is, in truth, the simple life, and repudiates the sins charged against us. It is true that we take life easier than many on the other side of the track, and having so much to interest us in the splendid society to be found in our old woods and in the equally agreeable and brilliant company that hourly waits for us in our modest libraries, we do not depend entirely on visiting and gossip for our mental existence. This, as far as I can see, is all the difference there is between us and our friends across the track; hence, I have concluded that a certain quietude in carrying on one's own affairs and an utter indifference to the affairs of others will stamp an individual (or neighborhood) as proud, exclusive and aristocratic.

As doubtless you have inferred the houses that stand in this particular neighborhood belong to the dwellers therein, as it would be impossible long to retain our character, whether real or imaginary, with a fluctuating population. There is, however, one exception—the tall buff house among the peach trees. Many times during the years since its owner has left it, furniture vans drew up to its portico to deposit the household goods of the new comer, or to carry off the family which had begun to incorporate itself into our life, or had resolutely stood apart from it. When pleasant people dwelt in it, devoutly we wished that they would purchase the buff house, and spare us the pain of a future separation; when they were of the opposite character, we prayed as devoutly for the prevention of such a contingency. Our household was especially concerned in the matter of the buff house, being nearest to it; in fact, only the imaginary line of the country surveyor separated, as yet, our respective domains. Now, if you happened to have a dog, of playful, or the contrary, disposition, as the spirit moved him, and the people in the buff house were lovers of the canine race, hence ready to make excuses for him when his nature got the better of his training, you will readily perceive that you might count on a friendly relationship. The last family was all that could be desired by us, who had to live close to them, and the rest,who were more or less in-

fluenced by their presence. They came among us one spring, at the time the peach trees were blooming, which, with us, is a signal to begin to give some attention to the flower beds. One morning, quite early, as we were drawing off the dead leaves from the clumps of hardy phlox, two young men emerged from the buff house. On reaching the grassy avenue, which leads past our lawn to the summer-house on the bluff over-looking the river, they started to run a race. They were lithe of limb and supple of muscle and we paused a moment to view their performance from our place of concealment among the shrubs. But it occurred that Teddy had likewise risen early, and, returning from a dewy ramble with one of his canine neighbors, he caught sight of the running strangers. An ancestral instinct, reaching from the dead ages when the dog stood guard before his master's cave, sprang again into being, and in the next instant, he was in hot pursuit of the sprinters, yelping, barking, and, when he came up to them, snapping at their heels.

"Some of the new people!" I gasped, before sending my ineffectual voice after Teddy. As well might I have called to a bird let loose. "Go!" I cried to Margaret; "bring him back! He may bite them—and—"

The catastrophe that might follow such treatment of the "new people" sent Margaret in quick chase of the long-eared delinquent. Oh, well! It is not given to all to possess a lively sense of humor, as well as a face that looks charming under a picturesque garden-hat; neither does every situation present a pair of young men amiable enough to forgive, and then make much of, a curly spaniel that had spoiled their morning exercise. When I saw three young people returning, in friendly talk, with Teddy walking demurely behind, I knew that we and the "new people" should get along. We did, but one drear November day, the furniture van again stood before the buff house. That night the place was tenantless, and so remained throughout the winter. I wonder if there is a sadder spectacle than that presented by an uninhabited house on a snowy winter evening? Around it are other houses whose warmth and light throw their gleam through the soft-curtained windows; before the hearth the children play, the silvery ring of their voices breaking the twilight stillness; on the step, the snow falling on her cloaked figure and frosting her hair, is the mother, awaiting the hurrying feet of the absent. How desolate, in the midst of such scenes, was the buff house that winter, no light in its windows, no warmth on its hearth, no tender hand-clasp at its door-step! Spring came without bringing life to it, but when June was well advanced we heard that it was taken.

There was something cold and distant in the very appearance of the next "new people." We felt instinctively, even before we knew their names, that they would remain alien to the simple life of the neighborhood. Not that they evinced great wealth or advanced station, but we thought that they regarded us antagonistically. To add to the difficulty, a small boy formed part of the new family. Now you must not infer that our neighborhood was boyless. But our boys were fairly manageable. Whatever they might do on the other side of the track (and if report be true, once beyond the charmed limit they were as reckless a crowd as ever tortured an aching head, or filled the heart of a stray dog with terror), when under the eyes of their mentors, natural or self-constituted, they were as well-behaved as one may hope for healthy boys to be under our present dispensation. But the new boy, bound by none of the traditions of the neighborhood, respected none of its unwritten laws, one of the most important of which, he, a few days after his arrival, proceeded to break, by throwing stones at Teddy. The life, liberty and pursuit of happiness for the

lower animals, as well as the higher species, were assured in our neighborhood, and when the new boy infringed on these our impression of his family was strengthened. I think that any just mind will admit that the most intelligent dog (which Teddy assuredly was and is), could not be expected to recognize and respect a demarkation known only to the man of chain and compass, and when he beheld a little, and *new*, boy throwing rocks at a bird it was quite natural that he should run forward to protest. Cause enough had Teddy to dislike little boys. Many a missile had boys from the other side of the track thrown at him, many a peaceful slumber had they disturbed in order to attend his mistress, when word was brought to her that nest-robbers were at their unholy work in the old woods. But the greatest of all his grievances against them was their noise. Why couldn't they romp and play, without yelling and shouting, as he and his little companions did, doubtless he often inquired. Seeing the new boy and noting his occupation, Teddy darted toward him, with sharp, warning barks. In the next moment, one of the cruel stones was deflected from the direction of the innocent bird in the tree to the innocent dog on the ground. Long, piercing yelps of pain followed, and the brown spaniel turned weakly homeward, with one paw dangling helplessly. It was the first serious hurt he had received in his six years of singularly happy life, and the horror of such an affront seemed to cause him as much pain as the physical injury.

Our acquaintance with the new people had an inauspicious beginning. When the stone-throwing was repeated, it was followed by something more effectual than words of remonstrance; so before our relations had had a chance to be formed they became strained. So they continued until the spring brought back the birds and sent the gardners to work. One day the appearance of a plowman, bound for the old garden below the knoll on which the buff house stood, aroused our curiosity. It was a charming old garden. When the land, now laid off in lots for the future town, was a farm, it had belonged to the farm-house. That was long ago, so long that the grass of the walks had crept over the black soil, fighting, as it crept, the currant and gooseberry bushes, the herbs and flowers, and had succeeded in destroying everything, except the larkspur. I love larkspur, as much for its loyalty as its beauty. How often have you not seen it lifting its spears of blue and pink flowers from a green pasture? Though not a stone may remain to tell that once in that spot youth made merry and childhood laughed, you never doubt the flowers' silent assurance of such a fact. You know that if you search for it, you will find the brick-walk hidden under the sod, and will discover the remains of the old spring-house where the cat-o-nine-tails grow.

When the plowing was done, my interest in the fate of this sky-hued reminder of things that were no more prompted me to climb the knoll and look over the freshly-turned earth. When I saw that one green place was untouched, I began to think that the new people possessed some sentiment after all. But such busy times followed in our own gardens, thought of the new people's enterprise passed almost entirely from our minds. If you have ever had any experience in gardening, you will not question the accuracy of that statement. You well know what vital questions must be decided, what important changes must be made. If the medlar pear needs pruning it calls for a conference grave and deliberate, for has not many a fine tree been killed by the saw? If the line you have laid off for the hedge of flowering almonds runs into a sturdy young lilac, you know how other questions sink into insignificance before the distracting question—Which must be sacrificed, hedge or shrub? The tomatoes

must not be planted in last year's bed, which seems to be the only appropriate place for them; for since the utility of vegetables blind many to their beauty the artistic gardener aims to so place each individual that it may have all the advantages that the harmony of lines and coloring bestows. If the rows of potatoes run on the bias and are lost in a tangle of pole beans, minus the poles, if the tomatoes divide place with withered peas, and the cucumbers make vain effort to climb corn stalks, the garden may prove prolific, but the beauty which was possible, and which is essential, has been lost. It may be more trouble, but it is really worth while, to plant by a line. In laying off the various rows to keep the general effect in your mind's eye may consume time, but it is time well-spent. So the weeks slipped on and we gave no more thought to the new people's work in the old garden; or if we did it was dismissed with the supposition that being amateurs they would fail completely. One morning, when the invitation of the woods could no longer be resisted, though flower beds clamored for attention and some editors bewailed the slowness of copy in coming in, accompanied by Teddy, the constant, and a girl who declared that she had caught sight of the newly-arrived mocking bird, I climbed the knoll again, and in passing along the avenue gave a look at the old garden.

"Oh! how pretty it looks!" chimed the girl. "They have planted flowers, you see. Soon it will be as it was when mamma was a girl. She used to visit here when all this was a farm, and she has never ceased to mourn the lost beauty of the old garden."

I agreed with her as to the good appearance of the garden, and my eyes sought it with renewed interest, when we came back, hours later, after ranging the woods and many a field of thought. My interest in the garden began to extend to the gardener, and I wished that our relationship were friendly enough to permit me to ask him how he had been able to bring the larkspur from a state of comparative wildness to its present promising condition. In the meantime, I may say it without egotism, our garden was growing into a thing of beauty as well as use. "If the cut-worm pass them by, and we have rain at the proper time, you will be kept busy gathering the sweet peas," I wrote to Margaret.

Of course the new gardener could not help but notice the progress of our work. One day we met. It was not our first meeting, by any means; but heretofore we had passed each other with the briefest word of recognition. Now each read a kindly feeling in the other's eyes. I noted his involuntary pause, and my steps also ceased. "Fine weather we are having for our gardens," he observed, limpingly. "Yours shows the result of rain, sunshine, and industry," I replied. Praise is sweet as honey in the honeycomb to the true gardener; he smiled and then I saw what a good man our neighbor was. I would trust the man with a good smile, though the mother who bore him should call him bad. The involuntary smile is a flash-light on the soul. "You folks have a fine garden, too," he said. That "You folks" coupled with a peculiar intonation started me thinking, and the conviction came that the "new people" might not be so new after all. A few days later it shot a surprise through the household to see Mr.—— sauntering down the walk in the direction of the garden, and, anxious to meet our adversary half-way, I found it convenient to be on the back porch at the time his tour of observation should lead him to that point of vantage. It was half an hour before he departed, and during that time we discovered that we had much in common. Not only were we from the same section of the State, but he was married into a family with one branch of which ours was connected by ties of ancient friendship. A few days later, he encountered the lady of my heart and

home, perchance the most enthusiastic gardener who ever possessed the "growing touch." When they parted, I noticed that he carried off with him a tray of lettuce. How she had discovered that his lettuce had completely failed, that he and his family were especially fond of this palatable salad, and then could send him away with some of the choicest plants of the garden, without any sense of obligation on his side, or favor conferred on hers, is the secret of such an eminently tactful woman. In the course of a few days, the boy, the bad boy, came, bringing us a book on gardening. He did not appear to be, on close examination, such a wicked boy as we, with the rest of the neighbors, had so long thought, and when Teddy went to him, and the boy began to play with the dog and the dog accepted the caresses, it really looked as if all the members of both families desired to smoke the peace-pipe.

In their appointed time the sweet peas began to fulfil their early promise. If you had passed through our garden on any morning of the following summer, you might have seen Margaret and the boy busily engaged in cutting flowers for the adornment of their respective breakfast tables. If Teddy were absent, it was due to the fact that he found a ramble with his Jack and Ring more diverting, or that his persistence in digging for buried bones among the cosmos had caused his expulsion.

Both gardens, thanks to nature's provisions and man's industry, flourished and deserved all the praise bestowed on them by the casual observer; but their owners found in them something deserving of higher admiration. Were they not silent reconcilers of the estranged, the builders of a lasting regard and respect, the destroyers of erroneous opinions, which the members of the two families had entertained for one another? Wherefore, had I but his gift of utterance, I should strive to imitate Ike Walton and write an essay of praise, not of the art of angling, but the better art of gardening.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

The romantically situated village of Enniskerry near Bray, in the county of Wicklow, was the scene of our missionary labors during three years. The landlord of the greater portion of the country in the village itself and for many miles around it is Viscount Powerscourt. After the death of his father his mother became the wife of the Marquis of Londonderry, and not long after became a Catholic. Her relative, the Countess of Portarlington, entered the Church at the same time. It was a singular sight to witness representatives of four of the most bigoted families in Ireland thus returning to the Fold which their ancestors had been persecuting for so many years—the Rodens, the Castlereaghs, the Powerscourts and the Portarlingtons. Lord Powerscourt's father was so ardent an Orangeman that he would never accept a Catholic tenant on his immense estates, which had been wrested from the celebrated Irish clan of the O'Tooles, but the nobleman of the time I am treating of being sincerely attached to his mother, Lady Londonderry, was of quite an opposite character. Before his mother's reception into the Church he had built a beautiful Protestant church in the village, which she had furnished with stained glass windows. No sooner did the bigots learn of Lady Londonderry's perversion, as they called it, than they smashed all the windows in their own church because she had placed them there, and then burnt down several acres of forest land which grew at a lovely spot on the road from Enniskerry to Dublin, called the Scalp.

Our great Catholic reformatory for boys, at Glencree, about seven miles higher up on the Wicklow mountains, of which I was the manager for about six years and which bore the name of St. Kevin's of Glendalough, was on the Powerscourt property, the Viscount being the head landlord, and I must acknowledge that I always received the greatest kindness from him, and until the day of her death from his lamented mother. St. Kevin's had originally been a military barrack and had been erected by the prisoners at the time of the rebellion. Large as were the original buildings St. Kevin's had to be added to from year to year in order to accommodate the numbers of those who were sent to us by magistrates or judges and were committed for periods of detention ranging from three to five years. Thus several shops were built, for those who were to be taught trades, besides barns, stables, outhouses, a gas-house, a chapel, and a dormitory upwards of three hundred feet in length, beneath which were the school room, the dining-room, and the kitchen. I had at one time under my charge no fewer than 366 boys. The institution being overcrowded the Government gave us the old prison at Phillipstown, which was transformed into another reformatory under the title of St. Conleth's. The land about St. Kevin's is so poor that it is good only for grazing ground, even where it has been relieved of its granite boulders and rocks, but the trades have always proved a success. When I was at the head of the institution I had one priest, twenty-four lay brothers, and five laymen to assist me. After the first two or three months the boys under detention settled down and became quite happy. Many of them were models of piety, and of their own accord used to make their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and received Holy Communion

once a month. While I was stationed at Glencree there was no reformatory in the United Kingdom which produced so high a number under the title of "Doing well" after their discharge as ours of St. Kevin's, the figures being ninety-six per cent.

Lord O'Hagan, the good Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was one of the founders of this institution and always took a lively interest in its success. He often told me how much he regretted the choice which the committee had made of the wild and unproductive soil upon which our reformatory had been erected. Every year we had a visit from the Lord Mayor of Dublin and many members of the corporation. On that occasion several hundreds of visitors would assemble to meet them, and after the banquet, when the annual report would be read and a few speeches made, they all adjourned to the theatre where the boys acted a couple of plays under the guidance of a talented lay brother. Before the visitors dispersed to their homes they were delighted to witness the cleverly performed drills and to listen to the two excellent bands. Glencree was privileged to receive the Lord Lieutenant several times. These were rarely state visits, but generally he came on horseback attended by his aide-de-camp and a couple of servants. But the greatest pleasure that could be conferred on the poor boys was when Madame Tietjens and her troupe of operatic singers or that prince of comedians, Mr. Toole, who often came to Ireland, would come out to spend a day of relaxation at Glencree and would generously exhibit their marvelous powers of acting or singing for the amusement of the little prisoners of the reformatory. During my tenure of office we had two great trials, visitations from God. The first was the breaking out of smallpox. We had upward of sixty cases out of which there were no fewer than twenty-four deaths. I engaged a doctor and two nursing sisters to reside in the house and they remained with us for more than six weeks. But the other affliction, which though less mortal, was far more frightful, was a mysterious disease and bore the name of the Black Death. One in perfect health in the morning was dead and had to be buried before evening. Spots of an unearthly hue would come and go while you were looking at them. The heels of the sufferer would be drawn backward to his head, in the shape of a half moon. Confession had to be made and the last rites administered as soon as the patient was stricken. Decomposition set in immediately after death and I was advised to have the dead buried without delay for fear of contagion spreading to others. It was said that several cases had occurred in Richmond Barracks in Dublin and that one of the soldiers there had come out to Glencree to visit a brother of his under detention and had thus brought the contagion with him. Another rumor was to the effect that the disease was an offshoot of the Great Plague of London and that the ground had been broken for the erection of new houses on the spot where the victims of the Great Plague had been buried, and that this was in the immediate vicinity of a barracks from which the regiment was removed to Richmond, Dublin, immediately afterwards.

I cannot take leave of my history of my connection with St. Kevin's, Glencree, without stating that since I commenced putting these reminiscences to paper I have received no fewer than three letters from "Old Boys" who from seeing an account of the celebration of my golden jubilee in one or another of the papers wrote to me to congratulate me on the event and while reminding me that they

were Glencree boys spoke of the happy days they had spent there under me and told me that they were doing well in their various occupations in the United States of America. One of these wrote to me as a Knight of Columbus, and another as a Hibernian temperance man.

Let me now ask you for a change to accompany me for a few gleanings in the direction of County Wexford. There is a parish called Tournaneenan in which there are two chapels one of them bearing the name of The Nire. As we were preaching in Tournaneenan itself a man would summon those who lived near the other chapel, which was on the opposite side of a high hill, by going hither and thither blowing a large horn. At this primitive summons every one would know that it was time to go to the mission, and it was an edifying sight to see them descending the hill in all directions, men, women and children, hurrying so as not to be late for the rosary. In the same neighborhood, but, if I remember right, nearer to Clonmel, is the rural parish of Powerstown. Like all our other missions, labor as long and as hard as we might we seemed to make but little reduction in the numbers of those who were pressing forward for confession. One forenoon some one brought a letter to me, and told me that a young man on horseback had brought it for me. He said that he would call again for an answer in an hour's time. On reading this letter I found that it was from an old friend of mine, the Rev. Dr. Cleary, formerly the President of Waterford College, but at that time parish priest of Dungarvan, about twelve miles distant. He sent an imperative mandate to me and my two confreres to drive over to Dungarvan on the following day and take dinner at his house at two o'clock. He added that he would accept no denial. When the Fathers met together in the sacristy at mid-day to take their slight lunch I read the letter to them, and we agreed that it was impossible for me to accept the invitation, first, because we never went out to dine in that way during a mission, and secondly that it would be against our consciences to leave so large a number of anxious penitents unheard while we were enjoying ourselves. But just as we had come to this decision, the pastor, Father Powers, came to us, and after asking me if I had received a letter from Dr. Cleary and what was our decision he told me that he and his curate were also invited and that we would have to accompany them. "You will learn the reason," said he, "after dinner to-morrow, but you must go." So, after leaving the affair in his hands, we all returned to our confessionals and I announced to the people that evening that no confessions would be heard after eleven o'clock on the following day because we had to go to Dungarvan.

The presbytery at this town, which I knew so well, would not contain one third of the priests, who assembled at the hour announced for the mysterious dinner, so a large room in the hotel had been engaged for the occasion. Doctor Cleary had sent messengers to the remotest parts of the diocese and I was informed that there was not a single absentee. The dinner was in every respect a first rate one and fitting for those who went to partake of it. When all was over and grace had been said, and the waiters had been asked to retire, the reverend host rose to his feet and pulling a roll of parchment from his pocket addressed those who were present, all of whom were breathlessly awaitingwhat explanation soever they were convinced he was about to convey to them. First of all he thanked them for their attendance, many of them perhaps having come at considerable inconvenience, and apologized

for the imperious nature of the invitation he had sent to them. He then proceeded thus: "Reverend gentlemen and dear friends, I know you all, and you all know me. I hold in my hand a bull which I received from Rome yesterday. By it I am appointed Bishop of Kingston, in Canada, and am ordered to proceed to Rome without delay, so that I may be consecrated there, as circumstances render it necessary for me to go to the distant diocese to which I have been appointed, as soon as possible. I intend starting for the Eternal City to-morrow and it is highly improbable that we shall ever meet again in this world. I have thus pressed you to gather around me that I may take leave of you and ask your prayers for me in the arduous duties I shall be called upon to fulfil in the distant land to which I am now hastening." There was no cheering, no speech-making. Doctor Cleary put back the bull into his pocket, and then went from one to another of his clerical brethren and embraced each one of them. All this took place in profound silence for it seemed to be impressed on all that were present that this was to be the final parting. As for myself I may add that I had the happiness of meeting the good Bishop again, for on my way from Winnipeg to Lowell, in the year 1896, I went to Kingston and was hospitably received by Archbishop Cleary with whom I remained for nearly a week. He invited me to preach in his magnificent cathedral at the High Mass on Sunday. Since that day, like most of those whom I have had the privilege of knowing, revering, or loving during my long life, His Grace has been summoned to the reward promised to the good and faithful servant in the vineyard of the Lord.

One impediment to our being invited to certain parts of Ireland where Irish alone was spoken was that, with the exception of Father Cook who could hear confessions in the Gaelic language but could never be induced to preach in it, we had but one Father who was thoroughly at home in the Celtic tongue, but after a brief two years of missionary labors he contracted a fever when attending a dying patient in Liverpool and was taken from us after a few days' illness. When I was the director of missions in Ireland I received a letter every year from the Lion of the Fold of Judah, as he was called, the Most Rev. Dr. McHale of Tuam, asking for missionaries for certain parishes in County Mayo. His Grace always inserted in a postscript, " I need not add that it is absolutely necessary that you should have at least one Irish-speaking Father with you." This barred our attempting to evangelize any parish in the archdiocese of Tuam during my term of office. But such was not the case in Dungarvan and other parts of County Waterford where the majority of the people conversed in Irish and always made their confessions in that language. Father Cook was with us in most of these missions. The crowds that crushed around his confessional were overpowering. Amongst these were some who couid make their confessions in English quite well, if they liked, and after despairing of getting to Father Cook they would, as a final resort, rather than be disappointed altogether, come to one of us. A good woman of this class who could speak English well enough as I knew persisted in making her confession in Irish. I tried in vain to stop her until I threatened to close the slide, and then she said in as good English as I could speak myself that a neighbor who had made her confession to me on the previous day told her that I had as good Irish as Father Cook.

In another parish in the same great Catholic county I was victimized by one of my penitents to such a degree that I

met with continual annoyances during two or three subsequent years, whenever I happened to be in that neighborhood. We were hearing confessions in the chapel yard, to escape the heat of the interior which was overpowering. In his turn a certain man knelt down by me. For many years he had pretended that he was dumb, and had thus defrauded those who were simple enough to consult him, by receiving money for telling their fortunes. When those who were nearest to us remarked that he was making his confession they immediately came to the conclusion that I had cured him, and when he rose from his knees and began to speak to them they shouted out "A miracle, a miracle! Father Fox has given speech to the dummy." For a considerable time after this all the poor deaf mutes for miles around would be brought to me, their parents firmly believing that I could cure them of their affliction. I cannot describe the magnitude of the annoyance which this caused me, nor the disappointment of those who came to me when they found that I could not admit that I was a thaumaturgus.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSECRATION AND RE-OPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Sunday, July 24, 1904, will be long remembered, not only by the people of Armagh, but by the Catholic inhabitants of all Ireland, as a great and glorious day in the history of the Church of their ancient faith. For on that day, after a long series of labors extending over almost seventy years, the new Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick was solemnly consecrated and re-opened, in the presence of Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland; Cardinal Vannutelli, Bishop of Palestrina and Papal Legate of our Holy Father Pope Pius X.; the Most Rev. Dr Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin; the whole Episcopacy of Ireland, without exception, and many foreign bishops, as well as a number of the most distinguished Catholics in Great Britain.

As far back as 1840, the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, then Archbishop of Armagh, succeeded after many difficulties in securing a site for the building of a Cathedral worthy of that ancient city, the See of St. Patrick and the primitial city of Ireland. Hitherto the Catholic worshippers had to be satisfied with the little church of St. Malachy, better known as "The Old Chapel," an old-fashioned and totally inadequate structure. In those days the lands about Armagh consisted almost entirely of "see-land," the demesne of the Protestant primate, and from the days of Queen Mary no Catholic bishop dared approach, much less reside, within a league of the city. Luckily, however, there was one spot, a fine eminence known as "Sandy Hill," commanding the whole city and vicinity, which, though surrounded by see-land, was in the possession of the Earls of Dartrey; and through the influence of Lord Cremorne and others, a lease in perpetuity of the place was given at length to Dr. Crolly.

A pretty legend is told in the Book of Armagh (800 A. D.) regarding the site of the church first built there by St. Patrick—the site of the present Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick.

"Get thee northward," said God's angel to the saint, "to the height of Macha

(Ard-Macha=Armagh) : there shalt thou build to God the Fortress Temple and Great House of Christ." St. Patrick seemingly found the rulers of that time as grudging of a site as those of late days; but at length the Saint's force of character and the renown worked by his miracles succeeded in obtaining from King Daire, great-grandson of Niale of the Nine Hostages, the necessary plot of land. "Give him," said the grim old pagan king, "the Ridge of Willows, that he may build a church unto his God."

On the solemn foundation-day, as St. Patrick made a circuit of the ground, with bell, book and aspersory, marking out the sacred precincts, a frightened doe, with a fawn by her side, fled from out the willows, and after running a few paces stood bewildered at the great throng of people. St. Patrick took this as a good opportunity of inculcating to his flock the virtue of kindness.

"Here," he said, pointing to the spot where the deer had lain "shall God's altar stand;" and taking up the fawn in his arms he carried it across the valley to an eminence on the northern side, and laid it gently down beside its dam. To-day, the spot where the deer had lain, and where St. Patrick built his first church, is the site of the Protestant Cathedral, while on the "northern eminence" stands the newly-finished and beautiful Catholic Cathedral dedicated to Ireland's patron Saint.

Fitly, it was on St. Patrick's Day, 1840, that Dr. Crolly laid the foundation-stone of the new building. That was a memorable day for Armagh. The whole countryside poured its hundreds and thousands of pilgrims into the city, and so great was the crowd that many were unable to get even within sight of the foundations, and it is reported that something like a famine was experienced that evening amongst the people, the supply of provisions in the town having completely run out.

A collection was now started for the building of the church, and priests and bishops, even the Primate himself, went forth to gather in subscriptions from the Irish people, and from the nations of the whole world. Noble and generous was the response. But alas! trouble was at hand. Black '47, and the years after it came, bringing famine and all its horrors in their train. The money which would so willingly have been given to the building of the Cathedral was devoted to the more pressing needs of stemming the tide of famine and pestilence. The great founder of the Cathedral, Dr. Crolly himself, was amongst the last victims of the latter. Having gone in the discharge of his duties as Primate, to Drogheda, on Ascension Thursday, 1849, he fell sick in the night, of the cholera, then raging there, and expired the next day, Good Friday, about noon. By his own wish his body was laid to rest in a vaulted tomb underneath the choir of the unfinished Cathedral.

Now comes one of those blanks which seemed later to be part of the history of the Cathedral. The new Primate, Dr. Cullen, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, deemed the times out of joint for the furtherance of its building, in the then impoverished and troubled state of the country, and for five years the half-built walls stood naked and neglected, and seemed likely so to stand forever, as a monument of blasted hopes.

In 1852, however, Dr. Cullen was translated to Dublin; and his successor, Dr. Dixon, took an enthusiastic interest in the great work which was in those days the primitial inheritance. A beginning was made on Easter Monday, 1854,—"Resumption Monday," as it was called—with a charity sermon. The walls were then thirty-four feet high, a fact long in evidence during the years after by their dark and weather-stained appearance up to that height. A temporary covering of tarpaulin over wooden beams had been con-

structed, but just as the High Mass was in progress a terrific hurricane came on, and the wild March wind tore the tarpaulin asunder, allowing the hailstones to beat on the bare heads of the patient, densely-packed congregation. The candles guttered and went out. The chalice had to be held in place by the deacon till the end of Mass, while the preacher, Father O'Rourke, S.J., could hardly make himself heard with the roar of the storm outside.

Meanwhile, generous subscriptions were being forwarded from all parts, the western world in particular, Montreal, Quebec, New York and Brooklyn, Halifax and St. John all sending a generous share. A great bazaar, organized in 1865, brought in more than £7000, at that time a great sum of money. Some of the prizes were most unique. From Pope Pius IX. came a beautiful ivory carving of Raphael's "Madonna di Foligno;" the Emperor of Austria sent two handsome vases and a table of rare inlaid work, whilst Napoleon III. sent two magnificent vases of old Sevres China of great value.

The Primate was now almost within sight of the cherished aim of his existence, the completion of the Cathedral. The whole exterior edifice, the two western spires excepted, was now almost finished. But he was not destined to see the great day. He died at Armagh on the vigil of St. Catherine, the twenty-ninth of April following the bazaar. His successor, Dr. Kiernan, already an old man and in precarious health, naturally felt unequal during the four years of his episcopate to take up the burthen and herculean labors of his predecessors.

The first care of the new Primate, Dr. McGettigan, was to see the two principal spires finished, and it is recorded how, as the finishing touches were being added by the steeplejacks, he stood with bared head praying silently and fervently for the workmen's safety. During his episcopacy was built the grand seven-terraced flight of steps, 225 feet long, leading from the entrance gates to the piazza fronting the western doors. He ornamented the Lady Chapel and choir roofs with many fine paintings by eminent artists, and added the magnificent old reredos of Caen stone that still adorns the Lady Altar. The Archbishop's house, the great east window of stained glass, the handsome grand entrance and sacristan's lodge were also the work of his time; and it was found after his death that most, if not all, of the cost of these was defrayed out of his own private means.

In the spring of 1873, Dr. McGettigan was at last able to make the great announcement, the Cathedral was ready, and August 24th, 1873 was fixed for its Solemn Dedication. The Foundation-Day of 1840, great occasion that it had been, was completely eclipsed. "From the four winds of Eirinn," from Cork to Derry, from Dublin to Galway, from the Kerry glens to the Donegal Highlands, came bishops, priests and laymen in their thousands. Long before the appointed hour, the Cathedral was filled to overflowing. There were at least five thousand people inside and as many more outside the building. The dedication sermon was preached by the great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, and a collection, made after the cermonies, realized more than £7000. At Dr. McGettigan's death, in 1887, the total expenditure had been, roughly totaled at £70,000.

His successor, Doctor, afterwards Cardinal Logue, the sixth primate since the foundation of the Cathedral, and the first of the long line of 114 primates stretching back to St. Patrick on whom the great dignity of membership of the sacred college was conferred, was born in 1840, the year of the foundation of the Cathedral. He has been as energetic in its cause as the most untiring of his predecessors. To his efforts we may trace the elegant new Synod Hall, the life-like statue in Carrara marble of Dr. McGettigan, and the eleven

beautifully carved figures of the apostles which stand in canopied niches over the principal entrance. He also it was who secured, for £919, Lord Dartrey's interest in the site of the building and adjoining grounds, seven acres and sixteen perches in feesimple, and thereby he removed the sole surviving shred of earthly claim on the great Cathedral and the last obstacle to its consecration to the Almighty as His house forever.

But by far the greatest fruit of his zeal is to be seen in the interior of the Cathedral. Here the Cardinal found full scope for his energy, for the bare walls and empty appearance had been long a reproach. Such fittings as had been put in were but temporary make-shifts unworthy of such a grand and enduring edifice; and the mural decorations and paintings had, owing to damp and other causes, succumbed before their time.

The Cardinal was naturally anxious to remedy these defects, and with this object in view he inaugurated, in order to obtain the necessary funds, the "National Cathedral Bazaar," which was for a time a household word all over the land. The net result, £30,000, was a world's record. Its unprecedented success was plainly due to the magnetic influence of the Cardinal himself, but to the then administrator of Armagh, the Rev. John Quinn, a special acknowledgment must be given.

A good deal of the funds thus provided went to remove overhanging debts; a great deal more went to remove serious defects in the exterior building, which were probably due to the many breaks in its erection. After these had been seen to, His Eminence, at his own expense, went abroad and visited the great Cathedrals of the world, studying and planning how he might expend to the best advantage the means so generously bestowed.

Soon the busy hum of labor resounded within the Cathedral walls. The faded ceiling soon glowed afresh under the artist's brush, a robe of pictured mosaic tiling clothed the naked walls, the pale windows were lighted up with beautiful stained glass. Giant blocks of bath stone, carved and chiselled, made a massive and graceful groining for the aisles. Five beautiful new marble altars were erected, with their railings, a snow-white marble rood-screen, and choir-screens; an organ-gallery, a pulpit, sanctuary floor, and all of finest marble, the equal of which, it may be safely said, the British Islands does not hold.

The building is cruciform in plan, comprising nave, aisles, and transepts, with chancel and choir. The length is 212 feet, and the breadth across the transepts 120 feet. The high Altar, the Lady Altar, the rood screen, the Lady Altar reredos, St. Brigid's Altar, St. Joseph's Altar, the Sacred Heart Altar, the pulpit, the screens, the Cardinal's throne, the Communion-railings, the organ gallery front, and the Altar pavements are all of statuary marble, mostly pure white of the most exquisite workmanship and inlaid with colored marbles in various beautiful designs. The Stations of the Cross are in the form of plaster statuary groups in alto-relievo, resting on semi-circular pediments ornamented with Gothic foliated tracery of flowers. Behind each group a Gothic arched and moulded panel forms an effective background. The Stations were executed as far back as 1875, to the order of Dr. McGettigan, and have been much commended by experts, for the artistic quality of the modelling.

The prevailing tint adopted for the coloring of the ceiling is a soft terra cotta to harmonize with the mosaics. The panels are ornamented in cream and gold, relieved in various shades of subdued colors. The groinings over the windows in the nave are similarly treated, with numerous groups, interwoven on a gold ground, representing incidents in the lives of Irish Saints from St. Patrick to St. Lawrence O'Toole.

The mosaic decorations of the walls are wonderfully beautiful and quite unique as far as this country is concerned. Here too are worked in panels stories from holy lives; St. Joseph's Chapel containing, for instance, "The Flight into Egypt," "The Dream of St. Joseph," "Espousals of St. Joseph," etc., while in St. Brigid's Chancel we find "St. Brigid founding the Monastery at Kildare," "St. Brigid Healing the Lepers," "St. Brigid Herding the Cattle of the Druids." The spandrils over the nave are filled with medallions of the patron saints of twenty dioceses,—St. Patrick, St. Finian, St. Mel, St. Brendan, St. Kyran, and so on. The great attraction, however, is the crossing where the high altar stands, the six spandrels of which, over the high arches, are beautifully inlaid with mosaic figures in gold and color, representing "The Good Shepherd," "The Resurrection," "Christ and Magdalen," and the "Ascension." The one facing the nave contains a picture of "St. Patrick baptising the Irish." The baptistry contains two large subjects in mosaic, "The Baptism of Our Lord," and "St. Patrick and the two Princesses at the Well of Clebach."

The stained-glass windows, so many and so beautiful in design and coloring are they, would require a whole descriptive article in themselves. One, over the Lady Altar, in memory of Dr. Crolly, was inserted by Dr. McGettigan at his own expense at a cost of £920, and one is glad to find that this, like many of the windows, is the work of an Irish firm. The woodwork, including the choir stalls, the pulpit canopy, the organ case, entrance porch, etc., are of oak beautifully carved in exquisite designs. Here too the workmanship is Irish, and the same can be said of the very fine organ and the great, deep-toned bell. The Cathedral is lighted with electric lamps to the number of 550, and there is a thorough system of warming and ventilation throughout. The efficiency of the latter was well in evidence on the recent great day of the consecration, when, in spite of the enormous congregation packed closely together on an unusually sultry July day, the atmosphere was by no means uncomfortable.

It must surely have been a proud day for Cardinal Logue when, on July 24th of this year, all his labors and the labors of those others who had gone before him were at last consummated, and the great Cathedral of St. Patrick was consecrated and re-opened. To assist at the great ceremony Our Holy Father had sent his Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, Bishop of Palestrina; and in addition there were present (besides Cardinal Logue, and every Archbishop and Bishop in Ireland), His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, His Grace the Archbishop of Edinburgh, a bishop from South Africa, and numbers of the English and Scotch hierarchy and five or six hundred priests; whilst the laity included the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Louth, Sir Thomas and Lady Esmonde, Sir Henry Bellingham and Miss Bellingham, Sir Antony and Lady MacDonnell, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Mr. Timothy Healy, M. P., and a great many other distinguished people, including quite a number of members of the Irish Bar.

The rite of consecration, which is usually performed privately, took place at a very early hour, with all due impressiveness, and lasted several hours.

The public ceremonies began at a quarter before noon with the long procession, which numbered many hundred priests, including Franciscans, Trappists, Dominicans, and other orders besides the secular clergy, and finished off with the bishops, archbishops, and finally the two Cardinals. It was a splendid sight, never to be forgotten by those who had the great privilege of being present, and as Cardinal Logue and Cardinal Vannutelli appeared, gorgeous in their brilliant silken robes, and attended by the members of Cardinal-

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH (July 24).

Marquis MacSwiney. Very Rev. Canon Bernardini.
Very Rev. Monsignor Ciocci. H. E. Cardinal Vannutelli. Mr. Francis MacNutt.
H. E. Cardinal Logue. Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea.

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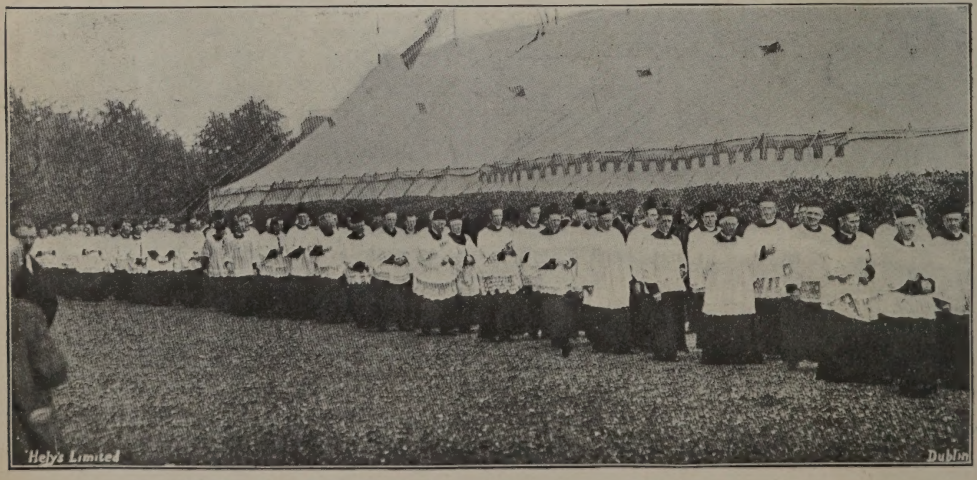
CARDINAL VANNUTELLI IN THE PROCESSION.

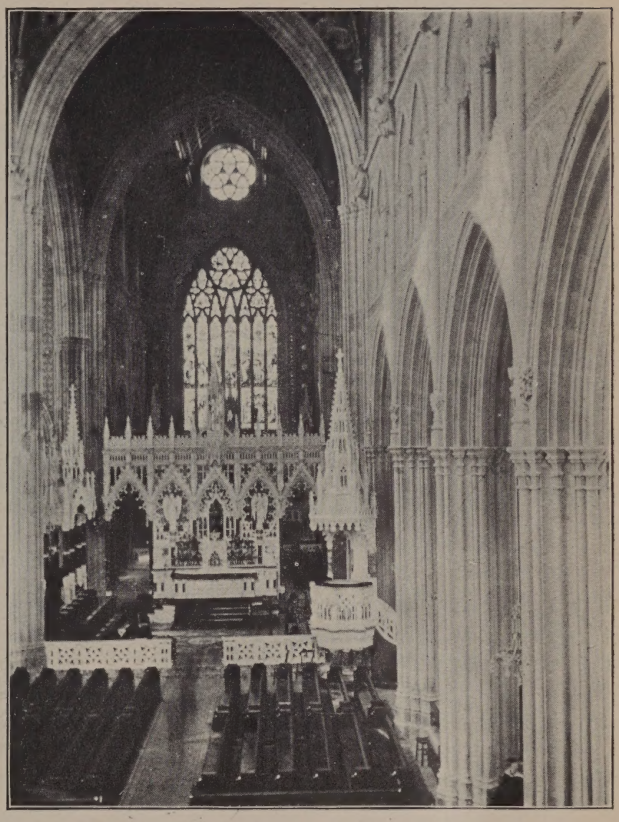
Vannutelli's suite, a great stir of excitement, held in check only by the solemnity of the occasion, went through the crowded congregation. The Papal Legate came in for a particular share of attention. His is a remarkably handsome, tall, well-set-up figure, fitly suited to carry off the dignity of his position, and as he slowly passed onward through the throng, blessing the people with uplifted hand, his handsome, dark Italian features full of strength and kindliness, a hushed excitement pervaded the immense gathering.

After the Pontifical High Mass, at which His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was celebrant, a very eloquent and learned sermon, dealing largely with the life of St. Patrick, was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, the successor of that John of Tuam, "The Lion of the fold of Judah;" while out-



CONSECRATION PROCESSION.

side the church another sermon was being preached to the enormous crowd who could not gain access inside, by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Raphoe. After the sermon a collection was made in the Cathedral, and the substantial sum of over £6000 was realized. Afterwards Cardinal Logue addressed the people; then the Papal Benediction was given from the pulpit by Cardinal Vannutelli, and finally the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The music, which was nearly all of the Gregorian order, gave an effect of further solemnity to the occasion; but it may be safely said that one item, the ancient Irish "Hymn to St. Patrick," so distinctly Celtic in tone and feeling, appealed to the vast congregation more than all else.

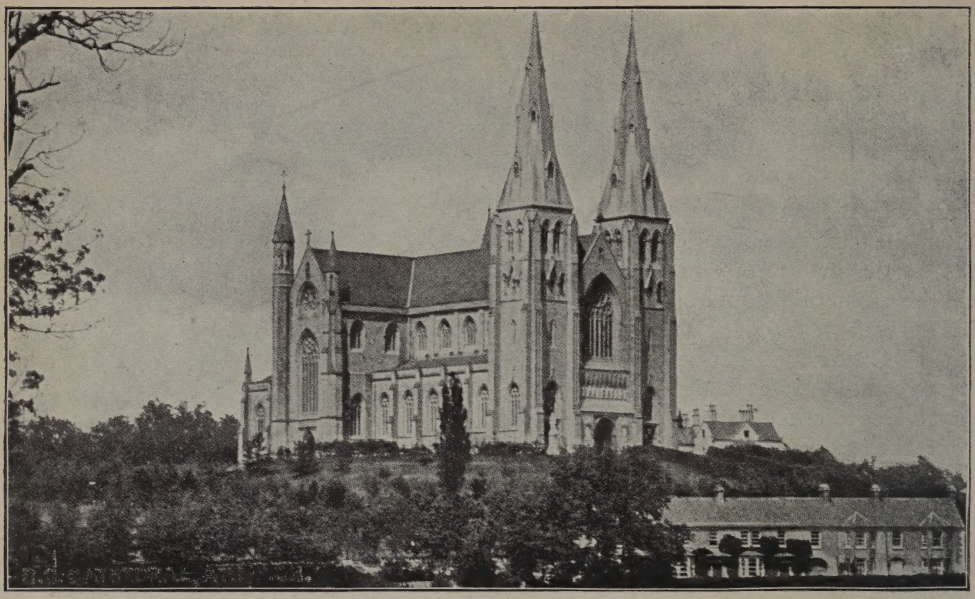


MAIN ALTAR, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

The entire ceremonies lasted for nearly four hours, and yet as one who was privileged to be present, I think I can safely say that no one thought the time too long. Immediately after Benediction the people began to leave the Cathedral and a thickly-massed throng stood outside the great entrance doors waiting to see the procession pass out.

It was only when this was over that the people's thoughts came back to earth again, and the wants of the inner man. It is more than possible, nay more than probable, that the ordinary resources of the city would have been unequal to the demands made on them, seeing the great crowds that had been coming in all Saturday and Sunday, and for many days before, from Dublin, Belfast, Newry, and every part of Ireland. But ample provision had been made for their needs by the good priests of Armagh. In two large tents near the church, a most generous luncheon had been set out for ticket-holders. These latter proved so numerous that it seemed as if something like another miracle of the loaves and fishes would be needed to satisfy them, and it speaks volumes for the unbounded hospitality displayed that there was plenty and to spare for all who came and went.

In the evening there was a banquet, given by Cardinal Logue and the clergy of the diocese, to which invitations had been issued for some weeks before. And at this all the high dignitaries of the Church, from the Papal Legate down, were present, as well as the Duke of Norfolk and a great many distinguished lay-



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

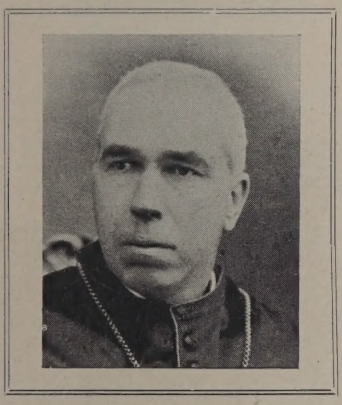
men. Speeches were given afterward by the Primate, by Cardinal Vanutelli, by the Archbishop of Westminster, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Timothy Healy, and others.

Altogether the day's proceedings from beginning to end were one great success, and the only little blot on the fair page of its history was the occurrence of some rioting between the Orangemen and the Catholics of the town, the former of whom had torn down some of the bunting with which the town was so gaily decorated for the occasion.

REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Holy Father, in a letter of congratulation to Cardinal Logue on the occasion of the double celebration—the consecration of the Cathedral of Armagh and the Cardinal's



CARDINAL LOGUE.

silver jubilee as Bishop of that See—thus expresses his deep interest in both prelate and people:

"A double joy is now at hand for the Irish people and especially for those of the Diocese of Armagh, on account of an event which has a double domestic importance.

"Both the one and the other fill Us with rejoicing, because of that affection which We cherish for you and for your countrymen. And, in fact, the opening of this new metropolitan Cathedral, seat of the ancient faith of the Irish nation, is an event worthy of your faith and your zeal. The anniversary which We joyfully commemorate recalls to Us your conspicuous achievements for the advantage of the Church confided to your charge, by which you have not only done honor to yourself, but to the character of the entire Catholic priesthood as well.

"In considering these fortunate motives for rejoicing, We have also wished to make them still more evident by Our own participation, sending a Cardinal Bishop to enhance the solemnity of the Consecration of the Cathedral and to complete by Our congratulations and Our good wishes for the successful celebration of this festival.

"And to demonstrate the more clearly Our regard, We have been pleased to add to these presents Our gift, a golden pen, which may be all the more precious to you, and may better serve to remind you of Our affection and of your Episcopal Jubilee, since it is with this same that We have written this letter.

"As an augury of Divine favors, We impart to you, from the fulness of Our heart, and to all the inhabitants of your diocese, the Apostolic Benediction."

The appointment of the Rev. John B. Delany to the Bishopric of Manchester, N. H., gives satisfaction to all classes irrespective of creed. His own people know him as a model priest, whose faithfulness promises well for his administration of the high office to which he has been called.

Manchester is fortunate indeed in having for her second bishop a man so thoroughly informed on diocesan and civic affairs.

Bishop-elect Delany was born forty years ago, in Lowell, Massachusetts, where his father was for many years engaged in business, and where his mother still lives. Mr. and Mrs. Delany believed thoroughly in higher education, and gave all their children exceptional opportunities. Father Delany's early education was obtained in the schools of his native city. He studied for two years at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and for four years at Boston College, from which he graduated in '87.

His theological course was made in Paris, at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, famous the world over for the thoroughness of its instruction, and the eminence reached by so many of its students. Ordained May 23, 1891, by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, Father Delany, before leaving for home, celebrated Mass at famous shrines on the continent, and visited England and Ireland. Upon reaching this country the young priest spent a short time at his home in Lowell, and then went to Manchester, where he was assigned to a curacy at St. Anne's. After two and a half years of successful service Father Delany was transferred to Portsmouth as assistant to the Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan, then pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church. Here he remained for five years, endearing himself not only to the people of his own parish, but to many not of the Faith, who found in him a wise counsellor and true friend.

On leaving Portsmouth, Father Delany served for some months at Hinsdale, and then went to Manchester. Bishop Bradley at once appointed him his secretary and chancellor of the diocese. In addition to fulfilling the important duties of these offices and certain others incumbent upon him as a member of the episcopal household, he has done, for nearly six years, almost a pastor's work as chaplain to the Sisters of The

RT. REV. J. B. DELANY, D.D.

Precious Blood. In 1902 he took twelve of the Sisters of the original foundation in Manchester, to Cuba, where he established a new institute of the Order. Other activities that engaged his priestly interest were the League of the Sacred Heart, Society of the Holy Childhood, the Priests' Temperance League, State Conference of Charities and Corrections, and the Knights of Columbus. To the various offices administered—always with marked efficiency—by this energetic young priest, must be added the editorship of the Guidon, a fact that commends him particularly to the loyalty and affection of the Catholic press.

As a post-graduate course in the highest development of such character-forces as patience, fortitude, wisdom, far-reaching sympathy, and a vast charity, nothing can surpass the daily routine of the editorial office —that unrecognized school for saints.

On the death of the late lamented first Bishop of Manchester, Father Delany was looked to as his most natural successor. Not only did he meet with the approval of the bishops of New England, but he was first on the list sent to Rome by his fellow priests of the diocese, who are elated at the official confirmation of their choice. To the French Catholics of the state he is particularly acceptable, as he speaks their language fluently.

The Catholic Chinese colony in Montreal will be ministered to by the Rev. Father Hornsby, S. J.

Some months ago a deputation of Catholic Chinese paid a visit to Archbishop Bruchesi to offer their homage and express their strong adhesion to the faith, whereupon His Grace, strongly impressed with the necessity of furnishing so large a number of his flock with a priest capable of instructing them in their own language, promised to procure for them a missionary who could do this; and his efforts have been rewarded by his obtaining Father Hornsby who is a native of the United States but has been in China for twelve years, during which time

he became acquainted with Chinese manners and language.

The new mission is to be established in the heart of the Chinese settlement in Montreal, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up regularly on Sundays and holy-days, and week-days, in the private chapel of the Brothers of the Christian schools on Cote street.

"No class of people have the opportunity for insight into human life comparable with lawyers. No class have the opportunity for seeing and judging the effects of divorce like the lawyers," said the Hon. William P. Breen addressing the Indiana Bar Associa-

GROUP OF MISSIONARIES, SHOWING FATHER HORNSBY, S. J., ON EXTREME RIGHT.

tion of which he is president. "The world at large knows naught save the fact that a divorce has been granted and a couple separated. But the lawyer in the case knows better than anyone, outside the family, what that separation involves—the rupture of the wedding covenant, the disruption of the home, the division of the competence that joint hands and heads have gathered, the disposition of the children, the rueful consequences of their divided custody—and too often is he professionally called to witness the downward path which frequently characterizes the career of those whom the law has released from the marriage bonds. Many good men and worthy women have had the recuperative energy and moral strength to live down the trouble of a marital separation, and have been strong enough in mind and heart to see that their children have been reared as types of excellence in training and character, but they are the marked minority of the litigants in the divorce courts."

Taking up in detail the points indicated in this paragraph Mr. Breen made a strong plea for the preservation of the home and drew a touching picture of the children torn from the father or mother by the decree of separation. Dwelling on the heroism of silence and forbearance when there are children to be considered he said: "There is something admirable, something exquisitely dignified, something splendidly heroic, in the conduct of a wedded pair who, having found themselves mismated and unable to live with mutual comfort, prompted by a high sense of propriety and the good of their children, keep their troubles from the world and refuse the panacea of divorce which our law at present affords."

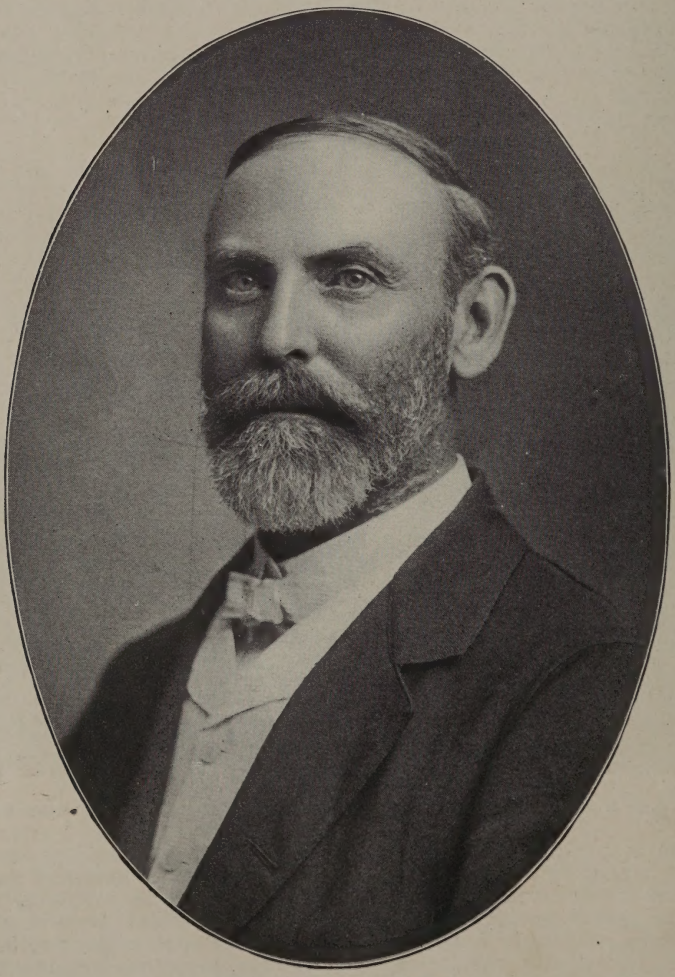
Mr. Breen was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1859, attended the parochial school in Fort Wayne, and graduated from Notre Dame University in 1877. He was admitted to the Bar in 1879, and in 1903 was elected president of the Indiana Bar Association. He was appointed, by President Roosevelt, delegate to the Universal Congress of law-

yers and jurists to be held in September, at St. Louis. His utterances on the divorce question have been widely circulated through the Catholic press, and it is to be hoped will reach through other mediums the class of people whose need of the sane earnest advice Mr. Breen gives is indeed great.

The fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Corr, Dorchester, Massachusetts, was celebrated by a reception at their home, on August tenth. The bridesmaid and best man assisted in receiving and among the guests were several who had been present at the ceremony a half a century ago.

Many beautiful gifts told of the esteem in which the host and hostess were held by their friends.

Mr. Corr has been prominent and active in church and charitable circles for the past fifty years and is one of the pioneer Catholics of Boston. Bernard Corr was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1828, and came to Boston in 1849 from Halifax, N. S. He was married to Miss Eleanor Mooney, August 10, 1854, at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, by the Rev. Father Lyndon, and with the exception of three years spent in Dubuque, Ia., they have resided in Boston ever since. Mr. Corr is identified with all the prominent Catholic charitable organizations about Boston. He is the oldest member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and has filled the offices of president and secretary for several years. He has been a member of the Holy Cross Conference for the past forty years, serving as president for



HON. WILLIAM P. BREEN.

MR. BERNARD CORR.

MRS. BERNARD CORR.

a number of years and is now its treasurer. He has been a member of St. Mary's Infant Asylum since its reorganization, served as its treasurer several years and is now its vice-president. He is identified with the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, the Catholic Historical Society and other organizations.

Mr. Corr has been in the newspaper and publishing business since his settlement in Boston. He was associated with the late Hon. Hugh O'Brien in the publication and editing of the Shipping and Commercial List for many years. For twenty-five years he served as one of the commercial editors on the staff of the Boston Journal and left that paper upon its acquisition by Mr. Munsey. He is now editor of the Chamber of Commerce Circular, besides being a correspondent of six papers outside of Boston. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, was one of the first members of the Boston Typographical Union, being president and secretary several times, and one of the oldest members of the Franklin Typographical Society and its president for one year. Mr. Corr has edited and published two books in connection with the cathedral parish, the "Memorial of the 25th Anniversary of the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston," and "Souvenir of the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the Most Rev. John J. Williams, D.D."

Mr. and Mrs. Corr have both been blessed with splendid health and as Mr. Corr puts it: "I am still active and good for a number of years yet." Four of their children survive, James L., who is engaged in the publishing business, Dr. F. X. Corr, Miss Mary B. Corr, who is a teacher in the Mather school, Dorchester, and Maud S. Corr.

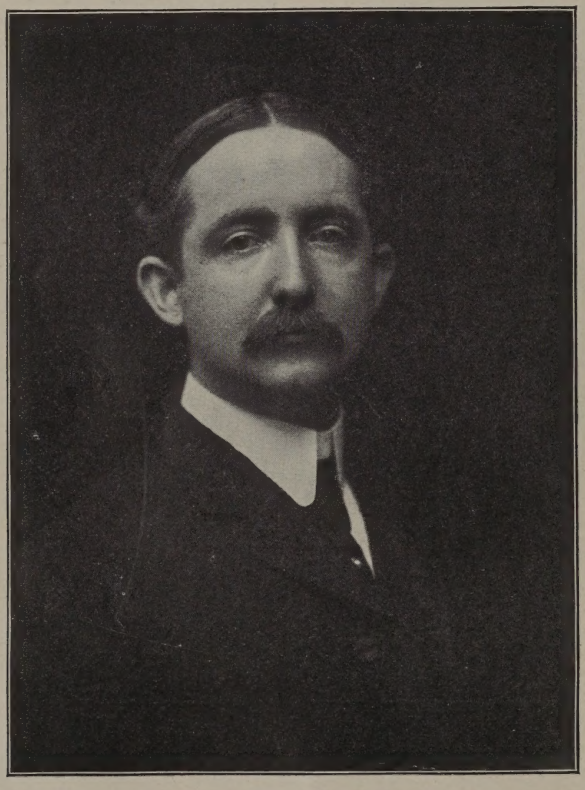
MISS HENRIETTA CHARLTON.

The Press Convention at the World's Fair was one of the most notable assemblies brought together by the Exposition. Miss Henrietta Charlton a native of Melbourne, and a graduate of the Presentation Convent, Windsor, was the only Australian journalist present. She speaks with enthusiasm of Ireland's exhibit and of the educational features contributed by the Catholic schools.

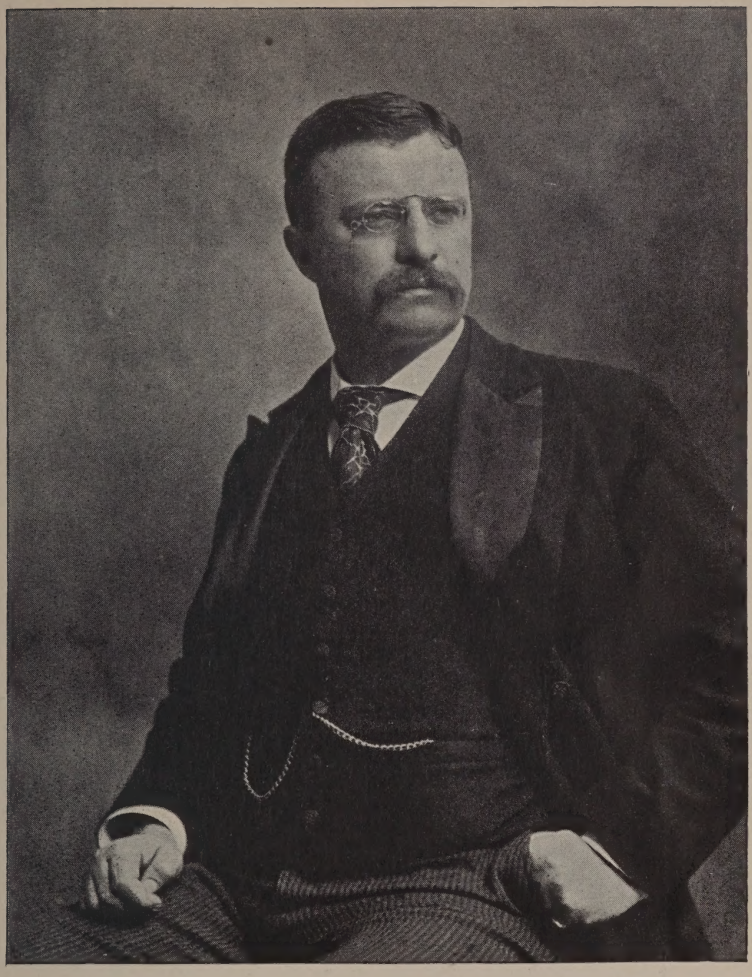
Miss Charlton in on the staff of the Freeman's Journal (Sydney) and has also contributed to American publications. She visited Ireland during the past year, and looks forward to the pleasure of seeing the Holy Father as she has arranged her return trip to include a visit to Italy.

The career of Mr. M. T. Hanson, formerly business manager of the Philadelphia North American, proves that ability and integrity must win success. Advancing step by step he soon became known as a tireless worker, a careful organizer, and a keen judge of human nature.

In 1889 he was offered the position of advertising manager of the Philadelphia Record, a position which he held for ten years—the term of office being in itself convincing proof of his fitness for the post. When the North American passed into new hands the proprietor wished to secure the best talent in all departments and his choice fell upon Mr. Hanson, as business manager. Seeing in this offer the promise of greater possibilities Mr. Hanson accepted, and applied himself so devotedly to the task of upbuilding the advertising interests of the publication that it presently took rank among the foremost papers in the United States. After five years an opportunity to make a desirable connection offered, and Mr. Hanson left the North American to enter the firm of Powers & Armstrong, as a partner. Basing his methods of work on the belief that ability and integrity alone can ensure permanent success Mr. Hanson had made for himself an enviable reputation in the business world. He is a practical Catholic modest and unassuming in manner, and away from his business cares finds his greatest enjoyment in his home and the society of his wife and children.



MR. M. T. HANSON.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

NATIONAL PROBLEMS.

CONSIDERED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT *

"I accept the nomination for the presidency with solemn realization of the obligations I assume. I heartily approve the declaration of principles which the Republican national convention has adopted.

Three years ago I became President because of the death of my lamented predecessor. I then stated that it was my purpose to carry out his principles and policies for the honor and the interest of the country. To the best of my ability I have kept the promise thus made. If next November my countrymen confirm at the polls the action of the convention I shall, under Providence, continue to work with an eye single to the welfare of all our people.

*From speech of acceptance of nomination.

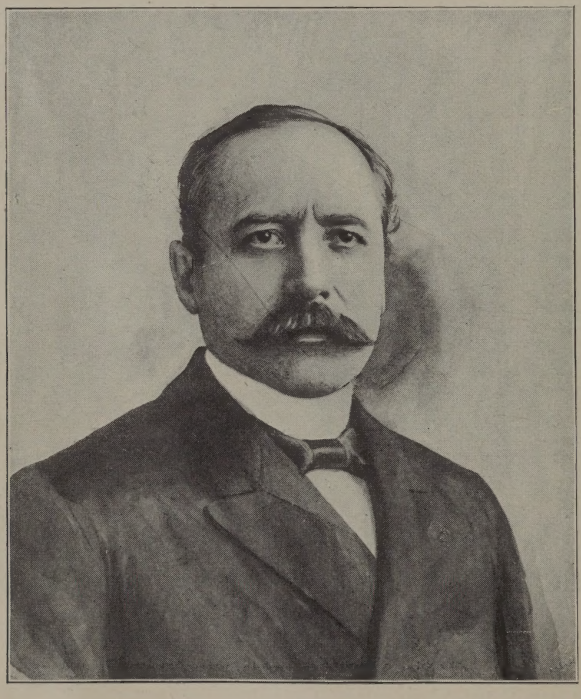
A party is of worth only in so far as it promotes the national interest, and every official, high or low, can serve his party best by rendering to the people the best service of which he is capable.

. . . . . .

"We are not constrained to keep silent on any vital question; we are divided on no vital question; our policy is continuous, and is the same for all sections and localities. There is nothing experimental about the government we ask the people to continue in power, for our performance in the past, our proved governmental efficiency, is a guarantee as to our promises for the future.

. . . . . .

"In dealing with the great organizations known as trusts, we do not have to explain why the laws were not enforced, but to point out that they actually have been enforced and that legislation has been enacted to increase the effectiveness of their enforcement. We do not have to propose to 'turn the rascals out,' for we have shown in very deed that whenever by diligent investigation a public official can be found who has betrayed his trust he will be punished to the full extent of the law without regard to whether he was appointed under a Republican or a Democratic administration. This is the efficient way to turn the rascals out and to keep them out, and it has the merit of sincerity. Moreover, the betrayals of trust in the last seven years have been insignificant in number when compared with the extent of the public service. Never has the administration of the government been on a cleaner and higher level; never has the public work of the nation been done more honestly and efficiently.



ALTON B. PARKER.

. . . . . .

"We know what we mean when we speak of an honest and stable currency.

We mean the same thing from year to year. We do not have to avoid a definite and conclusive committal on the most important issue which has recently been before the people, and which may at any time in the near future be before them again. Upon the principles which underlie this issue the convictions of half our number do not clash with those of the other half. So long as the Republican party is in power the gold standard is settled, not as a matter of temporary political expediency, not because of shifting conditions in the production of gold in certain mining centres, but in accordance with what we regard as the fundamental principles of national morality and wisdom.

"Under the financial legislation which we have enacted there is now ample circulation for every business need, and every dollar of this circulation is worth a dollar in gold.

"We have enacted a tariff law under which during the past few years the country has attained a height of material well-being never before reached. Wages are higher than ever before. Perhaps no other man is so much interested as the wage-worker in the maintenance of our present economic system, both as regards the finances and the tariff.

"We recognize the organization of capital and the organization of labor as natural outcomes of our industrial system. Each kind of organization is to be favored so long as it acts in a spirit of justice and of regard for the rights of others. Each is to be granted the full protection of the law, and each in turn is to be held to a strict obedience to the law, for no man is above it and no man below it. The humblest individual is to have his rights safeguarded as scrupulously as those of the strongest organizations, for each is to receive justice, no more and no less. The problems with which we have to deal in our modern industrial and social life are manifold, but the spirit in which it is necessary to approach their solution is simply the spirit of honesty, of courage and of common sense.

"Our foreign policy has been so conducted that, while not one of our just claims has been sacrificed, our relations with all foreign nations are now of the most peaceful kind; there is not a cloud on the horizon. The last cause of irritation between us and any other nation was removed by the settlement of the Alaskan boundary.

"Our foothold in the Philippines greatly strengthens our position in the competition for the trade of the east; but we are governing the Philippines in the interest of the Filipino people themselves. We have already given them a large share in their government, and our purpose is to increase this share as rapidly as they give evidence of increasing fitness for the task. The great majority of the officials of the islands, whether elective or appointive, are already native Filipinos. We are now providing for a legislative assembly. This is the first step to be taken in the future, and it would be eminently unwise to declare what our next step will be until this first step has been taken and the results are manifest. To have gone faster than we have already gone in giving the islanders a constantly increasing measure of self-government would have been disastrous.

"At the present moment to give political independence to the islands would result in the immediate loss of civil rights, personal liberty and public order, as regards the mass of the Filipinos, for the majority of the islanders have been given these great boons by us, and only keep them because we vigilantly safeguard and guarantee them. To withdraw our government from the islands at this time would mean to the average native the loss of his barely-won civil freedom. We have established in the islands a government by Americans assisted by Filipinos.

We are steadily striving to transform this into self-government by the Filipinos assisted by Americans.

"The principles which we uphold should appeal to all our countrymen, in all portions of our country. Above all, they should give us strength with the men and women who are the spiritual heirs of those who upheld the hands of Abraham Lincoln; for we are striving to do our work in the spirit with which Lincoln approached his. During the seven years that have just passed there is no duty, domestic or foreign, which we have shirked; no necessary task which we have feared to undertake, or which we have not performed with reasonable efficiency. We have never pleaded impotence. We have never sought refuge in criticism and complaint instead of action. We face the future with our past and our present as guarantors of our promises, and we are content to stand or to fall by the record which we have made and are making."

MONOPOLY AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Considered by Alton G. Parker in His Speech of Acceptance.

"At the very threshold of this response and before dealing with other subjects I must, in justice to myself and to relieve my sense of gratitude, express my profound appreciation of the confidence reposed in me by the convention. After nominating me and subsequently receiving a communication declaring that I regarded the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, a matter concerning which I felt it incumbent upon me to make known my attitude so that hereafter no man could justly say that his support had been secured through indirection or mistake, the convention reiterated its determination that I should be the standard bearer of the party in the present contest. This mark of trust and confidence I shall ever esteem as the highest honor that could be conferred upon me—an honor that, whatever may be the fate of the campaign, the future can in no degree lessen or impair.

"The growth of monoply, of which complaint is justly made, cannot be laid at the doors of the courts of this country. The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Appeals of this State and the courts of last resort in many other States, warrant the assertion that the common law as developed affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies. The fact that they have multiplied in number and increased in power has been due not to the failure of the courts to apply the law when properly moved by administrative officials or private individuals but to the failure of officials charged with the duty of enforcing the law to take the necessary procedure to procure the judgments of the courts in the appropriate jurisdiction, coupled with the fact that the legislative departments of some of our State governments, as well as Congress in the manner already referred to, have by legislation encouraged their propagation.

QUESTIONS DENIAL OF SELF-GOVERNMENT TO FILIPINOS.

"What is needed—in addition to the passage of a statute revising the tariff duties to a reasonable basis—is not so much other and different laws as officials having both the disposition and the courage to enforce existing law. While this is my view of the scope of the common law, if it should be made to appear that it is a mistaken one, then I favor such further legislation within constitutional limitations as will give the people a just and full measure of protection.

"It is difficult to understand how any citizen of the United States, much less a descendant of Revolutionary stock, can tolerate the thought of permanently denying the right of self-government to the Filipinos. Can we hope to instil into the minds of our descendants reverence and

devotion for a government by the people, while denying ultimately that right to the inhabitants of distant countries, whose territory we have acquired either by purchase or by force? Can we say to the Filipinos, 'Your lives, your liberty and your property may be taken from you without due process of law for all time,' and expect we will long glory in that feature of Magna Charta which has become incorporated, in substance and effect, into the Constitution of every State, as well as into the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States? Can we hope for the respect of the civilized world, while guaranteeing to every citizen of the United States that no law shall be made or enforced which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United Satets, or deny to any person the equal protection of the laws, and at the same time not only deny similar rights to the inhabitants of the Philippines, but take away from them the right of trial by jury, and place their lives and the distribution of their property in the keeping of those whom we send to them to be their governors? We shall certainly rue it as a nation if we make any such attempt.

OUR DUTY TO PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"Viewing the question even from the standpoint of national selfishness there is no prospect that the twenty millions of dollars expended in the purchase of the islands and the 650 millions said to have been since disbursed will ever come back to us. The accident of war brought the Philippines into our possession and we are not at liberty to disregard the responsibility which thus came to us, but that responsibility will be best subserved by preparing the islanders as rapidly as possible for self-government and giving to them the assurances that it will come as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it. There need be no fear that the assertion so often made of late, that we have now become a world power, will then be without support.

"The general occupation of our citizens in the arts of peace, or the absence of large military armaments, tends to impair neither patriotism nor physical courage. and for the truth of this I refer the young men of to-day to the history of the Civil War. For fifty years, with the exception of the war with Mexico, this country had been at peace, with a standing army most of the time of less than ten thousand men. He who thinks that the nation had grown effeminate during that period should read the causalty rolls of the armies on either side at Shiloh, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, at Stone River and Chickamauga.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

NORWAY.

BY REV. JOHN MULLANY, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Norway was part of Scandinavia seventy years before the Christian Era. Oden or Woden, a Scythian chieftain, invaded Scandinavia and subdued the inhabitants. His wife was Frigga, or Freia, and the most valiant of his sons was Thor. Subsequently they were considered as the three principal deities of the North, and as the Orkneys, the Shetland and Faroe Islands, together with Iceland and part of Scotland, came under their dominion, their mythology diffused itself through those regions. The Danes, who took possession of England, held before their conversion to Christianity the same doctrines and deities as the Norwegians. The Romans had introduced their mythology into Britain and the Saxons had a blending of the observance of the north and south previous to their conversion.

The days of the week derived their appellations from the deities. Sunday was sacred to Apollo or the sun; Monday to Diana or the moon; Tuesday to Mars among the Romans, but the Northmen took the liberty of changing the name to suit the appellation of that of their own favorite Tsyane, one of the sons of Woden; Mercury was dispossessed of his day in order to make room for Woden, who thus got Wednesday; Jove was obliged to give up his day to the superior claims of Thor, and as the next day was sacred to Venus, the Grecian lady was forced to yield to the superior claims of Freia, the beauty of the North; and Saturn was permitted to retain possession of his own day.

The state of Norwegian mythology in the early days of Christianity has led us to make this little digression. From what we have said of Denmark and Sweden we can see that Christianity was pretty well planted in these kingdoms in the ninth century. Persecution in one place has usually been the cause of its establishment in other places. Such was the case in Scandinavia.

In the year 915, Gourm, King of Denmark, carried on a dreadful persecution against the Christians in his dominions: his object was to exterminate the teachers of Christianity. There were many martyrs, but many also fled to more hospitable shores and carried with them the doctrines of salvation. Some of the fugitives went into Norway and were the first to bring the light of Christianity into those benighted regions.

The missionaries sent by St. Adaldagus at this period also aided in the good work in that part of Norway which borders upon Sweden. Many of the missionaries procured by Harold, King of Denmark, penetrated into Norway. Many became martyrs and thus planted the seed of Catholicity in these wild regions. The King of Norway who incited rebellion against the new teachers was subdued by Eric in Sweden. This led to the encouragement of the missionaries in these Northern missions.

The state of Norway up to this time had been unsettled: but about the year 1020 the independence of the kingdom was established. Olans, son of Herald Granscius, Prince of Westfold, sailed for England in 1013. Norway was then partitioned and subject to the princes of Denmark and Sweden. At the time of leaving his country, Olans, or Olave, was a Christian and formed the design of having Norway freed from the oppression of foreigners and the darkness of paganism.

He assisted King Ethelred against the Danes, after the death of Sweno, and thus emancipated his countrymen from their oppression. He next waged war against Olans Scot Konung, who had succeeded his father upon the throne of Sweden, and having obtained exemption of the Norwegian territory from all future aggressions and incursions of Sweden, he married the daughter of the Swedish monarch, who was also a Christian, and finally became monarch of Norway.

Previous to his leaving England he procured a number of zealous missionaries whom he brought with him. One of them, Grimkele, was consecrated Bishop of Drontheim. The laws of Norway were revised and amended, and civilization and Christianity began to spread, and both were carried into Iceland and the Islands. Olave is honored as a saint in the Roman Catholic Church. His acts were those of a wise ruler and a man of God. He used his best efforts to extirpate idolatry, and this so exasperated the adherents of paganism that they took up arms, and being assisted by Canute of Denmark, they overcame him. Olans took refuge with his father-in-law, who aided him with troops to recover his throne, but he was slain at Stickstadt on the twenty-ninth of July, 1028.

After considerable disturbance, Hackin (whom Canute made viceroy of Norway) being drowned, and Sweno (the son of Canute and viceroy after his cousin Hackin), having fled from Norway, Harold the brother of St. Olans, persecuted the Christians and encouraged the pagans. Many suffered martyrdom under him. Adabert, Archbishop of Bremen, finally prevailed on him to desist. But in 1035, Magnus, the son of Olans, being of age, was called out of Russia where he had taken refuge and placed upon the Norwegian throne. He rebuilt the cathedral of Drontheim in a style of magnificence that has named it the pride of the North. It was dedicated under the invocation of his father, whose shrine was beautifully ornamented. This prince did much for the propagation of the Faith.

Nicholas Breakspear, who was afterwards Pope Adrian IV, was employed, with some others of his countrymen, upon the northern missions. This was in 1140. He has often been called the Apostle of Norway. Pope Eugenius III. in approbation of his zeal and success created him Cardinal, and Bishop of Alba. St. Hyacinth, one of the first Dominican friars, preached in that country with great fruit a century later.

The particular facts which accompanied the change of religion in Norway in the sixteenth century are not necessary in a sketch of this kind. It is the same cruel recital of fire, sword, and confiscation. Placed between Sweden, Denmark and Scotland, where what was called a reformation was carried on in a style of masterly severity, persecuting all who would not conform to the new tenets, sometimes bowed under the yoke of Denmark and sometimes under that of Sweden, the Church of Norway was destroyed about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and Lutheranism was upheld and protected.

Within the past half century Catholicity has received a new impetus, so that today new churches and educational and charitable institutions are to be found in the principal cities. The population today is about 1,500,000. Protestants number about 1,200,000 and Catholics 140,000, and the balance are pagans.

Iceland was converted to the Catholic faith during the thirteenth century. It has met the fate of Denmark and Sweden. Persecution forced the people into conformity with the Norwegian and Danish changes. Their clergy were exterminated. The Faroe Islands were converted earlier to the Faith, and retained it longer than Iceland. At present there are about 10,000 Catholics out of a population of 80,000. The Church is making great efforts to give the people better instruction.

COLLEGE LIFE FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN.*

"THE DIGNITY OF LIFE IS IN ITS OBLIGATIONS."

BY REV. WM. J. KERBY, PH.D.

In analyzing the apparent characteristics of our time, we find in it two elements which seem to bear directly on our spiritual life and to threaten its interests: one is insistence on rights, and demand for recognition of them; the other, an aimless, distracted, nervous and varied hurry; the first threatens our sense of duty, the second destroys the spiritual perception. A spiritual life which is deprived of these essential supports promises little for God, little for fellowmen, and has disappointing results for itself.

In undertaking to estimate the modern demand for rights, I do not speak of exclusion so much as of emphasis, for I may not ignore or underrate the sacredness of rights, the holiness of justice or the splendor of battle for them. It is, however, of much importance to know the effect on individual souls of living in a time whose tone is marked by habitual insistence on rights.

Everywhere there is the demand for rights: rights of men, rights of women, of children; rights of animals, of laborers, of employers. Our ears are accustomed to the clamor, our sympathies are enlisted and unconsciously we are developing a spirit of self-seeking, a desire for personal vindication, for personal comfort, which is the forerunner of a day when individual selfishness may dominate. The nobler, sweeter traits of the soul cannot flourish in such a climate. To protect ourselves against that tendency we must believe and we must teach with every energy of enlightened zeal, with every resource of firm conviction, that the dignity of life is in its obligations.

Rights were never necessary till men forgot their obligations; a soul that is bent on securing them alone is locked out forever from the benedictions of a truthful understanding of life. By the will of God, as St. Paul tells us, "none liveth to himself:" we are members of one race, one in nature, one in destiny and in elementary powers. God distributed strength and weakness over the race only after He had linked us together by the strong bonds which His hand welded, in moral, spiritual, social, physical and mental interdependence. To see ourselves in any other relation than that of extended dependence on one another, to fail to understand the resulting fundamental obligations of life, to judge of these obligations from the standpoint of personal comfort, preference, or individual interest, causes the deflection of life from the plan of God; it means a wandering, distorted spiritual career, a moral failure, splendid in its very ruins. It is substitution of self for God.

"Obligations are opportunities for self-realization." They are merely the demands of Almighty God made of us to realize His will in the race. St. Paul tells us that "we are God's coadjutors—you are God's building." Our obligations mark our place and function in God's building. Thus the measure of our obligations is the measure of our partnership with God and the pledge of our intended glory in His plans. A life to be a whole life, self-realized, must be part of a larger life, which larger life is the expression of God's divine intention, "For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to

*Under this title we publish excerpts from addresses delivered by Catholic educators at the closing exercises of Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

accomplish, according to His good will." God anchors us in the race, by our obligations, for who would cut the cable and sail the seas alone?

The right conduct of life depends on our grasp of this great truth. It must be deep, very deep in our lives: deeper than our thought, deeper than ambition, than feeling, than impulse. It must go down to sanctify and direct dawning consciousness—beyond the zone of doubt or hesitation into the very foundations of life.

When we thus know—with the plentitude of understanding—that the dignity of life is in its obligations, we are protected in every concrete duty that we meet. Interest, preference, pleasure, self-seeking, passion, laziness, cannot then affect our honesty of judgment in determining obligations, nor the bravery of our consecration in fulfilling them. Moral poise, stability, security, come to a life thus directed, and there, too, the tender virtues of pity, mercy, loyalty, kindness, charity and tenderness, take up their habitation. . . . A life directed by consciousness of rights alone, judging its obligations by selfish or personal ends, by their relation to comfort or to ambition, instead of judging them regardless of these, is a life that is wrenched out of its intended harmony. It diverts the current of finer feeling and nobler emotion that flows into rightly directed lives; it knows only in fragments and provoking incompleteness the larger meaning of life and its purest motives.

We see to-day much that gives cause for concern. The time is individualistic. Never before did the individual appear to be worth so much. Personal rights, personal views, personal ease are paramount. The gravest questions of duty are answered, not by doing duty, but by asserting personal rights. Thus estimated at short range, duties are misjudged and lives are constantly misdirected. The spirit of the time visits no censure; it can in fact decree none when obligations are thus neglected and personal rights alone are regarded. Living as we do in such a time, we find ourselves affected, our judgments disturbed and our sympathies rebellious against the discipline to which we should subject them. Employers and laborers, striving for rights, divide society into bitter contending parties; children asserting rights have lost docility and reverence and gained demoralizing liberty instead; wives and women seeking rights, however they may justify their course, have not contributed to the stability and harmony of home life nor added any strength to the regard for obligations, in which regard they find their greatest power.

Jesus Christ did not teach the poor their rights; He taught the rich their obligations. The whole spirit of the Gospel is in duty, service, self-forgetting love, and not in safe-guarding rights. A nobler justice, a surer guarantee of rights, is had when men remember obligations than when they struggle for their rights. When our obligations are as sacred to us in fact as they are to God in intention, our spiritual peace is secure, and our happiness is safe.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison said of his son, when bewailing the latter's early death, "He seemed born to take a century on his shoulders without stooping." We, too, are born to take on our shoulders the burden of a century: the burden of believing in and loving and fulfilling our obligations. But that is our glory. The richest and noblest lives have been made rich and noble by their obligations wisely understood and faithfully met. Deepest insight into God's ways will come only to those who co-operate with God as co-adjutors in executing the divine will manifested in the duties which accompany person and place in life. . . . The aimless, distracted, nervous hurry of cur-

rent life harms our spiritual insight and weakens the spiritual sense. Thus true wisdom is threatened, that wisdom which understands all of the relations of life and all of its obligations in accord with spiritual reality.

The spiritual view is one that needs serenity, reflection, simplicity. But we are distracted in a hundred directions, nervous and hurried always. We are in touch with too many things; we seek to know and to be and to do anything and everything that popular fancy throws before us as an object of attention. We dip to the surface in a thousand places and attain depth nowhere. But the peace and the calmness of the soul are deep as the peace and calmness of the ocean.

Our unrelated, useless, incomplete, provoking activities are killing nobler life. After fashion, and society, and games, and travels, and fiction, and business, and market reports, and war, and politics, and study have engaged us, there is left no time or energy or taste to look into the depths of the soul, to establish the sense of moral empire over its faculties, and keep clear of vagueness and cloud its holy vision. The value of not knowing many things, of not knowing many people, of not doing many things, the protection to be found in a discriminating ignorance, the moral calm of simplicity and retiring prudence in which St. John Chrysostom sums up all philosophy, the blessed value of leisurely living, are forgotten, ignored, despised.

We extend sympathy and pity to the submerged tenth, the victims of degrading poverty. But why stop there! Who is not submerged? We are submerged in pleasure, submerged in business, submerged in study, submerged in clubs, submerged in our extending ambitions. We know persons nowadays, but not souls. We seem to grasp minds and virtues, but not souls. From our business, our pleasure, our conversations, our thinking, our ambitions, one may easily see great minds, great energy, great culture—but only shrivelled, shrinking souls. The soul is becoming an outcast. This submerging, this distraction, this neglect of the spiritual throughout life, is the result of breaking up life into parts and allowing each part to become as the whole; to attract, absorb and shape our sympathies, standards and aims away from the one complete view which alone is God's.

The dignity of life is in our obligations; the wisdom of life is in spiritual insight; the glory of life is in personal loyalty to Jesus Christ.

Let us fix our first and fundamental truths—let us know our dignity, love the true wisdom of the soul, seek our dignity, wisdom, and glory in loyalty to Christ. More will be done when bravely, wisely and calmly we reflect or we suffer; we pray or work or wait; humble when hope is deferred, grateful when it is realized; brave when we must struggle, silent when we suffer; cheerful always and trustful that wise decision and ready strength, noble resolution and interior assurance of the abiding presence of Jesus will come in due time from God to refresh and strengthen the soul like the morning and evening rain.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND OTHER COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

BY THE RT. REV. PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, D.D.

In what do you differentiate Trinity College from other Women's Colleges in this land? We must distinguish if we would define clearly and tell the truth; there must be a differentiation in Trinity, otherwise it would be in vain to build up this great Institution and there must be a principle upon which this Institution rests, there must be a serious reason why it exists and why it prospers. God planted this Institution. . . . The fin-

ger of God was in this work from the beginning. . . When McMahon Hall was opened, twenty applications came to the University from young women throughout this country seeking admission to the courses of secular studies. These twenty young women went elsewhere, and since then hundreds of Catholic young women have gone after them into dangerous situations, secular institutions in which their faith, it may be their morals, were imperilled. To be brief, the reason for Trinity College is not that it will teach classics, nor art, nor languages, nor history better than others, but that it will and must teach the principles of religion, solidly, scientifically and practically to the students. Here, to my mind, is the great difference between Trinity College and other women's colleges of this land, and in the Providence of God it is a timely institution, for as we observe the world is losing its grasp on religion, the world is becoming natural, the world is becoming material, the world is losing its belief in God, and men have not even faith in their own souls. There is very little faith in the world, faith is growing cold, faith is growing less. We ask to-day—what is the matter with France, a great Catholic nation, turning round and persecuting the faith of its fathers, the faith and the Church which have given to them, even as their ancestors, heroic martyrs and confessors of the Faith, and some men have gone so far in their study of this problem as to assert that it may be in the education of the young men and women. An English Bishop has said that it would appear that the arena of the Church's conflict is no longer the General Council, or the legislature, or the battle-field, or the tribunals of justice, or the pulpit, but the schoolroom, and that the chief cause of the leakage in the Church, in Christianity, is the imperfection of our system of religious instruction. Its methods seem to be antiquated, injudicious, wasteful, sometimes positively injurious to the cause. New generations grow up Catholic because they know of nothing else, they practice religious observances from the force of habit and example without understanding them, they show themselves to be possessed of a strong innate sense of religion, but there is no intellectual foundation, they are ignorant of the internal spirit of Christianity, they attach an arbitrary value to certain of its externals, they exaggerate trifles. As soon as such persons move from their original dwelling place, fall in with the scoffer and the bad Catholic, they lose their faith, their Catholicity crumbles into dust and is replaced by a diabolical hatred of the Church, and perhaps at last they are captured by the howlings of some emotional sect. Thousands are ready to lose their faith in this way to-day. It is not that they have lost their reasoning faith of the Christian Church, they never had such a thing; they have fallen solely through the want of the first elements of religious education.

One of the great elements of strength of Trinity College is its religious teaching and training. There is Catholic philosophy taught to these students; there is Biblical knowledge given to them; there is instruction in the principal mysteries of religion; there is a regular and careful attendance to all the spiritual wants of the students; there is an atmosphere of religion here which is not found elsewhere in other colleges of its standing.

"THE COLLEGE WOMAN."

BY THE VERY REV. EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D.

The College Woman, meaning thereby the woman who has received the benefit of a college education, has been and still is one of the fairest ideals that the educational world can place before itself; that that ideal should vary from time to time, from period to period in the growth

of our educational institution, is not surprising; the higher the education given to woman becomes, the fairer is that ideal; the wider the opportunities that are opened to the college graduate, the more serious is the work of preparation by which she enters upon that field; finally in proportion as the woman college graduate takes her place better in that field, in proportion as she profits by the opportunities which are given to her, in that same proportion is she more highly appreciated, is the ideal of higher education for women more thoroughly received, is the institution which prepares her regarded with greater approval.

We may say that there has been in this country within the past twenty-five years, in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, a better appreciation of the woman's college, and of the College Woman than ever before, either in this country or in the old world. But now, what is the ideal that this Institution placed before itself? It was not the first that attempted the task of giving women a higher education; there are institutions all over this country stronger in many respects as they are older; nevertheless Trinity College did not have to discover an ideal, that ideal was written clearly and plainly in the whole history of Catholic education just as the Church to-day in founding a new institution, whether it be college or university, does not have to go beyond its own record to determine what that institution shall aim at, so the Founders of Trinity College did not have to look beyond the ideal which had not only been proposed but also been realized a thousand times over in the history of the Catholic Church.

The ideal of the College Woman, as we understand it, is three-fold. In the first place, the College Woman is one who has received much, she is one who during her collegiate experience has come to know the greatest minds of the past, who has dwelt with the thoughts and the deeds and the aims of the greatest minds of antiquity; she is one who perhaps may not know by direct experience the world for which she is preparing, but she is one who has learned of a greater world, the world from which we draw our culture, our refinement, our civilization, and our religion; and because during these four years the College Woman has been associated spiritually with the great minds of the past, she looks out upon a world of the present from a higher point of view, from a point of view that is more spiritual, that is deeper, and in a certain sense is more filled with the practical ideas of solid wisdom.

The College Woman moreover is one who has kept much, one who in dealing with the treasures of the past has not merely handled them and set them aside, but who has stored up in her own mind —Wisdom—and in her own heart—Strength—so that there, within her being, there is created a sanctuary to which in her thought she may retire, she may withdraw from the clamor and distractions and disturbance of the world and find within herself the source of her strength. The College Woman who has been really educated along the right lines does not go beyond herself, beyond the sphere of her own activities to find her pleasures, to find her consolations, to find her strength—for education, if it means anything, means that there has been created within the mind the source of genuine pleasure, of best consolation, and of greatest strength.

The College Woman is one who has not only received much and kept much, but one who is able to give and who gives much. It is a false idea to think that the woman educated in college is one who has learned to live among books alone, is one who treasures her culture, her refinement, for herself alone; but at the proper time and in the proper circum-

stances guided by that inner instinct which comes from culture and education the College Woman is able to go forth as through the gates of the sanctuary to dispense upon others the blessings which she herself has received. The College Woman because she is cultured does not thereby look down upon those who have not had the same advantages; on the contrary, culture means a broadening out of her sympathies, she is ready to enter into every good work and help those who strive to uplift others; consequently wherever we find a genuine College Woman, we find that she is the medium, the channel of communication between all the culture, all the spiritual inheritance of the race and the entire race as it exists at present.

Now, if that be in a general way, the idea of the College Woman, what shall we say of the College Woman in our country? Are there not here conditions which define in a special way the sphere and the work of the educated woman? We have only to glance back, I will not say over our political history, but over our educational history to see that by the very growth of our institutions there has been prepared a special task for those who receive collegiate education, and why? Because in this country by the very fact that there is a larger liberty, by the very fact that it is a democracy, there is greater call for that restraint, that self control, that balance of thought and of action which is implied in college education, and because in our democratic country women have a larger opportunity than in any other country to exercise those powers which are peculiarly their own. It is true with this democratic spirit, America has progressed as no other country has during the last two or three centuries. We were accustomed to say, and educators even up to the last few years have been accustomed to regard that in the American life there were too many tendencies of a material sort, that progress for us meant simply advance in wealth and in the development of material resources; but to-day it is fairly recognized that alongside of this material progress, nay more, that by dint of this material progress, there is also progress of a higher kind. The intellectual progress of this country is much more conspicuous to-day than it was a hundred years ago and hence the woman who is to take part in the national life must be a woman prepared to recognize what is good in American life and at the same time to distinguish it from any tendencies that might make for evil.

Trinity College not only has its ideal of its graduates, its ideal of woman's sphere in America, but above all it has its ideal of what the Catholic graduate should be. The women who go forth from Trinity College to-day have received an education in which faith and intelligence harmoniously blend. We know well enough that in the judgment of the world at the present time, intelligence counts for nearly everything and sometimes the reproach has been made to our Catholic people, "Yes, but you do not occupy the high places of intelligence, others hold those places, you, who are living in the past, you refer to the history of the Church, what the Church has done for science, what the Church has done for civilization, but let us live in the present, and let us cast up the account." Now it is precisely in the lives of those who graduate from Trinity College that we expect and expect confidently an answer to every such charge and even to any such suspicions as these. Books are written to prove that Faith and Intelligence are in harmony; theoretically the demonstration has its own value, but the men and the women who combine in themselves in a concrete form Catholic Faith with the highly cultivated intelligence, they are the living arguments we want to refute all

charges against Christian belief as opposed to science and education.

DEMAND FOR SUPERIOR WOMEN.

BY VERY REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

The demand for women of solid Christian virtue and well cultivated minds is increasing. There is no city in the land where they are not prized and where a dozen tasks do not await each one. The immense democracy of opportunity solicits our American woman on all sides, and her naturally independent spirit urges her to profit to the utmost by every opening that is made for her. It is in the United States that genuine superior schools for women first arose; they are still growing all over this land, often richly endowed by other women, and all of them helping to uplift their sex. Immemorial prejudice against the intellectual improvement of woman is disappearing, and barriers are falling that seemed as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Errors and failures there have been, but the whole movement is sane, admirable, eminently Christian, and rich with future promise. Anyhow, the lords of creation have not always managed their own higher education so blamelessly that they can reproach their sisters with their initial stumblings and wanderings. Their cause is just, and no society in the world has so large an interest in its success, in the growth of a great multitude of superior women, as our American society. Virtue and intelligence are indispensable props of every democracy, and they are never imported. They grow in the family, or they grow not at all. It is the woman of the family, the wife, the mother, the sister, who educates the average American citizen. He is what they make him or fail to make him. Hence, the most imperative need of our society is a womankind that shall not only feel its responsibilities, but shall also dispose of sufficient knowledge to handle well its opportunities of every day and every hour; that shall be, within the limits of nature, the equal of the husband and brother, the superior guide of her children, an element of good counsel, civic wisdom and moral strength in the community. One weakness of modern society is not the learning but the ignorance of woman that condemns her too often to look on helplessly at a frittering and degradation of life, of which she is again the first victim. Therefore, if Catholicism is to be a social force in the future of our American humanity, it must look to the education of its women with all the practical earnestness and enlightened zeal that it manifests for the education of its men; nay, with more, for man becomes an educator only occasionally, while education is the habitual calling of all women; they are its prophetesses and its priestesses, conversant with all its mysteries, and endowed by God with a hundred secret affections, inclinations, and tastes in this sense that render the work easy and successful—"Give me the training of a nation's mothers," Napoleon is reported to have said, "and I care not who makes its laws."

BROUGHT BACK.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"Well, Aunt Alice, and why does my father object to Gervase marrying?" the girl who sat by Miss de Courcy's side asked impatiently.

"My dear, he does not object to Gervase marrying," Miss de Courcy corrected. "He objects to him marrying Hugh Moore's daughter."

"But why? I understand Miss Moore is a very beautiful and accomplished girl as well as an heiress."

The elder Miss de Courcy smoothed down the folds of her satin gown. She was a slight, delicate-looking little woman, whose keen blue eyes and well-cut features bespoke her Anglo-Norman ancestry.

"The answer involves a long story. Of course your father would like a daughter-in-law of more ancient lineage than Miss Moore. The de Courcys came over to Ireland with Strongbow—"

"Oh, yes. I know all about that; and how they became more Irish than the Irish," Shiela de Courcy laughed. "But the story. It wants an hour and a half of the dinner hour. We needn't dress to-night, auntie?"

"My dear!" There was reproof in Miss de Courcy's tones. "We need not be careless just because your father and brother are in Dublin."

"Oh well! We have plenty of time in any case. Please go on."

The time was suited for story telling. The dark December day had closed into night, but the glow of the scented pine logs in the wide grate rendered lamps unnecessary. Miss de Courcy adjusted the screen between her face and the glare ere she began:

"I must go back thirty years, Shiela. Your grandfather was alive then, and your father just engaged to be married. Your mother was staying with us, and preparations were on foot for the wedding. It was a match entirely to my father's liking. Your mother was the daughter of an old friend of his. He was an invalid, and, by his desire, the jewels from which your father was to select his wife's wedding presents were brought to Glenrye, so that he should help in the selection. He was quite a connoisseur in precious stones. Several of the family jewels had been reset and were in the house also."

"Yes?" Shiela said interrogatively as her aunt paused.

"My mother was dead at this time, and I was mistress of the house, and unusually busy. Ralph de Courcy, a second cousin of my father's, was also here, and Hugh Moore. The latter was the agent of the property. I should have mentioned that my sister, Letty, was some years younger than I. Poor Letty! she was weak and foolish. Her death won her a forgiveness she would otherwise have found it hard to gain." Miss de Courcy stopped, and then resumed:

"Well, as I have said, I was very busy. My father wished the marriage to take place soon; and there were endless arrangements to be made, and a good deal of gaiety going on. The country wasn't the dead and alive place it is now!" Miss de Courcy sighed over the memories of past gaieties. "Letty was no help to me. No one ever expected help from her. I remember well that the final selection of jewels had been made, and it was arranged that your father should go to Dublin in a day or two with those that were not to be kept. It was a tradition of the family that all purchases possible should be made in Ireland."

Shiela nodded.

"That very day Letty was seized, or pretended to be seized, with a bad attack of toothache. She determined to go to Dublin to a dentist; and made arrangements to stay with the Armstronges, who were cousins of ours, for a few days. On the second morning after that, your father went to the safe to take out the jewels. Our own and those that were on approbation were gone."

"Were they stolen?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By my sister and Hugh Moore."

"Oh!"

"There was no doubt about it," Miss de Courcy said. "Hugh Moore had received an urgent summons to London the day after Letty went to Dublin. If he had really loved her, one might have pardoned him, but he did not. He prevailed on the foolish young thing—she was but eighteen —to steal the jewels."

"Were they married?"

"No. Letty went to the Armstronges as arranged. She was knocked down in the street by a runaway horse, and died from her injuries, without recovering consciousness, two days later. The accident took place during the afternoon of the day on which Hugh Moore arrived in Dublin."

"And the jewels?"

"Were never found."

"Then how was it known that your sister and Moore had taken them?"

"We were almost distracted when the news of Letty's accident reached us. There was no train to be had that night. Your father meant to take the jewels back to the Dublin jeweller with him. They were gone, as I told you. Ralph de Courcy was of the greatest use. He employed a private detective and found out that Hugh Moore's brother had got into difficulties in London. Possibly it was in the desire to aid him that Hugh induced Letty to take the jewels."

"Did she really take them though? What proof had you?"

"Well, when I said Letty never recovered consciousness I was not strictly accurate. Your father and I were at her bedside when she died. For one moment she regained the use of her senses, and she muttered in tones that were too plain for us. 'I took the jewels. They are—' The next instant she was dead. The effort to speak had hastened her end."

"Still Moore may not have had the gems?"

"Oh, don't be so absurd, child!" Miss de Courcy spoke impatiently. "I—I was forced to believe in his guilt. I—" a flush rose to the woman's face. "I once thought he loved me and I cared for him."

Shiela drew closer to the speaker.

"Ralph was busy during the time of our grief. Of course the matter was never made public, but a ring from the missing jewels was found amongst the possessions of Hugh Moore's mother. His mother lived in Dublin."

"Did Mrs. Moore say how she obtained it?"

"No. She was a delicate woman and died about this time It was after her death the ring was found by the detective."

"Ralph's detective?"

"Yes. Poor Ralph! He was more anxious about the jewels than we were."

"Did no one speak to Moore?"

"Yes; he was indignant, and refused to say one word in his own defense. He soon afterwards set out for Australia where it seems he made a fortune. Poor Gervase met Miss Moore in London, where she had been staying with some friends. Of course he must give her up. Her father's daughter should not come here."

"I suppose not. Still it is possible that Moore was innocent."

"No, no! There, it is time to dress, Shiela! By the by did you get an answer from Miss Faulkiner?"

"No, not yet. I hope the girl can come. Her mother is poor you know, and Kate must be busy."

"It is holiday time. I hope she is—" Miss de Courcy hesitated.

"She is as much a lady as you or I, Aunt Alice, though she gives music lessons. Ask the Superioress of Saint Bridget's?"

"That is all right. I trust the poor thing will enjoy herself, though Glenrye will be dull this Christmas with Gervase away."

About the same hour that Miss de Courcy was narrating her story Kate Faulkiner and her widowed mother were discussing the possibility of Kate being able to accept Shiela de Courcy's invitation.

"I wish you could go Kate!" Mrs. Faulkiner said. "I could then spend the Christmas with my sister. I haven't seen her for some years now: and I fear from her letters that her health is failing. Let me see, you would need," Mrs. Faulkiner mentioned some articles of wearing apparel and their probable cost. "Oh, yes, I think we can do it," she went on, "and the holiday will do you good, Kate. You work too hard, poor child!"

"Nonsense, mother! But I should really like to go to Glenrye."

"Then you shall," Mrs. Faulkiner promised; and the next day an acceptance was written and several hours spent in shopping.

On the evening preceding Kate's departure for Glenrye, it was discovered that her modest trunk was incapable of holding her extended wardrobe. The landlady of the house chanced to find this out, and sought Mrs. Faulkiner.

"There's a trunk in the attic, ma'am, and 'tis as good as new, that Miss Kate might have. It came into my hands in a curious way thirty years or so ago." Mrs. Nealon said.

Now Mrs. Nealon wasn't an ordinary landlady in Mrs. Faulkiner's eyes. Her people had lived in the village where Mrs. Faulkiner's father had been dispensary doctor; and when Mrs. Faulkiner had been left a widow and poor, she had been glad to turn to Mrs. Nealon's boarding house for a home.

"How did it come into your hands?" Mrs. Faulkiner asked.

"Well, I was just after setting up house at the time, and the lady was the first to book a room. She came one day and saw the room—not indeed that she looked much at it—and said it would do. She left the trunk, and was to come back. She never did."

"How strange! Did you know her name?"

"No; I asked, but she said it did not matter, and gave me a week's rent. I mind she made some joke saying that if she did not return, I could keep the trunk. Time went by, and at last I opened it. It contained nothing but a few sheets of paper and some unmarked under linen. So I put it aside carefully, and 'tis no worse to-day than it was then."

The next evening Kate Faulkiner and her luggage arrived at Glenrye. Miss de Courcy with old-fashioned hospitality went into the guest's room at bedtime to see that she was comfortably settled. Kate had just taken some article from the landlady's trunk, which stood open. Miss de Courcy eyed it strangely.

"My dear Miss Faulkiner," she said. "I am going to ask you a seemingly impertinent question. Where did you get that trunk?"

Kate hesitated a moment, and then answered truthfully. In an instant Miss de Courcy was on her knees by the article.

"See," she cried, pointing to a red mark on the lining. "Look at that stain. Letty spilled some red ink over the trunk once. Letty was my sister; she was killed in an accident in Dublin. There is a hidden spring in the lid, and a considerable space between the outer and inner part of it. Look." Miss de Courcy pressed a nail, and then started to her feet with a cry. The jewels stolen from Glenrye thirty years before were before her eyes; and with them lay a number of letters. Shiela was hastily summoned; the story of the gems again told, and the old letters read.

These threw a new light on affairs. They were from Ralph de Courcy; and it was at once plain that it was he, not Hugh Moore, who had induced Letty to steal the jewels. He was to join her in Dublin after a few days; and the two were to sail to America and there be married. Letty had evidently left him unacquainted with the house where she had taken a room and left her trunk; though it was Ralph who had planned that line of action, so that the Armstronges might be left in ignorance of their flight.

Mr. de Courcy and his son were summoned home next day, and the elder gentleman not only withdrew his objection to his son's marriage with Mary Moore, but hastened to London to plead Gervase's cause. There he met Hugh Moore, just returned from Australia. It was only after much pressing that he consented to visit Glenrye. Shiela watched his meeting with her aunt, with not a little interest.

"You were ready to believe the worst, Alice," the gentleman said with a sigh, "and then I grew indifferent. I knew Letty had visited my mother and given her a ring as a keepsake and I suspected Ralph. By the by, what became of him?"

"He died in India."

"Ah, well, it is all past now! If I had told you, Alice, that I loved you then, would you have turned me away?"

Miss de Courcy did not answer the question.

"Gervase and Mary are happy at any rate," she said, "and for that, thank God!"

ARE WE PREPARED?

BY JAMES KEATING.

A few years ago the writer numbered among his friends a dozen undergraduates of Harvard College, of whom five were of Irish descent, four of Jewish, one of French, one of German and one of New England. None of these young men was self-supporting; they were the sons of well-to-do parents and were provided for luxuriously. They were of equal promise, apparently, so far as intellectual power was concerned although they differed in their enthusiasm for their work. Some of them, chiefly the Irish, were pursuing their courses in deference to the wishes of their parents and preparing themselves for callings in which they took little interest and for which they lacked special mental equipment and vocation. Since then these men have taken up the work of life in earnest; of the four Jews, one is building bridges for a railroad in South America, another combines tobacco raising with sanitary engineering in Cuba, another is chemist for a large paint and varnish concern in New York, the fourth is an assayer, mining engineer and expert on the laws of mining in Colorado. The Frenchman is developing his high degree of talent as an eye specialist in Paris. The German is manager of the advertising department of a large concern in the West. Of the four Irish who completed their courses, three are lawyers with no clients and the fourth is a physician making a struggle for existence in a small town. The fifth Irishman left college in his Junior year and is now a plumber with excellent wages, looking forward to a business of his own in a few years and very happily married. Curiously enough, the New Englander is a grocery clerk, with prospects. The Jews and the German are holding good positions on high salaries; the Frenchman has a successful career before him. The Irish chose the easiest, the most widely advertised and the most distinguished titled professions; they are dependent on their parents for their support. My friend, the plumber, commenting on this, remarked, "The boys are all right, you know, only they didn't turn their hands to doing things. They didn't fit themselves for the life we have to live nowadays."

The fact is slowly forcing itself upon the leaders of the Irish in America that our advance is on the point of turning into a retreat. The world of the century we are entered upon is an industrial and commercial one. The work of the future will be on technical and business lines; every day the demand for trained experts in all sorts of business is increasing. The educated Irish, almost to a man, become lawyers or doctors. If the race is to maintain its ascendency, we must meet these new conditions, we must train ourselves on technical and industrial lines, we must equip ourselves by education for our business in life. The men of the twentieth century will be manufacturers, merchants, financiers, engineers, men of executive ability and technical training. Thousands of doctors and lawyers all over the land are starving. They are of use only in trouble and men of to-day want neither trouble-breeders nor trouble-healers. The men who can do things, the men who can make things, who can manage or direct, are wanted. The man of the future must equip himself to meet these new conditions. Are the Irish so equipping themselves?

Glance over the lists of graduates from scientific institutions and schools this year and judge. The method of judging by names is crude and inexact but must serve. Irish are few and far between.

These men are, to be sure, in good circumstances, with elegant tastes; they are not on the whole, the hope of the race. Our future does not depend on the sons of rich men but on the ambitious, self-supporting man who carves out his own future. To him the item of expense in a college course is almost prohibitive and still more so is the item of time. He can ill afford the money supposed necessary for a technical education; he cannot afford to devote several years to securing an education, for he needs his day's work and day's wages for his living. These objections had force some years ago. To-day they no longer bar the ambitious, because an institution exists created to meet just such a demand, an institution providing courses of instruction for particular occupation in which only such facts, processes and principles are taught as are necessary to qualify the student for steady advancement. This institution is the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pennsylvania, by whose system of education by mail many have been helped to better positions and better pay. The history of this characteristically American system, of which this school is the originator and the leading exponent, illustrates the fashion in which the race must meet the demands of the age.

Twelve years ago, this system of instruction was inaugurated as the result of the personal experience of Mr. T. J. Foster, the president. Some few years earlier, the State legislature of Pennsylvania enacted a law requiring mine superintendents and foremen to pass an examination to show their fitness for their positions; many of them were miners of long experience but lacked the necessary education to enable them to pass such examinations. Their position was difficult. They had to give up their work if they did not pass the examination; if they were to pass that examination they would have to drop their work and, like grey beard schoolboys, go to some mining college or school. Mr. Foster, editor of what was then known as "The Colliery Engineer and Metal Miner" and to-day as "Mines and Minerals," one of the leading mining journals of the world, undertook to qualify these men by correspondence to pass these new examinations. He prepared in pamphlet form a short course in Coal Mining written in as simple language as possible, each pamphlet being accompanied by a number of questions to which the student was required to write answers and send them in for correction. The success his pupils met with induced him to extend his operations and in a year's time he had enrolled a thousand pupils. Soon there came a demand from stationary engineers, electricians, smiths, carpenters and other artisans to prepare them by high technical courses to enable them to hold higher positions.

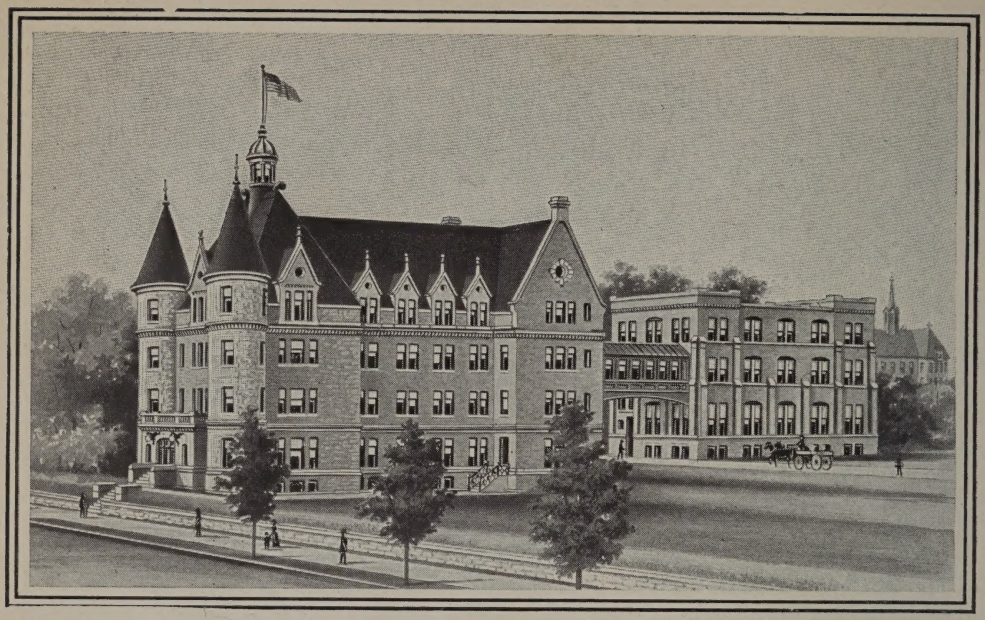
To meet this demand for technical education within the means of all and exacting from the worker none of his time he could not afford to spare, the International Correspondence Schools were incorporated twelve years ago. There are to-day over thirty distinct branches taught, enabling a man or woman to equip himself or herself for almost any calling in life in nearly all the applied sciences or commercial or educational professions or in the government offices. Over half a million persons have been enrolled in the schools. The preparation of text books and courses, the increase in the facilities of instruction, have cost many millions of dollars. But the result has paid. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, of persons are to-day drawing large salaries in responsible positions all over the land as a result of their training in these schools.

To men who are at a point in their work where farther advancement is blocked by lack of technical education or to men and women who wish to equip themselves for other and better paying positions, these courses are of special appeal. Mechanics whom the advancing re-

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

quirements of the trades have overtaken and who need instruction to keep them from falling back into the ranks of the common laborer; those whom circumstances or poor judgment have placed in occupations where they cannot possibly succeed and who need to train themselves for work in which they can succeed; boys and girls who want to take up work for which preparation is ordinarily made in schools and colleges but for which preparation they can afford neither time nor money; to these three classes especially this school offers opportunities to be eagerly grasped. Over night schools and such institutions, it has the advantage of individual instruction adapted to the student's needs and abilities, and saves him from the embarrassments to which he may be exposed in class rooms. He can study in the privacy of his own room, free from interruptions, never needing to dress up for appearance in a school room. He loses no time going and returning from school and has no carfares to pay. He studies when he pleases and just as long as he wants to. He can work overtime at his shop, go to some amusement, pass the evening with friends, without feeling he is losing ground at school. He has all the conveniences of higher education and can earn his own living at the same time.

Nay, more. He can make his education of daily practical use in advancing himself in efficiency. No man or woman today who is ambitious for advance need be kept down by lack of technical education. Their education so far may have been limited to reading and writing. They may have reached an age at which they think advance impossible. They will find this system of instruction overcoming all their difficulties and enabling them to satisfy their ambitions. The text books used are supplied by the schools and are in every way admirable examples of works



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

definitely prepared for instant practical application. They are precise and clear, giving plain and easily understood directions; free from all ambiguous expressions, with full explanations plainly stated accompanied by very clear illustrations; they are practical and easily understood by the man of little education, imparting their information so that it can at once be made of practical use. The machinist or the motor-man, for instance, can make his instruction of daily use, growing more expert as he advances in his course. They are free from perplexing mathematical problems, simply presenting rules and methods for solution that can be used by anyone who can multiply or divide. The experience of great mathematicians has been ordered, simplified and made of broad, practical use for the student of the International. He receives the highest training at the least expense of time, money and previous preparation.

And a man can fit himself for almost any calling. The courses given cover too many branches to be quoted here, ranging from preparation for trades and professions to civil service. Students are enrolled, for instance, in courses in advertising, architecture, chemistry, civil engineering, commerce, design, drawing, electrical engineering, English, languages, law, lettering and sign painting, locomotive running, marine engineering, mathematics and mechanics, mechanical engineering, mines, navigation, pedagogy, plumbing, heating and ventilating, sheet metal work, steam engineering, telephone and telegraph engineering, textiles, window trimming, mercantile decoration. This list is only a selection from the courses but gives an idea of the great extent of the training and the opportunities offered for equipment for any occupation. Students are constantly encouraged and their fitness for higher positions and advancement urged upon their employer. Frequently students are placed in excellent positions in other avocations than that which they were formerly following through the assistance of the school. Graduates are to-day holding responsible positions throughout the country. The institution and its methods are valued so highly by employers that they encourage it by every means in their power; the Cramps Steel Shipbuilders Company, for example, which has built so many war-

ships, gives students special encouragement and has equipped a library and study room for their employees enrolled in these courses. Leading railroads, recognizing the high practical value of the railroad instruction, have placed at the Schools' disposal thirty railroad cars specially equipped for the work of giving practical instruction to railroad employees, which are carried over their lines free of cost to the Schools. Presidents of banks and great business corporations, leading

six or seven days a week. I wish to express my sincere thanks for the Students' Aid Department for the assistance given me in changing my position. Anyone willing to study need not go without an education now."

In answer to the writer's inquiry, the Schools reported that so far as could be judged by names, Irish-Americans were taking advantage of these opportunities with increasing rapidity. The hope of our race in this country lies in the self sup-

INSTRUCTION AND PRINTING

professional men, teachers and instructors, have united in praising the Schools and their work. But the most convincing praise come from the hundreds of thousands of prosperous graduates who owe their advancement to the Schools' instruction. As one of the graduates wrote recently: "Since enrolling, I have changed my position from that of fireman on a railroad to that of teacher in a public school. My work is now done in six hours a day and five days a week, while before I worked eleven hours a day and

porting, ambitious man or woman who is willing to work to get ahead; that they are waking up to their opportunities and preparing themselves by technical education to assume positions of trust and responsibility, positions conferring not only high salaries but honor in the community and high standing as worthy representatives of the best Irish in America to-day, is a source of gratification and pride.

Are we ready for success or failure in this new world of industry and commerce, of technical training?

AN AMERICAN ECHO.

BY LAWRENCE E. SULLIVAN.

Viewed from afar, the excitement which Mr. Richard Bagot's article on "The Pope and Church Music" has caused, is not without its amusing side, although it has been a revelation of a faculty for misunderstanding. Father Taunton led the attack and those who have come after followed his lead religiously in one particular, in completely misunderstanding the brilliant English novelist's complaint. They seem to have been quite unconscious that he did not differ from them on the basic principle, the purpose and justification of church music; they seem equally unconscious, that if he thought Gregorian music, judging from his experience, was not as religiously effective as other music, he had the privilege of saying so to as large an audience as he could get; finally, they seem unaware that the article would not have appeared unless many readers of an English review were interested, perhaps sympathized with, the opinion of a layman, who, after all, was one of the body most affected by the ruling. Mr. Bagot's critics have attacked him with vigor and bitterness on his strongest point. They have never advanced any argument to controvert his opinions. These may be wrong, but so far, the fact that they are or may be has not been made plain.

Some time ago, Pope Pius promulgated his judicial code on music in the liturgy rendered by a lay choir, a document of which little is known except the information gleaned from garbled excerpts which have appeared in the newspapers. It was generally understood that under this ruling women and orchestras were excluded from participation in church music, in so far as the missa cantata was concerned, and that that music was to be confined to productions of the Gregorian school, or, as it is commonly called, plain song or plain chant. Believing this to be the ruling, Mr. Bagot published an article in "The Nineteenth Century and After" which voiced a dissatisfaction felt by many at this restriction. A brief quotation contains the gist of his article: "The special attribute of music, whether sacred or profane, must surely be to respond to the psychological condition of the listener and, in the case of sacred music, to raise that condition to yet higher spiritual levels. We do not believe in the efficacy of the Gregorian chant as a means to accomplish this end, so far, at any rate, as the average layman or woman is concerned; . . . We are not, we repeat, denying to Gregorian music its obvious and legitimate merits. We merely assert that it is a form of music which appeals only to certain temperaments: that the vast majority of mankind, of whatever religious denomination, is untouched by it; and that, in very many who possess a genuine love and knowledge of music, it produces a feeling of weariness and impatience." The autobigraphical candor of the last sentence is refreshing.

But Mr. Bagot, unfortunately, went further than this, and injured his cause. Your level headed Englishman develops curious traits in battle; he rushes to extremes, becomes hot headed and personal. Mr. Bagot is an example. He declares that Gregorian music is wearying and boring; as a matter of fact, few have heard enough Gregorian decently chanted to know what its musical effect really is. Then, too, he descended to hint that the Pope's peasant birth prevented his exercising any individual judgment and that he was submitting to the dictation of the Abbe Perosi. It was bad taste, to say the least. However, Father Taunton showed no better in his reply. He noted the fact of Mr. Bagot's being a convert and re-

ferred to him as one of the undesirable sort, poor red herring, one of the kind that has not yet learned the lesson of silently doing as he was told and reserving his criticism for material matters. Father Taunton did reply, in a way, to Mr. Bagot's objection that Gregorian was lacking in religious appeal to the lay man or woman. He wrote: "In the music of worship the true artistic sense demands truth, for nothing can be beautiful except it be true, and truth demands that, in this style of music, the words should be paramount and music the handmaiden; for it is in the text that we find life and truth, not bound, but quick and powerful."

This dictum lends itself to curious deductions. For one, Father Taunton believes music to serve an intellectual rather than an emotional end, that is, that it should serve to create by means of verbal argument a religious mood, rather than heighten one already felt. It will not be thought egotistical if personal experience is used here. The author is a layman and has a deep, sincere religious temperament. He solemnly affirms that if he were to depend on the text in church music, Gregorian or operatic, as now sung, his religious emotions would be but feebly stirred by the musical portion of the services. For the very simple reason that his knowledge of Latin is limited, not to speak of the eccentricities of pronunciation in current favor. Of course, Catholics are supposed to know the texts—and if they do, the musical setting will not interfere with its intellectual appeal. Still, quite a number have not that desired familiarity. A young man once asked me what the Ordinary of the Mass, which he observed me reading during Mass, was. Yet that very young man was deeply moved by a beautiful Sanctus, although he had only a vague idea of the text itself but knew its purport. In short, we are stirred by the sound rather than the words. Faith is not a

THE NEW CONSERVATORY.

THE DORMITORY ON HEMENWAY STREET.

matter of intellectual conviction. Most of us experience it emotionally, as the efforts of missionary preachers who dwell on hell rather than the hygienic effects of drunkenness testify. If Gregorian music does not stir the emotions it will not affect the average lay man or woman, who does not understand the text, holds the Faith by its emotional appeals, and is moved by a beautiful combination of voices expressing by the sound the emotions he cannot conceive of in words. But we do not know what the effect of Gregorian music properly rendered in our services will be. We have never heard it.

One effect of this discussion, by the way, has been the arrangement by the New England Conservatory of Music, of Boston, to supplement the already liberal organ instruction given at that institution with a complete course in plain song accompaniment, both theoretical and practical. The theoretical division of the course will cover the character of the rhythm and notation of plain song; the Gregorian tones and their use in psalms, canticles and introits; antiphons and hymn melodies (including the Te Deum); the plain song of the Mass and the "Faux-bourdon." The practical work will consist of sight reading of plain song melodies, the pointing of psalms and canticles and the accompaniment of Gregorian music generally. This action of the Conservatory shows plainly the interest the "Instructions on Sacred Music" have excited in America, although this institution has always made a specialty of equipping organists for Roman Catholic services.

As a matter of fact, the appeal of Gregorian music is as strong religiously as that of any other music, when it is properly rendered. But its proper rendition seems as rare as genius. Even the recent services at St. Peter's, according to Mr. Bagot, were not effective. He writes: "The dignity and austerity of the Gregorian school, which the recent papal edict would make compulsory so far as the "missa cantata" is concerned, cannot be denied. But that very dignity depends upon the manner in which it is rendered. Even in St. Peter's, on the occasion of the recent Gregorian celebrations, the execution of the music, if we are to believe certain musical experts of various nationalities who made it a point of being present, left very much to be desired. The effect was thin, monotonous, colorless. It may be imagined what effect this music would produce as rendered in, we will say, a village church in England or any other country." He might have added,

an American city like Boston or New York. To our mind, there is no religious music equal to that of a male choir, no soprano for religious music like the spiritual, pure, almost sexless treble of a boy which blends with the basso or the tenor with infinitely more sweetness than the female soprano. But, ah me, perfection is the result of labor, in music as in any other art and that our organists and choir masters seem unable to devote to it intelligently. One Sunday, not long ago, I heard a male choir attempt Palestrina. The shrill horror of it will never be forgotten.

Our organists and choirs will need careful and intelligent training. Gregorian cannot be approached in the jaunty ignorance that seems the chief qualification for choir service nowadays. The result would be truly excruciating execution. Few organists, for instance, are sufficiently familiar with Gregorian in all its forms to accompany it intelligently and artistically. Mr. Wallace Goodrich, the famous organist, who is to have charge of the course at the New England Conservatory, on a trip about the institution recently, told some amusing anecdotes of Gregorian adventures his pupils were constantly having. A few words in pasing will be permitted on that excellent institution, the New England Conservatory. For a half century it has proved the practibility of American musical education and has been equally effective in making Boston what it is to-day, not only the musical center of America but one of the musical centers of the world. In recent years the Conservatory has been strengthened and invigorated. It now finds its home in a magnificent building on Huntington Avenue, near Symphony Hall, where its quarters are very commodious. In the building is Jordan Hall, a large concert room of fine acoustic properties where nearly all visiting artists appear and where students of the Conservatory give frequent public concerts, presenting programs including a wide selection of music, performed with taste, discrimination and a near approach to finished skill. The courses now given afford thorough training for the singer or performer and the work in the school of opera, in conjunction with a dramatic school, is having results that many a European school might envy. Near at hand are the excellent homes provided for young ladies who are pupils of the school, cheerful in their surroundings, presided over by tactful preceptresses, conveniently located and excellently managed. Throughout the Conservatory there is an atmosphere of democracy and optimism; there seems a deeper feeling of interest and respect between teacher and pupil than elsewhere. The instructor takes a personal interest in the pupil and in return the pupil responds more readily and with the greater profit to himself. The results of this work have been very gratifying and Americans can well be proud of it. These courses in Gregorian will surely prove popular or else our organists have become backward and inappreciative of their opportunity and their needs. Already, however, many in the neighborhood of Boston have enrolled.

This promises well. The instruction given will prove profitable and will help to raise our musical services to a higher level. To the average layman church music appeals by its richness and beauty of melody; he does not care whether it be an adaptation from an opera or purest Gregorian, so long as it impresses him with its beauty. The problem is for our organists and choirs. It is to be hoped they will seek the necessary training.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Dream of Gerontius. By Cardinal Newman. With Introduction and Notes by Maurice Francis Egan. New York. Longmans, Green & Co.

We trust that all our Catholic Colleges will include this edition of Newman's immortal "Dream of Gerontius" among the poems for obligatory study. Not only is the subject sublime in itself, passing as it does beyond the sensible and the temporal into the spiritual and the eternal, but its masterly treatment and the choice, vigorous English in which the loftiest thoughts are mantled, make the poem a classic in the highest sense of the word. To these considerations, weighty enough in themselves to place this literary masterpiece upon the program of our Collegiate studies, we must add the value of Prof. Egan's scholarly introduction and notes. They form a complete commentary upon the work of a great master of "English undefiled."

Studies in Saintship. Translated from the French of Ernest Hello. With an Introduction by Virginia M. Crawford. Herder. St. Louis. 1940. Price, 90 cents.

A study of the leading traits of God's remarkable servants and of the means employed by them to raise themselves to the loftiest virtues must necessarily be both instructive and comforting. For it reads surely a practical lesson to us when we learn the tireless persistence with which failings were combated and the constancy with which every opportunity for self-improvement was embraced.

It is also a matter of consolation to see that the saints are not made of elements different from those which compose human nature in the rest of mankind. Many of them in the beginning of their upward battle displayed failings and foibles which we can detect among ourselves and which mar those lines of severe perfection which the spirit of God would fain carve in our souls. A judicious selection has been made of the various types of sanctity from the austere to the most winning, so that each variety of human character may contemplate its special model.

The Young Priest. By Cardinal Vaughan. Edited by Mgr. John S. Vaughan. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price, $2.00.

Cardinal Vaughan was a truly remarkable character not only as a prominent churchman, an influential prelate, and able speaker, an extraordinary administrator, but much more as a moulder of men. The founding of Mill Hill College for missionary priests, a work fraught with difficulties beyond description, showed the lofty aspiration and the heroic zeal of Herbert Vaughan. His words, consequently, upon the dignity and the duty of the priestly office come to us as a message from a soul devoted to the cause of the Gospel and burning with desire to uplift his fellow-men to the highest plane of Christian civilization. How can anyone read these words and not be filled with deepest reverence for the priesthood of the New Law? How can one ponder these solemn utterances and not feel stirred to strain every power to aid the spread of Christ's Kingdom upon earth? To God's anointed what unspeakable comfort, what enduring strength these clear, forceful, spiritual lessons must give! The book should enjoy a post of honor on the desk of every seminarian and in the library of every priest.

Short Instructions or Meditations on the Gospels for Each Day in Lent. By Rev. P. Baker. Edited by Rev. Wm. T. Conklin. New York. Christian Press Association Publishing Co. 1904. Price 75 cents.

Good Father Pacificus Baker was an eminent English ecclesiastic during the bitter days of persecution. A member of the noble Order of St. Francis he discharged with great satisfaction several important offices, being twice provincial, the first time from 1761 to 1764, the second time shortly before his death which occurred in London on March 16th, 1774. He appears to have labored principally in the historic Sardinian Chapel. Father Baker's pen was kept busy in the service of religion, and we have a number of valuable works in consequence of his tireless zeal. The book under review is a reprint, with certain modifications, of the once well-known Lenten Monitor. The editor deserves our thanks for this re-issue, in improved form, of a sterling volume abounding in sturdy piety and in practical suggestions. Devout people, whether living in or out of the cloister, will find Father Baker's reflections a powerful stimulus to vigorous spirituality, not only during Lent but at all times throughout the year.

Bacteria, Yeasts and Molds in the Home. By H. W. Conn, Ph.D. Boston, Ginn & Co. 1904.

It is important that those who have charge of our homes should know clearly the nature and the tendencies of those micro-organisms which prove in so many instances a cause of

ruin and decay in household life. This little book contains, in popular form free from technical terminology, a summary of the established facts with regard to micro-organic life.

Molds which are the cause of mildew, the spoiling of many foods, and the decaying of many fruits; yeasts, which are the foundation of fermentation in the raising of bread; and bacteria which cause food to spoil, meat to decay and contagious diseases to spread,—all these phenomena which are of the most vital importance are presented in an interesting and helpful manner. The author explains the various actions of bacteria, and points out the sources of trouble and the principles which underlie the methods to be adopted for avoiding their effects.

Prayer-Book for Religious. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

This is a veritable store-house of spiritual treasures for religious persons. No more appropriate gift than this could be presented to any member of that vast army of self-sacrificing workers who are toiling so generously in the cause of Christ. In this volume will be found excellent instructions upon mental prayer and a well-chosen supply of the devotions most fitted to strengthen and develop the religious life and spirit.

Elementary German for Sight Translation. By R. Clyde Ford. Boston. Ginn & Co. 1904. Price 25 cents.

In view of the need for weaning students from a too slavish adherence to the prepared page, this collection, prepared for sight translation, will be welcomed by all teachers of the German language. The selections in Part I are short and cover every variety of style. Those in Part II are longer and of a more decidedly literary character. The aim of the book is to develop self-reliance in the pupil.

The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By Rev. F. Arnoudt, S. J. Translated from the Latin by I. M. Fastre. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price $1.25.

This volume appeals to that class of spiritual persons who are really anxious to model their lives upon the life and actions of our Blessed Redeemer. It takes a person at the very beginning of the struggles to master the *higher life*, lays down the groundwork upon which the spiritual life rests; and proceeds methodically to lead him step by step, through its mysterious pathways, until it brings him to the very summit of Christian perfection. This is not done by merely inculcating abstract theories and sublime teachings, but by placing before the reader the living example of our Lord and by thus practically applying in detail His own lessons. The keynote to this work of upbuilding Christ in the soul is devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is a book, not for casual reading, but for daily use, a book which should be made a constant guide and companion. It is a book which unfolds in striking phrase the attractive beauty, the gladdening brightness, the unfailing strength of the higher life.

Alleluia. An Easter Booklet. By Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L. Dublin. Browne & Nolan. 1904.

A scholarly broschure upon the sacred word "Alleluia." Its proper transcription, its literal analysis, it traditional import, its liturgical and extra-liturgical use, receive thorough investigation at the hands of Dr. O'Mahony. Alleluia is Holy Church's consecrated word of Divine praise, and one that for its own sake she evidently greatly loves. We learn from St. Jerome that children in his day were taught to pronounce it as soon as they could speak, and that it was sung by the farmers as they drove the plough and by the sailors as they smote the seething furrows—may it hold a similar place in the respect and love of twentieth century Catholics.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By Rev. Robert J. Carbery, S. J. Catholic Truth Society, San Francisco. International C. T. Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5 cents.

The nature, end, practice and history of the devotion are explained in beautiful style, and the most popular prayers to the Sacred Heart, from approved sources, are added.

QUESTION BOX.

Who was Faust?

Faust was a well-known magician of the sixteenth century. Having a very large fortune, he was able to satiate himself with every form of iniquity. His money, however, was soon exhausted, owing to the terrible excesses into which he plunged, and then, still desiring to continue his journey along the primrose paths of vice, he sought the aid of the spirit of evil. The devil, who appeared to him in the garb of a monk, promised to grant him opportunities for the gratification of his depraved appetites during the space of twenty-four years, if, at the end of that time, Faust would surrender both body and soul to the spirits of darkness. Faust accepted the conditions and, after a career of crime and lust, he disappeared in 1550, twenty-four years after the signing of the contract.

Are we bound to avoid every temptation as well as every occasion of sin?

We are bound to resist every temptation to wrong-doing, since to yield thereto is to commit a moral wrong. With regard to the occasions of sin, it must be borne in mind that Moral Theologians distinguish various kinds of occasions of sin. They are: (1) *Proximate* occasions and *remote* occasions, according as the danger of committing sin is, on the one hand, certain or very probable; or, on the other hand, is only slight. (2) *Absolute* and *relative* occasions, according as they lead to sin by themselves or in consequence of the weakness of the person exposed to it. Thus there are thousands of people who are never influenced by certain surroundings, which to others are a direct allurement, on account of some personal weakness to sin. (3) *Voluntary* and *involuntary* occasions, according as we can or cannot avoid them without serious inconvenience. (4) *Present* and *absent* occasions according as we have them with us, without seeking them, or they are at a distance from us. A distinguished moralist lays down the following rules to be observed with regard to the occasions of sin. (1) We are obliged to avoid a *voluntary proximate* occasion of sin whether it be *absolute* or *relative*, *present* or *absent*. (2) We are *not* obliged to avoid a *remote occasion*, unless we foresee that it is soon likely to become *proximate*. The reason of this is because it is morally impossible to avoid all occasions of this character, since all created things may become a remote occasion of sin; and, besides, there is no probable danger that such occasions will lead to sin. (3) A *necessary* occasion of sin may be such *physically* or *morally*, according as it is impossible to avoid it, or that it cannot be avoided without great difficulty. In the former case, it is our duty to render the occasion remote by a hatred of the evil to which it exposes us, by resistance to temptation and by employing the means for persevering in virtue. In the latter case we are first bound, as in the former case, to render the occasion remote; but if we find that it frequently leads us into sin, we are bound to avoid it at all hazards.

Is it not a fact that in the early part of the fifteenth century there were two Popes and that both were deposed by a council and a third elected in their place by the cardinals?

Our inquirer refers to the so-called Great Western Schism which was brought about after the death of Gregory XI and the election of Urban VI by the French cardinals with the Spaniard Peter de Luna. These ecclesiastics, declaring that the election of Urban was invalid, proceeded to elect Cardinal Robert of Geneva, who took the name of Clement VII. This deplorable step on the part of these churchmen led to a sad schism which for many years devastated the fair field of the Church. An attempt was made in a council which met at Pisa to depose both claimants; but since a council is not œcumenical unless it is summoned by the supreme Pontiff this assemblage, instead of remedying the evil, only added thereto by bringing a third claimant upon the ground. The schism was healed in the Council of Constance when Gregory XII, regarded by the majority of Church historians as the lawful Pope, voluntarily abdicated. John XXIII, chosen at Pisa, was deprived with his own consent, of the dignity, and the anti-pope Benedict XIII was deposed. Arrangements were then made for another election and on November 11, 1417, Cardinal Colonna was chosen and he took the name of Martin V. The schism does not militate against papal supremacy, for this was never called in question; the dispute was concerning the person in whom this authority was vested. Neither does this incident furnish support for the uncatholic teaching that "a Council is above a duly elected Pope." It simply shows that when personal considerations and human motives obtain the right of way, the Church of God can be plunged into dire misfortunes.

A VILLAGE BEAUTY.

FIRST LESSONS.

Donahoe's Magazine

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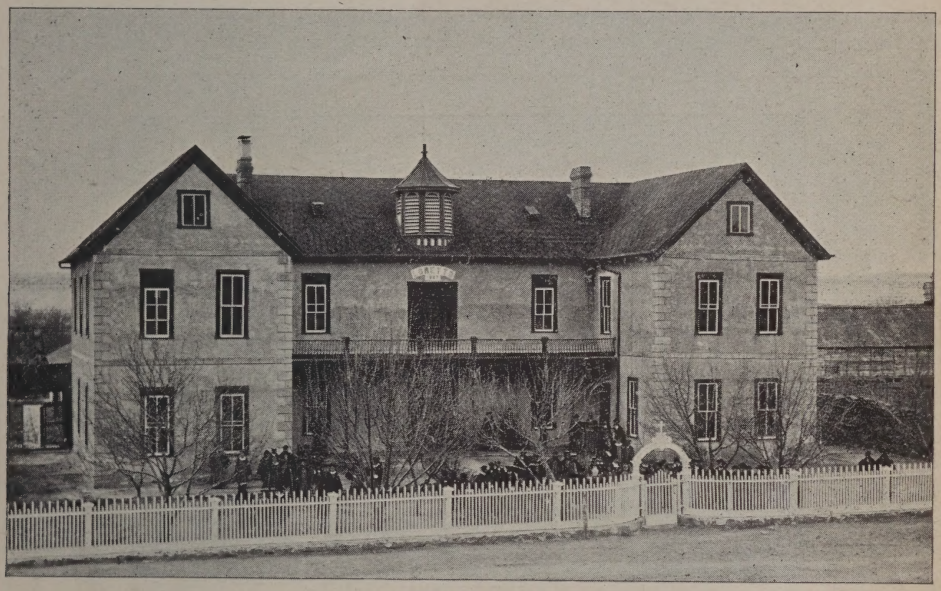


INDIAN MISSION SCHOOL.

THE CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

BY JEANNE KLACHE.

The report of the Director, Rev. William H. Ketcham, sums up the work of the Catholic Indian Bureau for the past year as follows:

"The results that have been realized are by no means due solely to the efforts of one person, nor of the Catholic Indian Bureau, but the bureau has not lost sight of the policy mapped out for it, nor of any of the objects proposed to it for attainment. In the darkest hours it has kept them constantly in view and has never for a moment rested from its efforts to accomplish them. It is with much pleasure and with a deep sense of gratitude to Almighty God, 'in Whose hands are the hearts of all men,' that in this report the following results can be recorded:

"The 'Browning Ruling' has been revoked;

"The right of Catholic children in Government schools to receive instruction in their religion has been recognized;

"Permission has been obtained for Indians to pay for the education of their

children in mission schools, if they so desire;

"Congress has passed an act requiring rations to be restored to children attending mission schools;

"The Catholic Indian Mission Schools have been kept constantly before the Catholic public, the annual collection has been to some extent augmented, the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children,—having for its object the collecting of funds for the schools,—has been inaugurated and successfully propagated."

This is a record of great achievement, glorious in itself and still more glorious when compared with that of the Government in its dealings with the "wards of the nation." For as Carl Schurz wrote, shortly after resigning his portfolio as Secretary of the Interior, "that the history of our Indian relations presents in a great part a record of broken treaties, of unjust wars and of cruel spoilation, is a fact too well-known to require proof or to suffer denial." Our Catholic Indian Bureau depending on the support of charitable individuals and societies has

MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, D.D.,
Member of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

INDIAN GIRLS AT A MISSION SCHOOL.

waged a great battle. Its efforts have been fruitful, and it now has friends in many quarters. In the House of Representatives, Hon. W. E. Brown of Wisconsin, Hon. John F. Fitzgerald and Hon. James S. Sherman of New York, Hon. Charles Curtis of Kansas, Hon. C. H. Burke of Dakota, Hon. H. S. Boutell of Illinois and Hon. E. deV. Morrell of Pennsylvania, have been its friends: in the Senate it has numbered among its active well-wishers Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island, Platt of Connecticut, Elkins and Scott of Virginia, Teller of Colorado, Du-Bois of Idaho, and others. Mother Katherine M. Drexel of Philadelphia has spent a fortune in its maintenance. The Marquette League for the assistance of Indian Mission Schools has been formed. Many individuals and organizations have lent their support. The record is eloquent of true Christian charity, high achievements, splendid bravery in the time of great crisis, heroic patience and effort under heavy burdens. Much has been done. Much more awaits our doing, demanding our united energy and support. And yet, at times, our people seem strangely apathetic, strangely indifferent to these just demands.

The justice of these demands is, also, an historical truth. The page recording our Nation's dealings with the Indians is a page of black disgrace. It has been well said: "The Puritans, landing on the shores of New England first fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines," and to that one policy of the Puritans our Government has religiously adhered. Ever has the course of our national progress taken its way westward and ever has this course encountered Indians. Early they were forced west of those mountains that marked the land boundaries of the original United States and as the vast districts beyond the Appalachian mountain system were opened up to colonization the Indians were driven farther and farther westward. The policy of the settlers was one of destruction, as had been the policy of the Nation's forefathers, and the policy of the Indians

bred in them by bitter relentless persecution—was revenge. The Government meantime had made many treaties and broken them. The Indians had been granted settlements and reservations, and then, when their white neighbors, casting envious eyes on the lands of the Indians, clamored for their removal and the opening up of their lands, they had been driven from these havens and settled far

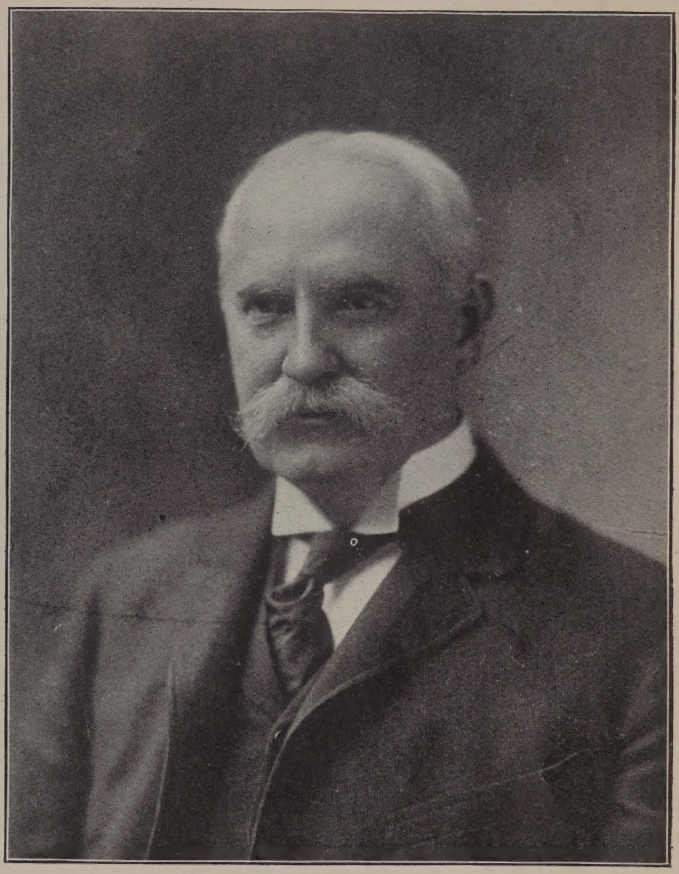
REV. WILLIAM H. KETCHAM,
Director of Catholic Indian Bureau.

away, in bad lands, far removed from the influences of civilization. Everywhere the story was the same, encroachments of the whites, robbery by the whites. No wonder the Indians sought revenge. Taught deceit by the white brother he welcomed with open arms, he came at length to follow his example. Corruption bred corruption. And how expensive this policy was! Our Indian wars have cost nearly a billion of dollars, and the cost in lives is now beyond reckoning.

From time to time efforts were made to ameliorate these conditions, but they were sporadic, half-hearted, quite ineffective. Good intentions were frustrated by inimical agents. The saying of the great General "The only good Indian is a dead Indian" had become a state of mind, ruling all our dealings with them. However, conditions became so intolerable that President Grant, that sturdy, honest soldier and large-hearted man, saw the failure and iniquity of our whole system and in 1869 appointed a commission of six members to examine all matters pertaining to Indian affairs. The report of that commission was a national indictment. "The history of the Government connections with the Indians is a shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled promises. The history of the border white man's connections with the Indians is a sickening record of murder, outrage, robbery and wrongs committed by the former, as the rule, and occasional savage outbreaks and unspeakably barbarous deeds of retaliation by the latter, as the exception." President Grant was aghast, and his action was prompt and wise. He made the first national effort to efface the blot of guilt from our history. He inaugurated a new policy for our Government: "First Christianize a nation, then civilize it." He invited the different denominational churches to cooperate with the Government and the system of contract schools was devised.

For many years the Catholic Church and several Protestant bodies had maintained schools for various tribes, Catholic activity in this line being the oldest and most healthy. Indeed, a history of Indian civilization would be a history of Catholic missionary work. From the very discovery of the continent, the Church had devoted herself to the conversion of the natives, as the roll of American martyrs, all missionaries to the Indians, testifies. On his second voyage

Columbus brought with him twelve priests who planted the seeds of Christianity. The work they began continued through the centuries. Settlements of peaceful Catholic Indians in Canada, in California, in Mexico, existed almost to our own day. So when the new Peace Policy was inaugurated, we entered into the work full of zeal, enthusiasm, and hope. Relying on the pledged word of the Government for support and co-operation, we erected schools on all reservations assigned to us, and not only schools, but churches, missionary stations, and convents. In less than twenty-five years the Church expended one million five hundred thousand dollars in the erection of these buildings; zealous teachers, devoted missionaries, consecrated nuns, took up the burden of the work. Success beyond the wildest dreams crowned our efforts and the solution of the "Indian question" seemed at hand.



HON. NELSON W. ALDRICH
United States Senator from Rhode Island.

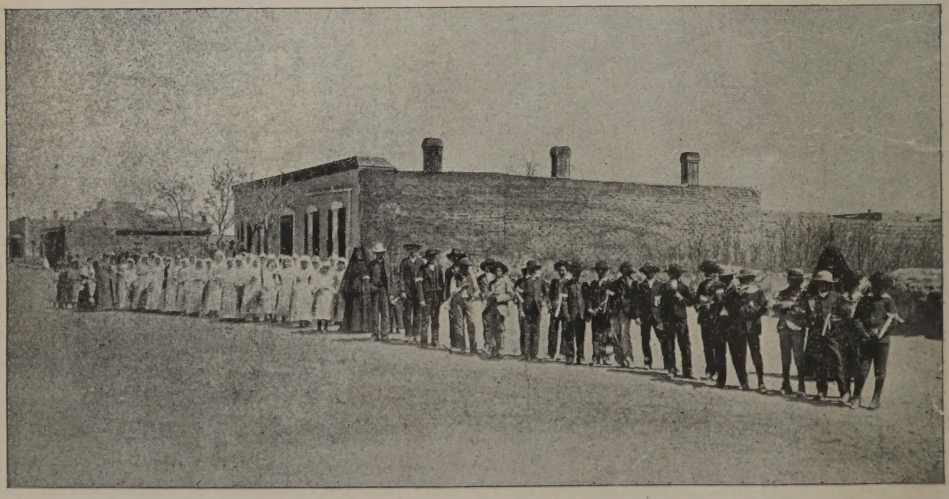
And then a wave of insane bigotry swept over the country. The "anti-Catholic" battle cry was raised. Everything, anything Catholic was bitterly assailed. Our Indian Mission schools were at that time receiving Government support to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars yearly, and the full fury of the pack was let loose on them. They were fair game. Mere intolerance was fanned to blazing hatred by the jealousies of non-Catholic missionaries. A "plot of Rome" was scented.

A brief quotation from a speech delivered in Music Hall, Boston, in 1893, by Hon. T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the administration of President Harrison, will illustrate the ruling passion of the time. During his incumbency, the Hon. Commissioner had not lived up to his principles. President Harrison, a just and fair-minded man, put a stop to manifestations of bigotry early in the Commissioner's official career. But these principles were those of his successor and seem to have ruled the

HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.
Member of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

action of former Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith, for under the second Cleveland administration they governed all our Catholic Indian Mission schools' relations with the Government. Mr. Morgan in the course of his speech expressed himself as follows:

"The Roman Catholics have assumed an attitude on the Indian School question that is un-American, unpatriotic, and a menace to our liberties. I challenge the course they have pursued, as that of a corrupt ecclesiastico-political machine, masquerading as a Church, a course that has been without precedent and is without justification. Its spirit has been that of the Inquisition, its methods those of the disreputable politician, and its agencies intrigue, secrecy, conspiracy, falsehood, and slander. . . . . The Roman Catholic schools are mission schools, parochial schools, church schools, whose chief and almost only end is to make converts to Catholicism and to train their pupils to be good Catholics. The basis of all their work is the Roman Catholic Catechism. Many of the teachers know little of American life, and apparently care less, speaking very imperfect English. Many others are inexperienced nuns and few, if any, are trained teachers. Catholic education of Indians has never been successful, and they can point to no leading Indians as a result of their efforts. An eminent Roman Catholic said to me recently that there never had been an Indian Roman Catholic priest. The subtle influence of their schools has been to awaken in the minds of the Indians sus-



FIRST COMMUNION PROCESSION OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

picion and distrust and they have bred disloyalty and incited resistance to the Government."

Much more might be quoted, but these excerpts suffice. It is curious, by the by, to recall that this "corrupt ecclesiastico-machine, masquerading as a church" had such representatives as De Smet, Marquette and LaCasas.

Morgan's statements, as false as they were slanderous, were the platform of the American Protective Association. The Catholic Indian Missions believed that such palpable lies would be ineffective. It was on record that the Secretaries of the Interior since Grant's administration, without exception, had spoken at all times in the highest terms of the work of the Mission schools among the Indians. It was a condition of the contract between the schools and the Government that no denomination should encroach on the reservations of Indians of other denominations. Proselyting meant withdrawal of Government support: converts might be made among non-Christians only. Statistics, however, illuminate the workings of the anti-Catholic mind, insomuch as it proceeds along definable lines. In 1895 the appropriation to the Catholic Indian Schools was $359,215.00, to the schools of the Episcopal Church $7,020.00, to the Lutheran Church $15,120.00. It must be said in justice that neither of these bodies took part in the disgraceful attacks. The appropriations were made on a basis of per capita payment for all children attending school! Of the 250,000 Indians then in the reservations, more than 110,000 were professed Catholics. The Government schools had large attendance. The basis of the whole business was that the Catholics were practically alone in the work of Christianizing the Indians. The attack thus became, in the plain light of facts, an attack on the redeeming of the Indians to Christ. It is as shameful a record as any of our relations with the red-men.

And it was as successful as it was shameful. In the first half of the Cleveland administration, Congress reduced the appropriation for sectarian schools twenty per cent. In the second half a law was inaugurated for the gradual withdrawal of government support, the appropriations to be reduced twenty per cent every year until they were wiped out. Secretary Hoke Smith was bitterly hostile to the Catholic schools and these measures were sanctioned by him. He also permitted the famous Browning ruling by which Indian children could be taken from Catholic and contract schools and forced into Government schools.

As Father Ketcham's report well says: "The abolition of the contract system, in consequence of which Government aid was withdrawn from Catholic Indian Mission Schools, placed the entire Indian Mission work of the Church in a most precarious condition. Indeed had it not been for one devoted woman, raised up by Almighty God for the edification of the American people, and for the succor of poor abandoned races, the whole system of Catholic Indian Schools would have collapsed and the Indian children been given over to schools decidedly anti-Catholic in all their tendencies. I refer to Mother M. Katherine Drexel, who took upon herself the major part of the burden of the support of the schools until such time as the Church at large could provide sufficient means for maintaining these necessary institutions.

"Blinded by bigotry, the Protestants voluntarily gave up Government help in order to prevail upon Congress to withdraw all appropriations from Catholic Indian Schools, hoping thereby to arrest the progress made by the Catholic Church among the Indians. In this, however, they failed signally, for they themselves have been the losers. They abandoned many of

their schools and as a consequence their missions declined, for an Indian Mission without a school cannot flourish; while, by continuing her schools, the Catholic Church has retained her hold upon her own people, and, in many reservations, is steadily gathering the abandoned Protestant Indians into her fold. It is appalling to think what the results would have been, had the Church proved herself an unfaithful mother; had she imitated certain sects, and, like the hireling, deserted her Indian children at the approach of danger."

The work was done. The Catholic schools were ruined, so thought our enemies. We had expended over a million and a half dollars in erecting and equipping school buildings on the pledge of the Government for aid in our work of civilizing the Indians, and that pledge had been broken!

Persecution is a dangerous weapon. It reacts. It reacted now. In the legislative bodies of the country we had many friends. They reprehended the action of the Houses of Congress and privately did what they could to lessen the severity of these measures. The late President McKinley was induced to rescind the obnoxious Browning measure, largely through the efforts, it is said, of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, who has ever proved himself a friend of the Mission schools, and who has exerted himself at every opportunity to obtain for them the justice he believes their due. By this action Catholic Indians were once more at liberty to send their children to the Catholic Mission schools.

In 1901, came another blow, however. Indians living in reservations receive from the Government for each of their children a certain stipend, called rations. It had been the policy of the Government up to this time to consider the mission schools in *loco parentis* so far as clothing and rations were concerned. Schools in the various reservations which were conducted by religious, philanthropic, or other approved societies, received from the Government for the Indian children therein the rations and clothing to which the children would be entitled as reservation Indians and living with their parents. In 1901, an order was issued as follows: "Schools on the various reservations which are conducted by religious, philanthropic, or other societies, will, in the future, receive no supplies whatever from the Government for the Indian children therein, whether the children would be entitled to such supplies or not if living as reservation Indians with their parents. Neither will these rations, etc., be issued to the parents of such children as attend these schools, or any other school." The reason advanced by the Indian Commissioner was that such action was in violation of law as expressed in the Indian Appropriation Act (30 Stat. 79)—to wit: "And it is hereby declared to be the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian school."

This ruling effected many evils. It practically prohibited many Catholic Indians attending mission schools and, by forfeiting their claim on the Government, forbade Indians to send children to schools of their own choosing. Appeal was made to President Roosevelt but, acting on the opinion of Attorney General Knox that it was not a matter of interpretation but of legislative action, he found himself powerless. Not so, however, friends in Congress. Two years ago an item was introduced into the Indian Appropriation Bill rescinding this action but was killed by raising a point of order. This year, however, the effort was successful.

Under the protection of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, the following item was introduced into the Indian Appropriation Bill. "That no part of the monies herein appropriated for fulfilling treaty

stipulations shall be available or expended unless expended without regard to the attendance of any beneficiary at any school other than a Government school." Fathered by Senator Aldrich in the Senate and by Representative Sherman of New York in the House, and nobly sustained by members of both bodies, mentioned in the beginning of this article, this item became law and the rations were restored to the pupils of the Catholic Mission schools.

The appointment of two Catholics to the Board of Indian Commissioners,—Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore,—has also been the means of much good. At the time the suggestion was made to appoint these gentlemen, powerful influence was brought to bear upon the President to prevent their selection; but Senator Aldrich intervened and, owing largely to his efforts, Archbishop Ryan and Mr. Bonaparte were appointed.

This brief resumé of the "Report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions" indicates its real nature,—a record of zeal and love for a lowly brother, refreshing in this age of rationalistic illusions. Faith, has, as it were, moved mountains. Yet much remains to be done. A labor lies ready at the hand of American Catholics. As one of the ablest orators for this work, Rev. H. G. Ganss, has said: "It is an imperative duty of national reparation to preserve the Catholic Indian in his faith, and yet more, to extend the consolations, blessings, and graces of God's church to those tribes still buried in idolatry and superstition—and they number fully one hundred thousand." It remains for us to support the missionaries in their labors. A perusal of the report shows the need. Of the annual expenses for the work, Mother M. Katherine has borne the greatest part, almost triple that which was met by contributors: and had it not been for the exertions of Senator Aldrich and others, her outlay would have been far in excess. There are associations,—the Marquette League, the Association for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children,—whose annual dues help defray the expenses, or contributions may be made direct to the Bureau. And there are many other ways of sustaining and assisting in the work suggested by Father Ketcham. Every little helps, every kind word cheers, every deed of mercy is as a stone laid in the edifice of charity and reparation builded as a monument to the charity of American Catholics.

THE ONE SINNER.

BY GRACE KEON.

"It's no use," said Dick Sartoris.

Father Laurence carefully placed the worn little marker in the volume he was reading, as carefully closed the book, and then, slipping the glasses off his nose, looked at the young man, with a merry twinkle in his eye, rubbing the glasses round and round with a big silk pocket-handkerchief—twinkle and gesture characteristic.

"Oh, isn't it?" was all he asked.

"No, Father—it isn't; not a bit. And it's disgusting."

"All right," said Father Laurence. This time he laughed. "Now what are you talking about? You hav'n't told me yet."

"There's only one thing interesting me these days—and annoying, and worrying me. Have you forgotten that you've given us our orders—and that, with you for general in this campaign, we are expected to fulfil them? I'm here to make a report."

"That's good," said Father Laurence.

"I'm a failure."

"That's bad," said Father Laurence. "But being the general, as you say, I should also be the judge. Let us have the report."

"To begin with you've organized a company of three——"

"An army—a host," interjected Father Laurence.

Dick raised his shoulders.

"Yes? Well, if the others are as successful as I," he said, self-scornfully, "you'll be like the officer who marched his men to the top of the hill and marched them down again."

Both laughed.

"You've sent us out to try to sow the seed, that later on you may reap a spiritual crop. At least, that's what you said. Now am I the first to turn up?"

"You are." Father Laurence stretched himself comfortably. "Go ahead."

"Well, I've been on the ground nine days. My face is worn out smiling. My tongue is tired saying nice things to fellows whom I'd like to have stand up in front of me for just two good rounds—" He coughed a little. "That's all right. Talk about gathering in the clans! I wish you luck, Father."

"Thank you, my son. Your report seems to lack detail, however. You might enter into particulars, if you don't mind."

Dick pulled out a small memorandum-book from his pocket and straightened it on the table. Father Laurence bent forward to listen.

"Monday," began Dick. "Asked Phil Bradley at which end he'd start. Next block, he told me. All right—I'd take the avenue. Walked along. Saw some young men standing on the corner. Stopped. Didn't try to talk much—those fellows are always shy. After a while managed to get in a word or two. Said nothing about club or church work Asked me to have a drink. Declined.

"Tuesday. Met two of them. Found out their names. One is Buck Witten—the other Teddy Clark. Asked them if they ever went to the theatres. Heard enthusiastic accounts of the latest at the Laffen. Cowboy show. Often wanted to go to the Laffen to see what it is like. Thought this a good chance to get in with these fellows and satisfy my curiosity. Cheap house, of course. Fifteen cents admission to 'nigger heaven.' Know what that is?" Father Laurence shook his head affirmatively. "The gallery gods, you know. Said I'd like to see it. Wanted

me to meet them Wednesday. Put it off until Thursday.

"Wednesday. Had previous engagement."

(Here Father Laurence wiped his mouth as well as his glasses. The movement escaped the earnest Dick.)

"Thursday. Met Buck and Ted and the other of the trio. His sobriquet is Lefty Stanton— Want to hear this experience, Father? Hav'n't written it down."

"Tell me. I am interested."

Dick slipped his finger between the memorandum pages, and held the book while he graphically described the following. Unfortunately, words cannot reproduce his gestures, nor his varying expressions.

"The show was called 'A Madman's Millions.' Phew! The posters alone would open your eyes. We got down early, and I stood behind my going-to-be spiritual crop, at the end of a string of fellows reaching out into the gutter. The doors were opened. A crowd of hurry-mad boys and men clattered up the stairs. Great crush. I was too excited to notice much on the way. When I awoke I was sitting in the front row. Didn't know how I got there—but there I was—a gallery god at last!

"'Buck never gets left,' said Teddy, admiringly. 'He's the rusher of this gang.'

"Buck is evidently the leader. You wouldn't think to look at him he could lead a row of pins. Small fellow, thick-set; got a terrible jaw. The others could make two of him, easily, but they did everything he told them to. His ambition is to be a prize-fighter, and he's training down in the cellar of Tom Dolan's rag-shop. You know Tom—good-hearted old fellow, isn't he, Father?"

"Yes—go on," said Father Laurence, briefly.

"I was in the front row, as I told you. Hadn't been there long when I heard a huge voice from the rear. 'Hats off!' it said. I had mine off. So had Lefty and Ted. Buck still kept his on. His pockets were filled with peanuts and he had already begun to eat them. Pretty soon the owner of the voice came down the line and reaching over tapped Buck on the knuckles. He had a stick thicker than the handle of a broom. 'Take off your hat, young fellow,' he said. 'Or I'll make you.' Off came Buck's hat. I was beginning to enjoy myself. This was rich. Pretty soon the three got tired of sitting there doing nothing, and began to whistle and to stamp with their feet. The men in the back—I can't call them ushers, and there were a number of them,—shouted 'Order' and 'Silence' and walked up and down enforcing both with their cudgels. After a little while the curtain went up.

"Regular dime novel style. Base villain, cowboy hero, charming maiden, old father who had found gold in the mountains, and gone insane in consequence. How those three did enjoy it! I would, too, some years ago—but I've grown out of that sort of thing, now, and was engaged in watching them. Never saw such supreme satisfaction on any faces in my life. At the end of the second act, where the hero swung over the precipice by his lariat—in full view of the audience for fifteen cents!—and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the deeply-dyed villain—" Dick drew his breath— "'Not with knives or pistols shall I fight you, but with America's weapons—strength, muscle, and right!' Say, Father, you should have heard the house. You should have heard Buck. You should have heard me. I yelled,—of course I did—on principle. Finally, when the fearful struggle was at an end, and the villain was plunged into the depths of the unknown I-forget-what-you-call-it, the audience rose up. Buck and Teddy and Lefty were screeching—and I jumped on top of the bench and started to whistle and shout, too.

"I discovered that I wasn't supposed to do that. I got a rap across the knees that

nearly sent my handsome form tumbling over the parapet—that's a good word, isn't it, Father?—and down I got in a hurry, dodging another blow. Buck got it. He didn't like it. He asked me, politely, why I dodged. I had no particular reason for dodging, except that I saw it coming That was scarcely satisfactory—to Buck. But we let it go and went on with the play. Things lagged a little here, and Buck began dropping peanut-shells down on the more exclusive members of the audience in the orchestra seats. The man in the rear must have had his eye on our bench right along. In a persuasive manner he told us that he'd escort us to the street if we didn't behave. Also that he'd break our necks for us if he caught us up to any more funny tricks.

"The cowboy hero came on just then, and my neck was saved. I am sure if there was a neck to be broken that night it would have been mine. Got home safely. Now, I'll go back to the memoranda.

"Friday. Went down the avenue again. The three were waiting for me at the usual corner. How did I like the show? It was all right. After a lot of talk I asked if they knew Father Laurence? Hedged right away—got suspicious—exchanged glances. They knew Father Laurence. Were they Catholics? Yes, they were Catholics. Father Laurence was putting up a new gymnasium for the young men of the parish. Had they heard that? Naw—they hadn't heard. Pious ice-cream-and-cake racket, etc.

"Saturday. Met Lefty. Ted and Buck didn't show up. Held a few minutes' conversation with Lefty. Can't do anything. Buck is the leader—and Buck we must have first, or it's no go.

"Sunday. Had previous engagement.

"Monday. No one around.

"Tuesday. Saw Buck. Wouldn't stop—was in a hurry.

"Wednesday. Tried to see Buck. Couldn't. Thought Teddy made a beeline round the corner to get away from me, but wasn't sure. Kept previous engagement.

"Thursday. Here I am."

"Well," said Father Laurence. "That's a very fine report."

"Humph!" said Dick. "It's anything but that. Do you know, I'm disheartened, Father. There's a right way, somewhere—but I'm too stupid to see it."

"I see it," said Father Laurence, quietly.

He could depend on Dick Sartoris, he knew. Dick looked at him with puzzled face.

"Go on, Father."

"There's a young man in the club attached to Our Lady of the Angels who has made a reputation for his science in handling the gloves. Professor Martin swears by him."

"That's all right Father—you mean me. What next?"

"Need you ask? Tom Dolan is easily approached. Science against brute force. Offer to give Buck lessons. If we get Buck we get the rest. You can get him. It depends on you."

"I—see," said Dick, thoughtfully. "Say, Father—"

"Yes?"

"Ever met anything thicker than I am?"

Father Laurence threw back his head.

"We'll waive that—until I see results. I can trust to your sense of delicacy. It's well developed in you, Dick, and perhaps that's why you don't care to take the initiative. Ways and means will present themselves now, and you just hold on. Dick Sartoris, I tell you, I've got to break up that hill crowd—I won't have a clique like that in the parish—I won't have it. We can't go out and disperse them—they're breaking no laws. But they're on the verge; they are going to the dogs, men and boys of them. I'm in this fight to the end now—a fight with spiritual weapons and incidentally a little physical persuasion. And I'll win."

Father Laurence looked as if he would.

"I'm with you," said Dick Sartoris. "By the Lord Harry, I am, Father!"

"It's my one ambition to bring these young fellows under control, rational and reasonable control, Dick. I want to help them be decent. They're getting worse and worse, and pretty soon will have a bad name. Yet there isn't any real viciousness among them."

"Lots of people would call it that," said Dick Sartoris.

"I know better. It's lack of education through indolence, and it's a spirit of emulation which makes each one strive to be a little more daring than the other. That's the truth. Those chaps are as white at heart—"

What further he would have said was interrupted by a loud rap. Enter Phil Bradley.

"Good evening, Father. Hello Dick!"

"Hello, Phil!"

"How did you get along?"

"Pretty badly until I came here. Father Laurence had to straighten out a crease or two that I was too stupid to do for myself. Guess I'll manage now."

Phil Bradley threw himself into a chair. Father Laurence raised his eyebrows.

"What's this? Gloom profound and deep despair?"

"Yes, Father. I'm glad of one thing—that I didn't make up my mind early in life to be a missionary. It's a mighty hard job."

Father Laurence laughed.

"Dick has given in his report—let's hear yours. The left wing of the army will now form into line, and salute."

Phil straightened up his handsome five feet ten of young manhood.

"I took the next block when Dick started the avenue. Did he tell you?"

Father Laurence nodded.

"I had this advantage: That, last summer, while coming home from one of the beaches, I made the acquaintance of a fellow named Westerly who belongs to the hill crowd. He didn't know I was a member of the parish, then, and began to tell me of a certain priest who was 'all right, all right.' I've met him several times and thought I'd begin on him. Who do you think—" Phil Bradley leaned forward—"who do you think goes around with that crowd almost every night lecturing to them whenever he gets the chance?"

Father Laurence waited.

"Darrell Stone!"

"Darrell Stone!" echoed Dick Sartoris. Then both young men were silent, staring at the priest, whose brows contracted.

"That's too bad, isn't it?" he said, after a while. "But I've known of it. He has had an able disciple, too, to help him. Have you ever met him, Phil? David Rossiter, his name is."

"David Rossiter? Yes, Father. He used to be the prime one after Stone. He and Stone went hand in hand in the 'great work' as they called it. But," and Phil looked puzzled, "it seems that Rossiter hasn't shown up for the last month or so, and Stone can't understand it. Do you know Rossiter, Father?"

A peculiar smile played about Father Laurence's lips.

"Yes. I know Rossiter. He'll go back to the hill crowd some day—but on a different errand. Never mind that. Darrell Stone is the enemy who came in the night and sowed cockle among the wheat. A poor harvest, a poor harvest! I was afraid of that—I am afraid now. All those men need are sentiments like Darrell Stone's. Then it's good-by to all sense of decency and honor. No God, no government."

He sighed, wiping his glasses once more, looking at them.

"Darrell Stone's wife is a Catholic."

"My mother says she sees her once in a while at early Mass," said Phil Bradley. "She daren't attend regularly. She's afraid of him."

"Darrell Stone's wife was here this

evening to see me. Her husband came home as usual, ate his supper, laughed, talked to his children, played with them. Then he fell from his chair—stricken. Was carried to his bed. The doctor gives him—"

"Father!" exclaimed Phil and Dick in one breath.

"How long?" Father Laurence shook his head. "A month—two months—three. He may possibly get over it, get up. But the end is death. He has an incurable disease."

Neither of the two spoke. Every word, so gravely uttered, so solemn, and alas! so hopeless—struck home to them. For Darrell Stone, by birth and early training a Catholic, was an unfaithful son of the Church. Not passively unfaithful. A non-believer. One who held up faith and God to mockery; who had promulgated scandal; who had disseminated evil thoughts abroad among men under the name of fraternity and liberty and equality. A canker in the flesh to the good priest trying to hold his multi-sided flock; a sore goad, indeed, to listen to Darrell Stone's sentiments in the mouths of his people; to have the wives of his parish come with questions that Darrell Stone had propounded to their husbands; to have the mothers come, bringing the baneful literature of fraternity and liberty and equality that Darrell Stone had given to their sons. The false liberty, the falser fraternity, that damn men's souls. He did not know Father Laurence, this Darrell Stone, but he called the parish of Our Lady of the Angels "priest-ridden;" "a hotbed of Catholic prejudice and ignorance." And because the unknown servant of God was one with his people in heart and soul, so much the harder did this poor, pitiable, human emissary of Satan strive to undermine his influence.

In spite of all, a good woman loved him, and the good woman who loved him had come to Father Laurence seeking consolation. He gave it as only our Catholic priests can give it. "And you will pay him a visit some time, Father?" she asked, weeping. "He's not bad-hearted, really. He's a good husband and father. If it is God's will that he must die," the words almost choked her, "let us hope, Father Laurence, he won't die in his sins."

She looked at him imploringly. In her secret heart (so had Father Laurence's reputation grown among his people) she actually believed that he could snatch this one sinner from the grave of his soul, even if it took a miracle.

Father Laurence shook his head.

"He has done much harm—he would have to make a public recantation," he said. "You know he has calumniated the Church—he has given great scandal."

"Yet even wickeder men than he have repented of their errors," he went on, with the never-varying hopefulness he strove to instil into all hearts. "We must pray for him."

"Do you pray for him, Father," she said. "And if there is any hope at all, God will listen to you."

"Make his innocent children pray," said Father Laurence. "If there is to be any hope at all, God will listen to them."

She went home, comforted by his encouraging smile, his gentle manner. Her face rose before him now. He was sorry for her.

"Will you go to him, Father?" asked Phil Bradley.

"Not yet. He does not need me yet. But he will need me."

"Father," said Phil impressively, "if Darrell Stone would receive the last sacraments your work with the hill crowd would be very much simplified."

"It would make a good beginning," said Father Laurence. And then he smiled his whimsical smile. "An excellent beginning. You two can help bring it about. Remember, my sons, that every prayer counts. I'll start the children tomorrow. But how does the land lie now, Phil, with Darrell Stone removed?"

Phil Bradley shrugged his shoulders.

"Still a hard proposition. Supposing David Rossiter steps in?"

"David Rossiter won't step in."

"You are sure of that?"

"Positive."

"That is something, then. I've got most of your arguments at my finger-tips, and I didn't beat every one of your class of twelve embryonic theologians in Christian doctrine last year for nothing. Put the whole thing down to an every-day basis, Father, and it's mighty hard to convince some fellows—fellows like these—that manliness and respectability and fear of God go together. They do the most cowardly things and imagine they are brave because they are daring." He laughed. "I may have to carry things with a high hand at times, but I feel the good old Irish fighting principle stirring somewhere at the bottom of my American independence. Say, Father Laurence, I don't believe an Irishman knows when he's licked."

"Stand a bit away from him when you have to inform him so," smiled Father Laurence. "So you're not out of the fight yet, Phil?"

"Not by a long shot," said Phil emphatically. "Let us have peace—afterward."

"Come on then," said Sartoris. "My end of the fight is a little bit different. Come over to the gym. and put on the gloves with me, will you? I've a lesson to give a fellow next week, and I need all the training I can get."

"You've a reach like Gentleman Jack himself," said Phil. "God gave you windmills instead of arms."

"And," said Father Laurence, as they started for the door. "Keep the memorandum, Dick."

"Why, yes, Father."

"I enjoyed it. It was vastly entertaining—especially," he smiled and turned his face away—"especially, 'Had previous engagement.'"

Dick colored. Then he laughed.

"Now do you know I liked that part very much myself, Father," he answered.

* * * * *

The children prayed. The Sodality girls made novenas. So did the confraternity of the Holy Family. The Holy Name men went to communion in a body. Never had Father Laurence made his request so urgent. He wanted neither gold nor silver—but what was better and more precious. He asked—nay, he demanded—their prayers.

And these they gave with royal largess. I tell you, to concentrate fully the energy of any battle, there must be a focusing point. If there is no living flame of enthusiasm there will be no success—neither in religion, nor in art, nor in industry. Father Laurence was the central influence, the magnet that drew them by the very power of its force of pent-up vitality. They loved him. Love is a precious thing to receive—but it is more precious still to give. Humanly speaking, its taking means great responsibility—but the giving is ennobling. And there was no question of doubt in the love that his people gave to Father Laurence.

"God is trying us," he said, as the days sped into weeks, and the weeks made a month, and the month became two and even three. "God is trying us—just let us show that we realize what perseverance is. We hav'n't spent thirty-three years saving the world, children."

That was it. Father Laurence set his jaw, drew down his eyes, and looked at them. They knew he would get what he desired—let it be the soul of a sinner or the prayer of a saint.

One morning, just three months later to the day—it was the feast of the Assumption—Father Laurence was seated in his own room writing a letter to his sister, when a call came to him. Some one was waiting in the hall—some one who stood there, sobbing bitterly.

"My poor child, what is it?" he asked,

and there was a curious sinking at his heart. "Do not tell me he is—"

"No, Father—not dead. But dying."

"Dying? Yes."

"You will come now, Father?"

"At once. Be comforted."

"Pray for him—oh, pray for him."

"Always."

He was praying. He knew how much depended on the conversion of this man. Not one soul—but the salvation of many. Darrell Stone's wife went away. When he reached the house she was waiting for him at the front entrance—she and two pious neighbors with lighted candles in their hands. They accompanied him up the stairs. At the door the woman spoke, hesitatingly.

"Father, I have not told him—he does not know—"

"That I am coming?"

"Yes, Father. Please don't be vexed. He may not be respectful. He is so changed since his illness. It was not so bad at first, when the men came to see him—but now they rarely visit him—three months is a long time to be sick, Father, and they are busy with their own affairs."

"Busy with their own affairs!" Father Laurence smiled in a sad fashion. It was the way of the world to be busy with its own affairs. His hand was on the door-knob—the next moment he was in the room with the dying man. Advancing to the foot of the bed that stood in the centre of the apartment, he looked down at the prostrate form. A gaunt face with strong features sharpened by sickness; deep-set, burning eyes; grim jaw; all these he took in with that keen glance of his. And the wandering eyes settled on the gentle, mild, and calm old man.

"How do you do?" was the priest's commonplace greeting. He drew up a chair to the bedside, then, and sat down. "How long is it since you have been to confession?"

For one moment the man stared at him, in surprise too great for speech. He was dumbfounded. Then he raised himself on his elbow, sputtering, in his unbridled anger, over the first few words. Hot and raging, they poured from his lips. What was he doing there; what right had he there; who had sent for him; how dared he intrude on a man who had no need of him, who—

It was awful to hear him—awful to hear a dying man—and he *was* dying—thus call down the name of the great Creator to revile another man. Father Laurence put up his hand.

"Wait," he said. "Just a moment." He rose, and going over to the bureau, on which Mrs. Stone had left a blessed candle lighted, he put the pyx containing the Eucharist upon it. Then he came back to the bedside and took his place once more.

"You're what people call a freethinker, aren't you?" he asked.

The sullen-faced man could not conceal his surprise. With parted lips he stared at him.

"What is the matter?" asked Father Laurence, in amusement.

"You—you—what are you?"

"I?" Father Laurence's eyes twinkled. "Your humble servant, sir. How are you feeling? You've been sick a good while hav'n't you?"

Darrell Stone jerked his head toward the bureau.

"What did you put down—why did you go over there?"

Father Laurence's eyes followed the direction of the man's nod. His face was grave.

"You'll pardon me, I know, for a personal question. You don't believe in God, do you?"

"No," said Darrell Stone, grimly. "No—I do not."

"Well, this is a free country—and I do," said Father Laurence. "I have the Host with me—Our Lord's body and blood, as

you know we Catholics believe. However, we won't discuss that. I'm a priest."

"Yes," said Darrell Stone.

"I'm Father Laurence of Our Lady of the Angels."

This time the man merely nodded, with a sour look.

"They told me you were dying. I see they were mistaken." A sudden gleam of hopefulness shot across the gaunt face. "I know a little bit about medicine—we poor ignorant Catholic priests know a little about everything," and his hearty laugh rang through the room. "You're not dying—yet. You've had a bad sinking spell—but you're half over it already." He stretched out his limbs and settled himself in the chair as was his habit. "I've been anxious to see you for a long time. Don't be afraid of me. Let's have a talk. There are many things we can talk about—you and I," and again he laughed. "I'd like to have you give me your actual opinions. I've been getting some of them second-hand from David Rossiter—"

"Rossiter? What do you know of David Rossiter?" asked Darrell Stone. His face was interested suddenly.

"Rossiter? Oh, you know him—I forgot. I had the happiness of preparing him for baptism. He was received into the Catholic Church six weeks ago."

"You lie!" said Darrell Stone.

Father Laurence raised his calm eyes.

"No," he said. "I do not lie."

And Darrell Stone was convinced—and with the conviction came a sense of shame. He looked for resentment of the insult. There was none. Instead, the merry lines deepened about the priest's mouth.

"Yes, I thought often of coming in—yet I was a little diffident. I did not know but that I might be intruding. I suppose you have many visitors?"

"No," said Darrell Stone. His lip curled. "People forget."

"We must expect that," said Father Laurence cheerfully. "I've been turning and twisting you over in my own mind quite a while. I am interested in social questions, and from what I hear, you seem to have a good grasp on your side of it. Really, it would be an intellectual treat to come in conflict with you. I know your boys pretty well. Been paying any attention to that lad of yours, Alfred? You ought to. He has a brain like a steel-trap."

Now what man, dying, with feverish hold on the things of life, which was all the good he knew, with natural love beating strong in his heart, could resist this? Conversation became easy. Father Laurence stayed an hour. With his own hands he lifted Stone up on the pillow so that he could converse with less effort, and gave him a drink from the glass on the table at his side—talking nonchalantly as he performed these offices. They touched on many topics. On questions of the day; on politics; on unions, and labor and school methods—even arguing lightly on some of those things of less importance. When the priest looked at his watch at last, he jumped to his feet.

"I'm here an hour," he said. "And I have much to do. This is a holyday. Will you shake hands with me? Good-by, sir."

The invalid gave him his wasted fingers almost cordially.

"Will you come in again?" he asked. "I'll be glad to see you. You've made me feel much better."

Father Laurence looked thoughtful.

"I'd like to make a compact with you," he said. "I will come in to see you every day if you agree to it—yes, and be glad to. You don't believe in God or heaven, in hell or the devil, now, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Darrell Stone, defiantly.

"I supposed so," said Father Laurence. "Listen to me. I've had a wide experience—priests do, you know—yet I've never been at the death-bed of a man whom I was positive went to hell. I'll come here every day to see you on one

condition—that you will never speak a word of religion to me, nor open your mouth to me about God!"

"Humph!" said Darrell Stone, and he smiled. "That is easy."

"And in return for giving you my time I shall ask a favor."

"A favor?"

"Yes. That no matter at what hour of the day or night you feel you are dying, you will send for me."

Darrell Stone raised himself on his elbow.

"Why?" he asked.

"I want to see how God deserts a man who has deserted Him. You have preached the doctrine of unbridled freedom of speech, of thought, of love. You have mocked at God. You don't believe in Him—you say. I want to see the devil get your soul. We'll call it your soul. You must feel that that is a critical moment—that moment when the soul—yes, let us call it the soul, the vital force, you call it—leaves the body. At any rate, it's something, and it leaves you somehow, and it must go somewhere. Never mind that part—that's outside the argument. I just want to be here. I can't hurt you—and in the interest of—let us call it scientific theology—I am curious. Will you agree?"

A half-derisive sneer crept from Darrel Stone's lips to his burning eyes.

"I agree," he said.

And the priest went away.

* * * *

No one could be more faithful than this Father Laurence of ours for the next fortnight. He visited Darrell Stone every morning—and often in the afternoon when he knew the poor fellow felt particularly ill. From the priest's very first visit, the men who had known the former leader took up faint interest in him once more—the interest of curiosity. Darrell Stone, knowing the source of their revived cordiality, and angry at their neglect, sneered at them when they came, and laughed and mocked and parried their questions. Phil Bradley, the silent-working "left-wing" felt the influence in the air. He did not abate his zeal nor his friendliness. He was there to work as Father Laurence bade him do, and he was faithful to the splendid trust his spiritual master reposed in him.

Cheerful and comforting, Father Laurence kept on his way. He met men at Darrell Stone's, coming and going, men who touched their hats to him in shamefaced fashion, and would have walked by him without a word. He would not let them go, but stopped them to speak of "our friend," and of the weather, and of the times. Not a single mention of religion passed his lips, and Stone, suspicious, and obstinate, and stubborn, began to feel that the priest had really meant what he had said. It would have been folly, pure and simple, not to imagine that that agreement he had made had not been often in the mind of this apostle of the "great work." And Father Laurence, day by day, saw the death-pallor settling on the gaunt face. He knew that any moment might snatch this soul away from him, although in such command of its mental energies even then. Illness had not impaired his will-power or his reasoning abilities—not a jot.

Yet the priest said never a word.

It was Darrell Stone himself who broke the silence. Father Laurence had been particularly gentle and tender with him that morning. The man had spent a feverish night, haunted during all its hours by dread of what might possibly come "afterward." How could he be sure? What did he know?

"I say, Father Laurence," he began, in what he tried to make an off-hand manner. "I'd like to hear what *you* think about death. Because, if anything did come—"

Father Laurence looked grave.

"That won't do," he said. "That will

lead to a religious discussion, and I don't want to discuss religion. I—don't—want—to—do—it. I'm biased, naturally. So are you. You don't believe in anything. And I've promised myself this experience. It's probably the only one of the kind I'll ever have. You're not going to cheat me out of it, and you're breaking your compact."

"What makes you so sure of a hereafter?" asked Darrell Stone.

"What makes you so sure there is none?" retorted the priest. "No, sir. Here you are—a man of strong convictions. You've lived without God most of your life—the last twenty years of it anyhow. You've got along all right. Now, you're going to be a brave man, and die without Him. That's justice. That's fair. He doesn't need you—and you mustn't disappoint me."

The man set his lips.

"That's true," he said. "He doesn't need me. Oh, if there were anything—"

"There *is* something," said Father Laurence. "But don't talk about it. You might even begin to think as I do, and I'd lose my rights to your last moments. Do you know, the thought fascinates me. You're such a brave man, I repeat, and not afraid to die. Death is standing at the door—and after he comes in, this heart of yours that has loved and suffered, this brain of yours that has been such a perfect thinking machine will know no future—nothing but annihilation. Let him come. Don't think I'm anxious you should die—I hope you'll live a good while yet. Only you must not forget your compact with me."

This was indeed the gentle Father Laurence—Father Laurence, the saint—this cold, grave, cynical man with the clever face, who spoke such words! Could one have believed it? Every inflection struck like a knife into the man before him. His active brain was filled with one idea. If there *were* something—oh, if there were something—

"Besides," continued Father Laurence. "I wouldn't be permitted to give you the sacraments of the Catholic Church."

"You wouldn't what?"

"No, sir. You've publicly scandalized her; you've publicly lied about her—your Mother—and her priests; you've publicly denied God and the existence of God. You're an avowed atheist, and you're a Freemason."

"Well?" asked Darrell Stone.

"You'd have to make public confession and recantation of all this—so you see how impossible it is," declared Father Laurence, coolly. "Let us forget it all now. Can't we find some pleasanter topic?"

Darrell Stone turned his face away. The lids shut down over his eyes.

"I want to be alone," he said.

Father Laurence stood still. Then he laid his hand tenderly on the prostrate head—the touch was a blessing. The dark eyes flared open suddenly—and he caught the expression on Father Laurence's face—the compassion, the tenderness, the love in the yearning eyes that were wet now with tears.

"Why!" said Darrell Stone, and his breath came fast. "You're—*sorry?*"

"Sorry!" said Father Laurence. "Sorry? My son, my son! If I can feel this way—I, who am human—think how you are wringing the heart of that God Who died for you."

He went out then. He was as sure as if he had seen the event transpire, that Darrell Stone would die that night. He took the recantation that the man would sign, and placed it in his pocket; then he paced up and down the sacristy, waiting the call. Every tick of the clock meant so much off Time and so much nearer to Eternity for Darrell Stone.

The battle with self is a bitter one. We strive and we struggle and we suffer; we try to do what is right. But the evil is upon us, bearing us to the ground. We shake it off, and rise, weak, perhaps and

sorrowful—but triumphant. Our strength comes back. Barely have we regained it ere we face another conflict.

Thus it is with all human life. Thus it will always be. Imagine this man, then, unused to such spiritual combat, fighting now—fighting twenty years of indifference; fighting the principles he had held and instilled into others; fighting the devil's mockery and scorn. At the bottom of that heart of his he knew there was something—and the first step was to induce himself to acknowledge it. His mind went back to the past. To his mother. He had been careless—careless, yes, but not bad. In a little while he would *know*. He would know. And then he could not come back. He would *know*.

Know what? A shudder convulsed his frame. He threw his hands to his eyes.

"God help me," he said.

It was as natural as the cry of a newborn babe struggling for the first breath of mortal existence.

"God help me!" he said.

God had been waiting for that cry. The granting of Father Laurence's prayers had depended upon that appeal. Think of it! The marvel of it—that Almighty God Himself waits upon our free will!

Mrs. Stone came over to the sacristy.

"He wants you, Father."

"I am coming," said Father Laurence. When he reached the house the dying man was in a fever of apprehension.

"You've got an hour or so. Don't worry," said the priest.

"Thank God for that," said Darrell Stone.

"Thank God?" Father Laurence raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"I want to be reconciled. I feel there is something—I know it—I know it. There *must* be something. There is God, and the faith I believed in in my young manhood. I will die in that faith. I *must* die in it."

And now it was Father Laurence, the loving and tender minister, who bent above him.

"Poor child!" he said. "You are willing, then, to make the sacrifice—to take back everything? You are willing to acknowledge your sorrow and repentance for the past?"

"Yes."

He laid the written sheet before him. Darrell Stone shrank from it.

"You will read it to them all? What will they say? What will they think?"

"That you are not fool enough not to repent of your folly," said Father Laurence.

"I cannot do it," said Darrell Stone, deliberately. "I cannot sign a thing like that."

Father Laurence knelt at the bedside. He had thrown aside the veil of indifference.

"My dear son," he said; "the Church can do without you. So can God. I am but asking you to right a wrong which you have committed against yourself. Can you add to or take from the honor of our faith? Can you add to or take from the glory of God? Not an atom in either case. You acknowledge God's existence. You have offended Him, grievously. Be sorry now—show that you are sorry. It is all in your hands. You have disobeyed His laws, you have denied Him, you have persecuted Him. But you are sorry. Peter, His cherished apostle, denied Him—yet He forgave. Paul, His great apostle persecuted Him—yet He forgave. Come. Let me help you free yourself from the devil's bondage. Why, I would be willing to lay down my very life this moment if I could be the means of saving your soul."

His face, his voice, his manner, showed that he meant it. Darrell Stone knew that he meant it.

"Give me the paper," he said, quietly. "I will sign."

* * * *

In the morning Darrell Stone was dead. Father Laurence had stayed with him that long night through, probing past sins and evils, until the erring soul was purged. He knelt in thanksgiving before the Blessed Sacrament after he had come from the death-chamber, a smile wreathing his tired lips.

"If there be joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance," he said.

God knew the rest.

A MEMORY OF CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

BY SARA DEANE.

It may seem strange to my readers that I had never even heard the name of Cardinal Merry del Val until an English girl, whom I met in Assisi, being desirous that I should meet him, gave me her card with his address upon it.

The next day on my journey to Rome I inquired of an Italian who he was. "Why," he said, "he is one of the greatest literary men in Rome, he is now a bishop but will some day be a Cardinal."

Very scon after my arrival in Rome I showed the card of introduction to the English sister in the convent where I was staying. She explained that it would be necessary to write, in order to obtain an audience and as my visit in Rome would not be long she did not think it advisable to take the time. She further informed me "that a Dutch Father," who came to the convent frequently would give me spiritual advice. Later in the week I called on an English couple in Via Sistina. During the conversation about the church and its people, the gentleman remarked, "You ought really to meet Monsignor Merry del Val. He is a man in whom the Church places great confidence; and," he added, "he is a personal friend of ours." I replied, "I have not the time and even if I had would he not think it strange for me to call on him without a proper introduction?" He assured me that I should be presented in the proper manner, but on returning to the convent I learned that the reverend Mother had spoken to the Dutch priest whom I have mentioned, and as he talked often with me I felt no need of other spiritual advisers.

A few days later I was baptized by him in the convent chapel, and after receiving the blessing of the Holy Father was told that Confirmation would take place the next day. One of the sisters assisted me in dressing the following morning. "You must look well," she said, "for Mgr. Merry del Val is coming to confirm you."

Thus, for the first time, I looked in the face of this wonderful man, about whom all Rome was then talking. In his eyes was an expression that I fancied Our Lord might have worn when He blessed little children.

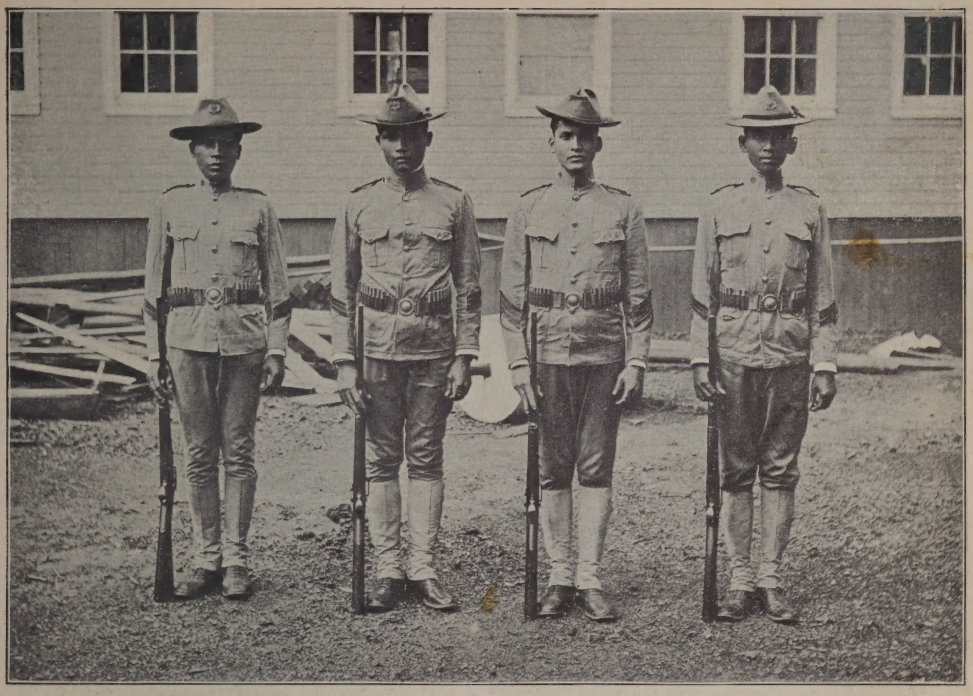
I looked at the gold cross suspended by a heavy gold chain on Mgr. Merry del Val's breast and the ruby seemed quite like blood. Then this world seemed to fade away, and I was in a world I had never known before. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and a sister spoke to me. "You need some refreshments," she said, "after that you are to be presented to Mgr. Merry del Val." I attempted to take away the white ribbon she had bound around my forehead but she

quietly drew my hand within her arm and in this manner we left the beautiful white chapel. When we entered the drawing-room I found the dear father who baptized me speaking to Mgr. Merry del Val and the reverend Mother. I was seated near this great man and he asked me questions about the United States. "He knew Canada very well for he had been there," he said, his English was excellent and when I remarked on the pure accent he told me that he had been educated in England, adding, "my mother was English." He had a simple manner that made me feel quite at ease. He was very reverential when he talked to our dear little white mother, whose soul I believe was whiter than her spotless robes. In his every movement he showed the marks of gentle breeding. I wish some artist could have sketched the group in the convent room that morning. The Monsignor with his black velvet robe and red cape, the little Dominican monk in his brown habit, the mother robed in white with her attending nuns, and I in my black gown. Soon it was necessary for us to separate, Mgr. Merry del Val to attend to his various church duties and I to finish my packing, for I had to leave all of these kind friends at noon. Mgr. Merry del Val said many kind words in parting, wishing me a pleasant voyage and all good in the new faith. Finally, he took our Mother's hand in his courtly fashion, bowing to us all, then, attended by his valet, entered his carriage and that was the last I saw of our Secretary of State. I wrote in my journal on the way to Naples "a lovely ending to my visit, it all seems like a dream when I think of the morning and I kneeling before that man with the Christ-like face. Then the dear sisters in their white robes, the singing, 'Gloria in Excelsis.' I am very happy. All the world sings. The good Father has been very kind to me, and if I have faith I know He will open the way to see these dear friends again."

BABY LAWRENCE.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Seated beneath the shadow of a tree,
His tiny arms outstretched with longing love,
A vanishing form he strives through tears to see;
And calls, and moans, like some meek plaintive dove.
And in that fair and yearning baby-face,
And in those arms with longing love outspread,
I seem to see another little Face,
And a diviner, holier, thorn-crowned Head,
And holier Arms, outstretched to you and me,
To win us Home, to Love beyond compare.
Ah! ever, in the shade of Calvary's Tree,
Love calls upon our love to seek Him there.



PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY.

OUR EASTERN WARDS.

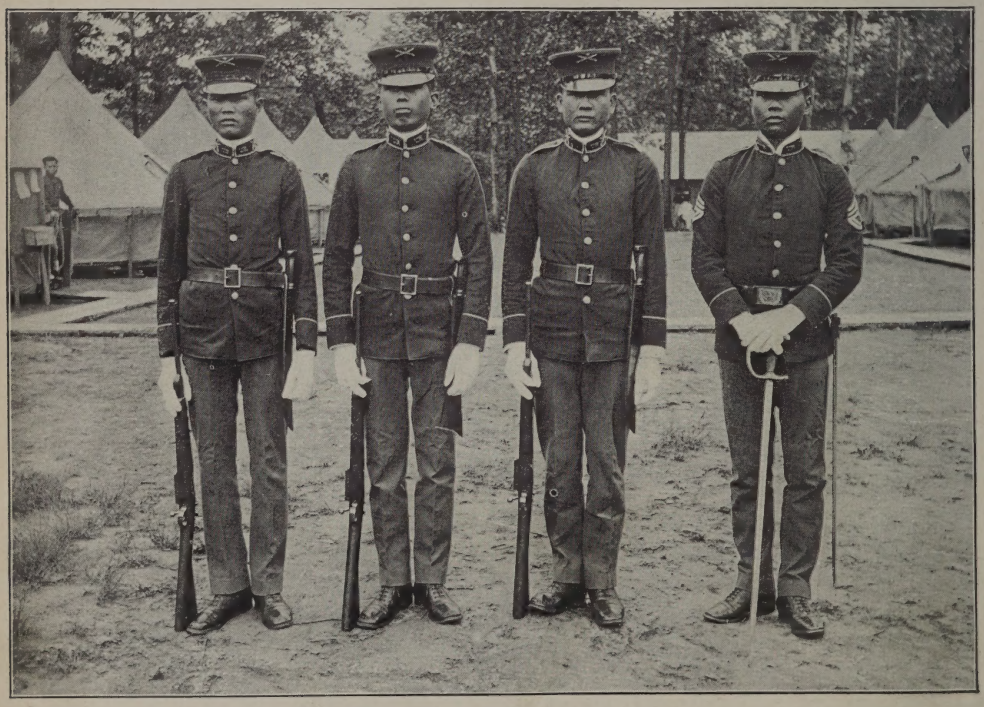
BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

When that memorable transaction was concluded by which Spain ceded to the United States her Asiatic colonies, few of our citizens realized what a vast territory had been added to our possessions and what a motley collection of people had been placed under the protection of our flag. The hazy knowledge then existing was greatly increased by the prejudiced and highly-misleading notices sent to this country by the horde of non-Catholic adventurers, who, immediately after the war, flocked to the Philippines. Our statesmen and those who had the interests of the Filipinos really at heart sincerely deplored the spread of these erroneous views which not only threw discredit upon the wonderful work wrought in the islands by thousands of devoted Catholic missionaries but which also sadly crippled the Government in its efforts to deal fairly by the people who had so unexpectedly fallen under our sway.

Seeing the opportunity afforded by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to place matters in their true light, several United States officials proposed to the Philippine government to make a full exhibit at St. Louis of the products, manufactures, art, ethnology, education, customs and habits of the islanders. So hearty was the response of the Philippine government that several hundred thousand dollars were appropriated for this purpose, which added to two hundred thousand dollars given by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Board made a grand total of over one million dollars. Never

before in the history of Expositions has so large a sum been devoted to a single exhibit, and the excellent results amply justify the expenditure. The exhibit is a revelation of the wealth and marvels of the islands, and of the high grade of civilization to which the majority of the inhabitants had been lifted by the much-maligned Friars.

Over forty acres of rolling ground, partly wooded, admirably adapted in every way for the purpose in view are occupied by this instructive display.



PHILIPPINE SCOUTS.

In order to appreciate the difficulty which confronted those in charge, we must bear in mind that the inhabitants of the Philippines do not form an homogeneous race. So various, in fact, are the varieties of people found in the islands that some authorities distinguish sixty-nine tribes, speaking thirty-four languages and, in addition, nearly a dozen dialects. Leaving aside all lesser peculiarities, we may say that the Visayans, Bicols, Tagalogs, Pampangans, Pangasinans, Ilocanos and Cagayanos form the bulk of the Christian population, the Moros that of the Mohammedan, while the Negritos and the Igorrotes constitute the pagan. The Negritos, as the name indicates, are dwarf Negroes. They have the curly hair, the flat noses and the thick lips of the African Negro, but the head is different. This in the case of the Negritos is nearly round. They never reach the height of five feet, and their physical traits betoken great degeneration. In point of intelligence they belong to the lowest strata of civilization and our missionaries have never been able to win them to the uplifting influence of the Gospel. They live like wild beasts, merely having a sleeping place in the hollow of a tree or by the side of a log. Their food

MORO VILLAGE. METHOD OF CARRYING WATER.

consists of mountain-rice and monkey meat. Dr. Barrows claims that the Negritos are the genuine aborigines of the Philippines, having lost the sturdiness of their stock by exposure and unhealthy food.

The Igorrotes are the mountain savages. They are found in the lofty regions of Luzon, and they were always a source of anxiety to the Spaniards on account of their warlike propensities and of their intense hatred of anything like subjection or government. Active, industrious under the stress of need, independent, they are a force to be considered in the final disposition of the islands. They are not averse to agricultural pursuits and the elaborate terraces constructed by them in the highest possible regions give conclusive proof of ingenuity, patience, and perseverance. They are much dreaded by the other races, for they are known to be especially fierce in warfare, being much given to head-hunting, because this portion of the human frame is regarded as a great delicacy. Their constant wars keep down the numerical strength of the race, and ethnologists are watching with keen interest the effect of our education upon a number of Igorrote children now in the National schools. It is thought that this savage people is of Malay origin with a strong mingling, during the centuries, of Chinese blood.

The Moros possess the Jolo group of islands, and they are also very strong in Mindanao. They are Mohammedan Malays, having all the reckless fierceness inculcated by that creed, with none of the finer traits. Although the Moros are not a numerous people, nevertheless they were always a menace to Spanish arms, on account of their fierce and cunning methods of warfare. The highest glory of a Moro is to feel himself called by Allah to slay all the Christians he can find. The uprising in Jolo in November, 1903, taught them, however, a much-needed lesson while it completely broke their military strength.

Of the Christian Filipinos, the most noteworthy are the Visayans and the Tagalogs. The latter are the warriors, the revolutionists, the commercial element in the islands. The Visayans, on the other hand are the promoters of all the arts allied with peace. They are a remarkably intelligent people, docile, fond of study, with a marked predilection for music and the liberal arts. They take kindly to American ways and methods and recognize the many advantages which our Government can bring them.

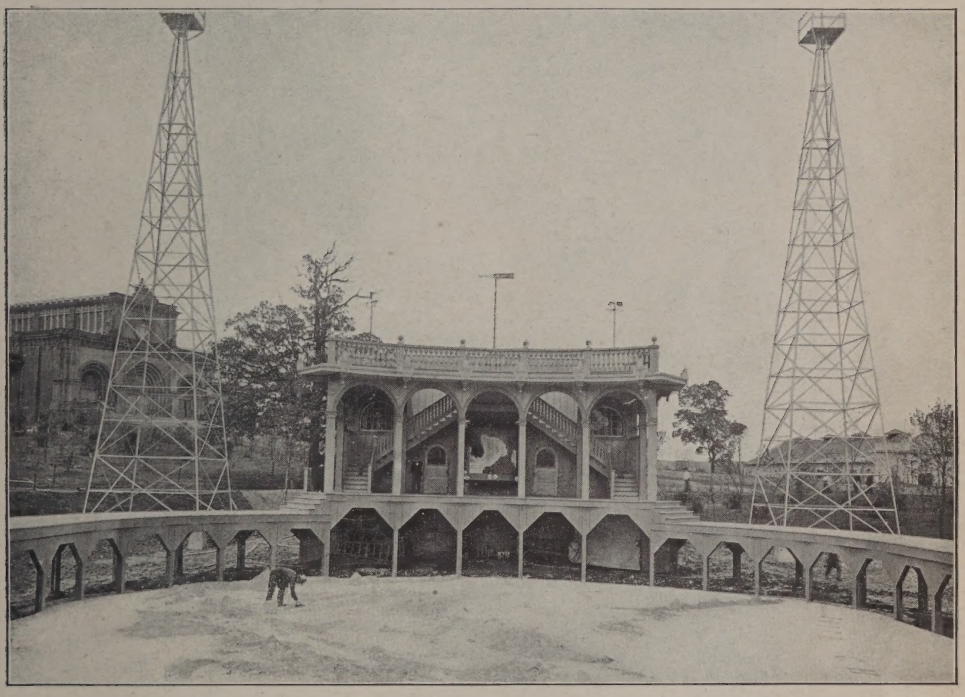
THE CATHEDRAL OF MANILA. EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

The problem of unfolding to the Western world the actual work already accomplished in the East together with a forecast of future possible results under our tutelage was one that called for skill and artistic ability. The promoters have been successful beyond the ordinary. The setting of the exhibit is most picturesque. The main entrance is a reproduction of the approach to Manila, the walled city of the East. We see the walls as they were constructed in the latter part of the sixteenth century with the so-called bridge of Spain leading to the central gate. Although these walls could not resist modern firearms, nevertheless they have done good service in the past both against the Chinese and the Dutch. Crossing the bridge and entering the gate, we pass into the buildings containing the war relics furnished by the U. S. Army, the Philippine scouts and the constabulary. We have here a truly wonderful collection of bolos, war clubs, ancient rifles, and of other instruments of warfare in use among the Malays. From the top of the walls there is a splendid view of the exhibit. Stretched out before the eyes of the on-looker are the miniature villages of the Visayans, the Moros and the Bagobos, fringing the shores of Arrow-

head Lake which is spanned by three bridges. The waters of the lake are a scene of strange-looking craft, the unwieldly *casco,* the useful *banca* and the monstrous *prao* being much in evidence. While the bridge leading to the main gate is of heavy masonry, the other two are of bamboo, artistically designed.

Leaving the walls and passing through the Anda gate, the visitor is startled by the realistic scene of Asiatic life which looms up before him. Directly in front is the stately Magellan monument, to the east is the Visayan village, and to the west the Agricultural building. This last is a finely arranged structure containing the agricultural and horticultural exhibits. Here we wander among a bewildering variety of rice, cotton, sugar, tobacco, hemp, oil-producing seeds, and cereals. There is surely indication in this assortment of great wealth and of boundless possibilities.

Looking up towards the southwest we see the reproduction of Manila's beautiful cathedral and of several other eastern buildings. The cathedral contains the educational and the art exhibits. The work of the elementary and of the high schools is shown and the Filipinos may well be proud of this showing. Particularly deserving of praise are the exhibits from the Catholic schools, especially those from the Liceo and from the University of Santo Tomas, which was founded shortly after the discovery of the islands.



METEOROLOGICAL BUILDING. FATHER ALGUE'S CERAUNOGRAPH.

The art exhibits, while showing wonderful cleverness in point of imitation, display little originality, if we except the branch of wood carving. In this the Filipino is evidently an expert, and there are pieces of work at the Fair of which the

most famous wood-carvers of Europe might well be proud. The islanders are extremely fond of music and it is pleasant to learn that nearly every village has its band. The government building, a replica of the Ayuntamiento, the Capitol of the Philippines, is situated across the Plaza from the cathedral. It contains

The Forestry and Ethnological buildings are placed on a plot of ground which faces diagonally across the rear entrances of the Plaza. The former structure with its nipa sides and roof and its hardwood framing and flooring presents a most attractive appearance. The islands are clearly very rich in hard woods. Nearly

FASHIONABLE HOME OF A PHILIPPINE TREE-DWELLER.

many general exhibits and a part of the art treasures. The Commerce building is on the south side of the Plaza and it will be of interest to all commercial men, as here we see the samples of the imports and exports of the islands, and here the enterprising man of business can judge for himself what goods will find a ready market in the Philippines.

a hundred different kinds are known and there still remain vast tracts of forests for the explorer. These woods can be highly polished and articles of furniture made of *narra* or of *molave* are much sought after by wealthy Filipinos. In this line of treasures nature has dealt most bountifully with the Pearl of the Pacific, and we were told that no field offers more pos-

sibilities to the investor than do the forests of the Philippines.

The Fisheries building on the shores of Arrowhead Lake will prove a source of joy to the conchologist and to the explorers of the deep. Through the kindness of Mr. José Quadras we can here study one of the most complete collections of sea-shells in the world, while mounted specimens of one thousand different fishes furnish sufficient proof of the endless variety of finny life teeming in eastern waters. To make matters strikingly realistic there are exhibitions on the lake of the various methods of fishing in vogue in the Philippines, together with samples of cunningly-devised traps and nets.

It is also surprising to learn, in opposition to many contrary reports, that the islands are very well supplied with minerals. Lignite, iron, copper, manganese ore and gold are to be had in various sections and there is every prospect that, with an improved road system, these minerals will form a large portion of the future available assets of the islands.

NEGRITE MARRIAGE-PLANE.

Groom must carry bride up this plane. He is allowed 50 feet running start.

The most remarkable portion, however, of the entire exhibit is undoubtedly the meteorological, in charge of the Rev. José Algué, S.J., the renowned Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau. For

years the Manila Observatory managed by the Spanish Jesuits, has been one of the foremost in the world. It is a well-known fact that the destruction-dealing typhoons are the greatest menace to maritime commerce in the waters of the East. The desire to forecast these storms as accurately as possible and thus to avert wholesale danger led to the founding of the Manila Observatory. Success beyond the most sanguine expectations has attended the observations made by the professors and scientists attached to this station by the Jesuits, so that due notice of impending danger can be sent to all important naval bases in the Orient in time for ships to retreat to a place of safety.

NEGRITE FAMILY IN GALA ATTIRE.

Father Algué, who studied for several years at the Georgetown Observatory, has devoted all his talents and energies to the problem of protecting human life against the outbreaks of the forces of nature. One of his favorite instruments is the ceraunograph or lightning register. There is a fine specimen of this class of instrument in actual operation at the Fair. It works somewhat on the same principle as the wireless telegraph. Two galvanized steel towers, 105 feet high, contain the collectors, naked copper wires, which receive and transmit to the indicator any electrical disturbance in the neighborhood. Father Algué hopes in time so to perfect the instrument as to make it an

unfailing indicator of all electrical and tornadic disturbances and of the path of such storms. This eminent scientist is the inventor of another extremely useful instrument, the barocyclometer, the instrument for forecasting typhoons, which is used on board many ships of war in the far east. The barocyclometer not only indicates the existence of a typhoon but also its distance from the place where the instrument is and the direction in which the storm is traveling. Another instrument which Father Algué has brought to great perfection is the microseismograph, a register for recording earth tremors, which may occur on any portion of the globe. It is the well-grounded hope of this active Spanish scientist to make the instrument so precise that it will be possible by means thereof to predict every form of earthquake and thus to take necessary precautions for the safety of life and of property.

What strikes the ordinary observer in this section is an immense relief map of the Philippine Islands, constructed under Father Algué's supervision, on the grounds in the open air. The following figures give some idea of the knowledge and labor required to make this wonderful map. It covers an area of 110×75 feet, and represents a spherical segment from 7 degrees latitude north to 21 degrees latitude north, and from the meridian 115 degrees to the meridian 125 degrees east of Greenwich. More than 2,000 islands are shown in their own shape and proportional size, including the two groups of Cagayan de Folo and Sibritu group, overlooked by the commissioners in the treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898. The horizontal scale is 18 min. to a kilometer, or nearly 1 1-4″ to a mile. The vertical scale has been enlarged eight times, to show plainly the heights and mountain plateaus. There are twenty active volcanos shown. The map is built of a special composition on a concrete base, and is valued by experts at $15,000. Besides giving the exact topography of the Philippines, it also shows the political and racial features of the islands in a way which is not had on any other map in existence.

Mention has been made in this article of the scouts and the constabulary. The scouts were originally friendly natives who aided the United States in its work of pacification. So effective was their assistance that in 1901 an act of Congress was passed authorizing the enlistment of twelve thousand natives as scouts. They have done yeomen service for us in their country and on this account a "Provisional Battalion" has been sent to St. Louis in connection with these exhibits. The constabulary form the force organized by General Taft, for the purpose of preserving peace and order when the government of the islands was surrendered to him by the military authorities.

We may say without fear of exaggeration that there can be no better defence of the Friars in the Philippines, no stronger refutation of the calumnies uttered against them by the unthinking and the prejudiced than this exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE IRISH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

ROBERT GRAVES, M.D.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

It has been always generally recognized that a very important portion of what is called English literature is really due to the native genius of the English-speaking writers of Irish birth and parentage whose Celtic qualities of mind and heart have proved the sources of some of the most significant developments in the language of their adoption. What a large lacuna would be created in English literature by the removal from it of the work of such men as Dean Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and Moore? It is not so generally known, however, that if the work of the distinguished Irish physicians and surgeons of the last century were to be blotted out of English medical literature there would be left quite as striking and as wide a gap. It is indeed to what is known as the Dublin School of Medicine, for medical schools have very properly been named usually after the cities rather than the countries in which they were situated, that we owe not a little of our modern progress in practical medicine, and especially the advance in the clinical teaching of the medical sciences. Now that the Gaelic movement is calling attention more than ever before to things Irish it seems only proper that this feature of the national life should be given its due prominence and that the great members of the Irish School of Medicine should not be without honor in their own and English-speaking countries.

There are three great names in the history of Irish medicine recognized by all the world as well deserving of enduring fame. These three names are Robert James Graves, William Stokes, and Denis Corrigan. Graves' name is indelibly attached to the disease known as exophthalmic goitre which he described and separated from other affections before anyone else had realized its individuality. William Stokes was, perhaps, the best authority on diseases of the heart and lungs in his time. His name will be preserved in the designation of the peculiar form of breathing which occurs in certain comatose conditions and has received the name Cheyne-Stokes respiration, in honor of the men who first called attention to it. Corrigan was in his time one of the greatest authorities on the heart, and especially on the pulse. His name is preserved in the term Corrigan pulse which is applied to a peculiar condition which occurs very characteristically in disease of the aortic valves of the heart.

The lives of these men deserve to be better-known, for they can scarcely fail to be an inspiration to others to do work of a high order in medicine—work that will represent not alone present success and emolument but will stand for medical progress for all time. Hence these sketches of their careers.

Dr. Robert Graves was the youngest son of Richard Graves, D.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, and of Elizabeth, daughter of James Drought, also a fellow of Trinity College, whose family had been long settled in King's county. His father, as a tribute to his distinguished learning, was later promoted to the deanery of Armagh. There were two other sons in the family, Richard and Hercules. All three of the boys passed through Trinity College with high honors and, in fact, established a record there that has since been unequalled, for at the degree examinations of three successive years the gold medal

in classics and in science, then the highest distinction attainable by students of Trinity, was conferred upon one of the brothers.

Dr. Graves received his degree of Bachelor of Medicine at the University of Dublin in 1818. After this he studied for some time in London, and then spent three years on the continent, at Berlin, Gottingen, Vienna and Copenhagen, as well as in Paris and certain Italian schools, eventually studying also for some months in Edinburgh before his return to Dublin. As Dr. Stokes very well says: "In this large and truly liberal education, which embraced the training of the school, the university, and the world, we can discover in part the foundations of his subsequent eminence. He did not content himself, as is so commonly the case, with commending—to use his own words —'the life of a practitioner without practice,' but he made himself intimate with the recent discoveries and modes of thinking in every great school of medicine, whether abroad or at home, and formed friendships with the leading physiologists and physicians of Europe, with many of whom he kept up a correspondence during his life."

An interesting incident in his travels serves to illustrate very well his facility for the acquisition of languages. Once while on a pedestrian journey in Austria he neglected to carry his passport, and was arrested as a spy. He was thrown into prison and for a time his condition seemed serious enough. He insisted that he was a British subject, but his assertions in this matter were immediately repudiated by the Austrian authorities in the little town, who insisted that no Englishman could possibly speak German as well as he did. He was kept in prison for some ten days until authentic information could be obtained with regard to him, and during this time such was the state of the prison that he suffered many privations. Later in life this gave him a sympathy with the prisoners in Ireland and led to his making suggestions for the amelioration of their condition.

Like practically all of the great medical men who have proved to be original workers, Graves' interest was not confined alone to medicine. During his sojourn in Italy he became acquainted with Turner, the celebrated English landscape painter, and was his companion in many journeys. Graves himself was possessed of no mean artistic powers, as his friend Stokes tells us, and his sketches are characterized by natural vigor and truth. His thorough appreciation of his companion, however, and the breadth of his sympathy and admiration for the great painter of nature can perhaps best be understood from some candid expressions of his with regard to their work in common. "I used to work away," he said, "for an hour or more and put down as well as I could every object in the scene before me, copying form and color as faithfully as was possible in the time. When our work was done and we compared drawings the difference was strange. I assure you there was not a single stroke in Turner's drawing that I could see like nature, not a line nor an object, and yet my work was worthless in comparison with his. The whole glory of the scene was there."

After wandering for some three years in Europe, Graves returned to Dublin and at once took a leading position in his profession as well as in society. He came back at a very fortunate period for him. In 1817, Dr. Cheyne, who had been educated in Edinburgh, made the first step towards the foundation of a new school of medical observation, by the publication of the first volume of the Dublin Hospital Reports. Dr. Stokes says that the best proof of the value of these reports is that they appear to have given the tone to the subsequent labors of the Irish School which inherited their practical nature and truthfulness. Within a year after Graves' return he appeared as one of

the founders of the new School of Medicine in Park street, and was also elected physician to the Meath Hospital where he commenced to put into effect that system of clinical observation and instruction which has done so much to establish the lasting reputation of the Dublin School of Medicine.

For the next thirty years Graves' life is full of the teaching and the practice of medicine. He was noted for his tenderness towards the poor, but the rich soon came to appreciate his skill. Nothing ever made him neglect his poor patients. Meantime he left his mark on every subject that he handled in medicine. Fevers, nervous diseases of many kinds besides that named after him, tuberculosis and other forms of pulmonary disease were all illuminated by his practical genius in a way that has made them clearer for succeeding generations in medicine.

It is with regard to fevers especially that Graves' work will count for all time, because he set their treatment on so practical a basis. The trained nurse is quite a modern institution, yet seventy-five years ago Dr. Graves insisted that the services of a properly-qualified nurse in severe, continued fever are inestimable. He emphasized the necessity for moral management in fever, and friends and relatives are seldom capable of discharging this office. "If they chance to discover from the physician's remarks or questions the weak points of the patient's case they generally contrive to let him know them in some way or another. If the patient is restless, for instance, the ill-judged anxiety of his friends will most certainly prevent him from sleeping. If he happens to take an opiate and they are aware of the nature of his medicine they will surely inform him of it in some way or another, though it may be only by a hint and his anxiety for sleep conjoined with their disturbing inquiries prevents its due operation."

We are apt to think that the modern aphorism, nursing (meaning trained care), is more important than medicine in the treatment of fever, is the result of observations in our own day. Dr. Graves, however, felt very deeply that the most important element in the treatment was the conservation of the patient's strength with the preservation of his morale, and this can be best accomplished when the patient is constantly under the care of an experienced nurse, noting every symptom and saving every possible source of worry and every form of exhaustion of energy.

With regard to fever treatment, however, Graves' name is immortal in medicine because of his insistence on the doctrine that fever patients must be fed. A century ago the presence of fever was supposed definitely to indicate that the patient should have no food. Any contribution to his nutrition was supposed to feed the fever rather than the patient. Graves pointed out, however, that at the end of a long continued fever the most serious condition was the emaciation and weakness of the patient. He insisted that, appetite or no appetite, fever patients should be fed regularly. The result was at once noteworthy. Only the very hearty individuals had recovered before this; now even weaker patients had a good chance for life. The mortality from fever fell very strikingly, and in his time Dublin was over-run with typhoid and typhus fever and the saving of life produced by the new method of treatment was very considerable. Graves himself, when he saw how much he had accomplished by his new doctrine said that he wanted no better epitaph on his tombstone than the words "He fed fevers."

Some of Dr. Graves' very practical hints with regard to the details of treatment of fever show how careful he was in clinical observation. He deprecates the allowance of very much fluid for patients, since their thirst cannot be assuaged in that way and the amount of liquid taken may be

harmful by causing depression. He suggests, therefore, the use of acidulated water made by means of a little current jelly or raspberry vinegar, given in small portions and at regular intervals. Much better than plain water he considers water to which some light bitter has been added, such as cascarilla. Small quantities of this will appease the morbid thirst of fever more effectually and for a much longer period than large draughts of water.

Even more interesting in these modern times, however, than Graves' attitude towards the treatment of fever is the position he took with regard to the habits of life that were best for the consumptive. At that time tuberculosis of the lungs was considered to be an inflammatory disease requiring the patient to be in the house most of the time, carefully protected from cold, and during any rise of temperature kept in warm rooms, and without any special encouragement to take food. Graves and Stokes changed all that, and for the time completely revolutionized the principles of treatment for this serious ailment. Alas, their work, notwithstanding the good results shown in a certain number of cases, failed to attract widespread attention and it was not until our own time that the principles they laid down as the rational basis of successful therapeutics for tuberculosis came to be generally adopted.

Graves insisted that his patients when suffering from beginning tuberculosis should not be confined to the house, but on the contrary should be out of doors most of the time. He emphasized what he called the taking of exercise, but in such a way that he agrees much more than might be thought with modern ideas on this subject. Now it is insisted that tuberculosis patients must not overtire themselves by taking exercise, though they must be out in the open air a large part of the time. Graves explains the exercise that he would like to have them take by saying that they should spend four or five hours every day riding in a carriage, or as he seems to prefer in an open jaunting-car. And that they should spend at least as much time sitting outside in quiet.

Besides this the most important element in treatment he considers to be the encouragement of the appetite—as might be expected from the man who first fed fevers. His directions in this matter are very explicit, and he suggests various methods by which patients can be tempted to eat more and more food, and emphasizes the use of cereals and of milk and eggs as likely to be of most service in enabling these patients to gain in weight and strength so as to be able to resist the further advance of the disease. This, it may be said in passing, is just the ideal treatment for the consumptive at the present time.

Others of Graves' ideas in regard to tuberculosis are in general surprisingly modern. He insists, for instance, that the main causes of the disease are the overcrowding in towns, the long hours of hard work in factories, and the abuse of alcohol. He considers that the population of country places though fed no better as a rule than in the city do not develop the disease so frequently because of their opportunity for fresh air. He placed very little confidence in the idea that cold had anything to do with tuberculosis, though he disputed Lænnec's dictum that bronchitis was never the beginning of tuberculosis. Graves advises his students not to try to protect their throats by means of mufflers, for this will only render them more liable to cold. His advice is rather to harden themselves against cold. For this he suggests the use of water plentifully on the chest and throat, to be employed not too cold during the winter time, unless one is used to it. He also suggests the use of vinegar and alcohol as hardening fluids. They should be applied freely, and in his experience were effective.

Another interesting anticipation of

modern methods was with regard to child feeding in summer diarrhea. It is often thought that only in recent years with the development of the science of bacteriology that the danger of continuing milk-feeding when infants are already ill in the summer time has come to be recognized. Milk is now known to be an excellent culture medium for various forms of bacteria, that is, it is a substance on which microbes grow plentifully, and it is often used in the laboratory to raise microbes. Dr. Graves, however, without any knowledge of modern bacteriology, but from clinical observation alone, pointed out that the only way to avoid a summer diarrhea is to stop all milk feeding.

"Let the infant," he says, "abstain from milk in any shape for twenty-four hours, sometimes for the space of two, or even three days. It is incredible how small a portion of milk, even in the most diluted state, will keep up this disease, acting like a species of poison on the intestinal mucous surface."

Here, of course, was scientific intuition running far beyond medical knowledge, and pointing out a serious danger and the best means of avoiding it. There is scarcely a subject touched upon in Dr. Graves' clinical lectures, however, which is not illuminated in this way by precious sidelights, many of which unfortunately were obscured by medical theories and conclusions founded on them without due experience.

We have already said that his careful clinical observations led him to separate the type of disease which has since come to be known as Graves' disease, from a number of other forms of nervous disturbance of the heart rythm. There is at least one other class of disease usually considered to be much more modern, the type of affection known as Raynaud's disease, or a tendency to spontaneous stoppage of the circulation in the extremities, and also the other type now known as Weir Mitchell's disease, or erythromelalgia, in which there is suffused redness and pain in the extremities, examples of which Graves picked out from his hospital service and described in such a way that it is now easy to recognize them. His two volumes of clinical lectures on the practice of medicine are much more than an index of the medical teaching of his time. They contain anticipations of many a supposed after-discovery, besides an immense amount of very practical observations made at the bedside, and valuable hints for treatment, the result of his personal experience.

One of the best proofs of the greatness of the work accomplished by Graves is to be found in the tribute to his character, and what he achieved, by Professor Trousseau, who was at the time the acknowledged leader of the clinicians of Europe. He said:

"For many years I have spoken of Graves in my clinical lectures; I recommend the perusal of his work; I entreat those of my pupils who understand English to consider it as their breviary; I say and repeat that, of all the practical works published in our time, I am acquainted with none more useful, more intellectual, and I have always regretted that the clinical lectures of the great Dublin practitioner had not been translated into our language."

A little later in the same lecture he said:

"And nevertheless, when he inculcated the necessity of giving nourishment in long-continued fevers, the Dublin physician, single-handed, assailed an opinion which appeared to be justified by the practice of all ages; for low diet was then regarded as an indispensable condition in the treatment of fevers. Had he rendered no other service than that of completely reversing the medical practice upon this point, Graves would, by that act alone, have acquired an indefeasible claim to our gratitude."

His tribute closes with the following very striking passage:

"I freely confess that I had some difficulty in accepting, notwithstanding the imposing authority of Graves, what he states of the influence of certain remedies, such as mercurials, essence of turpentine, spirituous preparations, nitrate of silver, etc.; but the Dublin Professor speaks with so much conviction that I ventured to follow his precepts, and I must say that my early trials very soon encouraged me to adopt unreservedly what at first I accepted only with misgiving. There is not a day that I do not in my practice employ some of the modes of treatment which Graves excels in describing with the minuteness of the true practitioner, and not a day that I do not, from the bottom of my heart, thank the Dublin physician for the information he has given me.

"Graves is, in my acceptation of the term, a perfect clinical teacher. An attentive observer, a profound philosopher, an ingenious artist, an able therapeutist, he commends to our admiration the art whose domain he enlarges, and the practice which he renders more useful and more fertile."

Graves' last days and the circumstances of his death and burial are given by Professor Stokes, his great personal friend, and himself one of the most distinguished physicians of his time. We quote the concluding paragraph of Professor Stokes' biographical notice:

"It was in the autumn of 1852, he being then in his fifty-seventh year, that the symptoms of the malady, which was to prove fatal, first showed themselves. In the following February he began to succumb to the disease. Although at times his sufferings were great, yet he had many intervals of freedom from pain. And he then showed all his old cheerfulness and energy. To the very last he continued to take pleasure in hearing of any advance of knowledge that tended to ameliorate the condition of man, or to throw light on his relations to a future state. In this latter point of view, the discoveries of Layard greatly interested him, as illustrative of the Sacred History; and thus he was permitted to fill up the intervals of his sufferings, even to the last; for his mental faculties never failed or flagged,—a mercy for which he often expressed a fervent gratitude; and so he was providentially enabled to review the past, and to form a calm and deliberate judgment on the religious convictions of his earlier years. And once the truthfulness of these were ascertained, he adhered to them with that earnestness which characterized all his decisions.

"It was after the attainment of this state of patient expectation that one who was dear to him expressed a prayerful wish for his recovery. 'Do not ask for that,' he replied, 'it might prove a fatal trial.'

"His mind having become thus satisfied he made few remarks on these subjects, except in reply to the inquiries of others. Thus, when referred to the prophetic illustration of purifying and redeeming love, 'A fountain shall be opened for sin and for uncleanness,' 'No,' he said, 'not a fountain, but an ocean.'

"On the day before his death he desired (a second time) to partake of the Holy Communion, with his family. When some explanations were commenced, he answered, 'I know all that; I do not regard this as a charm, but I wish to die under the banner of Christ.' Feeling himself sinking, he asked for prayer, and a petition was offered suitable to his condition; but he seemed to long for something more, and when questioned, replied, 'I want some prayer that I know, some of the prayers of my youth, some of my father's prayers.' The Litany was commenced, he immediately took up the well-known words, and when the speaker's

voice faltered, he continued them alone, and distinctly, to the end of the strain, 'Whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood.'

"On the twentieth day of March, 1853, and without renewed suffering, he ceased to breathe.

"His tomb is in the cemetery of Mount Jerome. It bears the following inscription dictated by himself:—

ROBERT JAMES GRAVES,
Son of Richard Graves, Prof. of Divinity,
Who,
After a Protracted and Painful Disease,
Died in the Love of God, and
In The
Faith of Jesus Christ.

TO A SLIPPER.

BY RUTH STERRY.

Ivory satin and Brussels lace,
Empire heel and a pointed toe—
O can it be true that I danced in you
But a very few years ago?

One of my partners used to say
Bending over your buckles' glow,
Where a lace perchance had loosed in the dance
That he tied his heart in the bow!

'Twas a lover's knot, for the silken shoon
And the vows he breathed in the mazy whirl,
Passed out of his head e'er the year had fled
And he married another girl.

A graver partner in the dance
Fastened your lacings with naught to say
Of your costly lace or your dainty grace—
But he ties up my slippers to-day!

THE BLACK RIVER.

BY RODERICK GILL.

On the little bridge she stood
  Where a rift of sunlight sought her
And I asked her if she would
  Tell me what they called the water.
Blushes hurried to her cheek
While her lashes drooping meekly
  Seemed to quiver;
Strange and sweet the answer came
From her childlike lips, the name—
  "The Black River."

Where the old brown houses lay
  Scattered out along the valley,
Crystal waters made their way,
  Cloud and sunshine keeping tally;
Cattle on the distant passes
Cropped the waving meadow grasses
  By the river's shore;
Bird and blossom, earth and sky,
Joined my heart to give the lie
  To the name it bore.

Ah, too well to-day I know
  As I watch the waters glisten
Why they named yon river so;
  As I stand and vainly listen
For her voice and seek the stream
Where her sweet eyes once did gleam;
  Then I shiver
With the reeds along your shore
And I name you o'er and o'er
  The Black River.

MARGUERITE.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

This story, though it deals with a man and a maid, is a record of hatred rather than of love, for though Marguerite was a genuine daughter of the south, dark-eyed, radiant, and irrepressibly vivacious, and Harry Turner a stolid, good-looking young fellow of the Anglo-Saxon type, who ought to have found her vivid charms irresistible, they had no kind of affinity for each other.

When they were thrown together, Harry was at home in his native London where, like the well contented Britisher he was, he held that all that was worth living for was to be found, while in the same mighty capital Marguerite looked upon herself as an unhappy exile condemned for a time to breathe dampness and fog and listen to an incomprehensible language as harsh and unsympathetic as the climate.

But it must be explained how Marguerite came to be in London. For two years before, in her own sunny Tuscany, she had been in the service of a lady whose invalid daughter had been sent to Italy in search of health, which, alas! she had not found. During these two years of anxious watching, Marguerite, who had grown attached to her mistress, threw herself into the duties she had undertaken with all the vehemence of her ardent temperament, giving her days and even her nights to what had become a labor of love. No toil was considered, no effort grudged, if only she could soothe the pain of the dear Signorina, or lighten for a moment the sorrow of the Signora. From the outset she took the whole burden of the little household on her own resolute shoulders, being cook, *garde melade, femme de chambre,* and humble, helpful friend in one, and when at last the end came, and the bereaved mother, who no longer had anything to hope from Italy, made ready to return to England, Marguerite, believing herself indispensable to her mistress, volunteered to accompany her. The offer was readily accepted, and unused though she was to traveling, Marguerite with her quick intuition and adaptibility found a hundred ways of making herself useful en route, looking after her mistress' comfort with sedulous care, and beguiling the tedium of the long homeward journey by shrewd observations on unfamiliar scenes and people. Nor did her courage fail her even when after a few days' rest and sight-seeing she found herself installed in a little semi-detached villa in the neighborhood of Kensington, with no outlook but over the way, and nothing to break the dull monotony of rows and rows of houses almost identical to the one chosen by her mistress. She found her kitchen cheerless and ill-equipped, and wondered whether in the wilderness of habitations around her, there was a single one fitted with a decent *batterie de cuisine,* or even with a reasonable *marmite* or *casserolle,* for English pots and pans were, to her mind, barbarous. French was the medium in which Marguerite and her mistress held converse, each being ignorant of the language of the other.

The Signora's country was ugly, sunless, and formally unfriendly, that was not to be denied. It could hardly be Christian, for though there was a church close at hand where she could hear Mass, she had seen no crucifix or shrine of the Holy Mother at any street corner, nor heard the ringing of the Angelus. But if the Signora was pleased to live in it, why then Marguerite must just make the best

of things as they were, and arrange that they should be as little uncomfortable as possible.

To the proposal that she should have an English maid to help her in the work of the house the faithful Italian returned a prompt and indignant refusal. What! Had she followed her Signora all that way to allow a stranger to wait on her? Surely if Marguerite had not needed help when the dear Signorina was with them, she would be adequate to the lesser task now before her.

The fact that she was in a country of which she understood neither the language nor customs was not allowed to count for anything in her calculations, her business was to look after her mistress, and this business she was determined to carry out whether in England or in Italy. And indeed with a matter so important as this service in hand she troubled herself little about the customs of the country, ignoring as far as in her lay everything that differed from the ways she was accustomed to, and assuming (as is not unusual with travelers of wider experience and culture) that all difference from her own standard was necessarily stupid or wrong. Of course she would do her own marketing! What tradesman at home, much less in this heretical country, could be trusted to send good meat, fresh fish, plump poultry, or even vegetables fit for a soup, if the purchaser were not on the spot to see that the measure of the goods was just and the quality above suspicion? And so with her basket on her arm she made her daily rounds, no one but the baker and the milkmaid being permitted to bring their wares to the house.

Her method of shopping was peculiar and not inefficient, when the goods she needed were exposed to view. For hidden treasures such as vanilla, cinnamon, and nutmegs she had to condescend to use a list written by her mistress. She would walk boldly into a butcher's shop, point to a carcass of a sheep or ox, and then with an expressive pantomime, sometimes puzzling to the slow-witted purveyor, proceed to indicate the precise morsel she desired to purchase, often a solitary chop or small slice of steak. But however modest her order nothing less than the very best would satisfy her, for in her eyes the Signora's dinner was of paramount importance, and there was nothing incongruous in cutting the portions required from a joint which might have graced the Lord Mayor's table. At poulterer's, fishmonger's, greengrocer's, the procedure was much the same. When the moment for paying came, if she had not learned the price by experience, she would put down an equivalent for what she had been accustomed to pay for the same article in Italy. If, as rarely happened, it was accepted, she smiled pleasantly and withdrew with her purchase; if, as seldom happened, she was handed back some change (salt and sugar for instance were cheaper in London than in Florence) she beamed with radiance only to be seen in an Italian face or sky; and if, as occurred most frequently, the vender expressed dissatisfaction, she would grudgingly augment the price penny by penny, as she could persuade herself that the demand was a fair one, but, that limit reached, she would hurl the packet on the counter and with flashing eyes and expressive gesticulations convey to the shopkeeper her small idea of his honesty. In vain the Britisher, driven to the use of unfamiliar pantomime, would endeavor to make her understand that goods ordered, weighed, and packed, must be paid for. She wrapped herself in invincible ignorance as in a cloak and had to be allowed to depart in peace, or at any rate to depart.

One day when she was in search of a sole which was to be deliciously served she found the fishmongers in the neighborhood extortionate and wandered far

afield only to come on other rascals with the same extravagant prices. Suddenly she realized with a pang of terror sharp as a blow that the many turnings had brought her into unknown quarters, and that she had not the slightest idea how to retrace her steps. How was it possible to find one's way where the streets were so much alike? There seemed to be only two varieties constantly recurring—rows and rows of brick villas, or rows and rows of small shops. Here was a predicament. In vain she addressed herself to passersby, or even to the helpful policeman. The man in the street does not as a rule speak or even understand French or Italian and by this time tears were in Marguerite's dark eyes, and she was so much excited and bewildered that she was less than ever able to explain herself. She thought of her Signora dinnerless and alarmed on her account; she thought of herself alone in an unfriendly city where her distress evoked neither sympathy or help. Some of the people to whom she appealed regarded her with utter unconcern, others appeared to find her unintelligible demand amusing, but not one Christian soul seemed to understand or even to commiserate her. At last after fruitless enquiries and turning of many corners, each turn adding to her bewilderment, an inspiration flashed into her mind. She would have recourse to St. Anthony of Padua. Was it not his especial function to concern himself about things that were lost, and was ever thing or person more hopelessly lost than poor Marguerite. And besides he at least, blessed saint! would understand the beautiful language common to them both, though it was so incomprehensible in London. Then clasping her hands for a moment over her eyes she put herself under the protection of the good saint, and besought him for the love of God to help her who was so helpless. "Show me how I am to get back to the Signora," she implored. "Holy St. Anthony be my guide and protector." When she opened her eyes, she found her confidence had not been misplaced. St. Anthony had promptly sent her assistance, for straight before her was a cart on which was inscribed in large gilt letters "Mayfield Dairy," the very words which in the same gorgeous lettering stood over the shop whence a little maid brought the milk for the Signora's tea every morning and afternoon.

In her joy and relief, for her position had been really alarming, Marguerite, almost embraced the young man who stood beside the cart. Was he not her deliverer sent by St. Anthony? But Harry Turner, for we have come to him at last, not recognizing himself in that capacity, met her advances with chilling propriety. He was a respectable young tradesman who did not hold with foreigners, more especially when they were good-looking young women of too friendly disposition, and so he jumped into his cart and made preparations to drive off. Marguerite signified that she wished to accompany him, but he was obdurate and uncomprehending, and when she tried to climb into the cart after him he scowled at her and shouted, "You be orf," and whipping up his horse was quickly off himself. This was puzzling and unexpected conduct in a heaven-sent guide and Marguerite who was a modest girl, accustomed to be led on rather than repulsed by the young men of her acquaintance, was humiliated at his unmistakable unwillingness for her company. But no doubt St. Anthony had done the best he could for her in a country bereft of charity or any neighborly feeling, and little as he wished to help her, she must make use of her unwilling guide. She knew that her only chance of regaining her mistress, her only hope of finding shelter for herself, was in following the cart which would

surely lead her home. And so for three weary hours, sometimes running at full speed, sometimes resting for a few minutes while he served his customers, she followed the good-looking young milkman, who believed that she was either mad, or had become suddenly enamored of him, Harry Turner, so inexplicable was her conduct. Ah! why had he not the quick perception, the intuition of the south, why could he not understand?

At the various houses where in the course of that interminable afternoon, Harry delivered his milk, Marguerite had the bitter mortification of seeing a succession of trim parlor-maids and sonsy cooks, come to the area windows to look at her, laughing and jeering at her supposed infatuation for the handsome milkman, whom they too admired, though they would not run after him, or any other good-looking young fellow, not they! The poor girl weary, disheveled, and by this time faint and hungry, had not even a cup of water offered her during that whole miserable day, nor any kinder word than "you be orf," which Harry hurled at her whenever she approached him, and which was taken up in chorus by consciously virtuous cooks and parlor maids all along the line. The words burned like fire in her brain, and though she did not know their precise meaning she understood that they were meant to repudiate and cast her off, she who asked nothing but to be guided home! And as they were shouted at her again and again she thought them the ugliest and most disagreeable she had ever heard. When at last she had become so exhausted that she could hardly keep up with the cart she was encouraged by recognizing some landmarks, a porch covered with Virginia creeper, a window curtain tied with a bright yellow bow, which earlier in the day had caught and pleased her eye, for of all the inexplicable things in the Signora's gloomy country, nothing had tried her more than the universal greyness of sky and street; the absence of color was so unlike the vivid brightness of her native land. Then after a little came the shop where she had been offered the extravagantly high-priced sole, the original source of all her trouble; then after another turn or two, thrice welcome sight; the honest grocer who gave change; then the fairly honest butcher who got most of her custom; and then—not a moment too soon, for she was faint with weariness,—the Mayfield Dairy with its imposing sign in golden letters glittering in the gas-light.

As Harry Turner lifted his empty milk cans, preparatory to carrying them into the shop, he determined not to allow Marguerite to follow him into the presence of his employers, and as a preliminary to getting rid of her uttered the offensive "You be orf" whose sound she had learned to hate. Those words, so often hurled at her through long hours of slow torture, got on her nerves, and banished all thoughts of St. Anthony. Harry Turner would have been more than a coxcomb had he read love in the flashing eyes which looked him through and through, or heard it in the torrent of vehement Italian in which she strove to make him understand what she thought of his unmanly conduct towards an inoffensive girl who had only claimed a neighborly kindness which would have cost him little trouble, and to assure him that in Italy a stranger would have been treated with consideration. Even though she had spoken in an unknown tongue, she would not have been jeered at, and insulted as she had been. She had turned from him with a lofty gesture of disdain, leaving handsome, slow-witted Harry to ponder, as many a wiser man has done before, on the unaccountable ways of women, one moment love and smiles, the next tears and anger.

But thanks to St. Anthony, if not to

Harry Turner, a few moments now brought Marguerite home, where she found the poor Signora almost as worn out with apprehension as she herself was by her day's adventure. Nor was the overwrought girl able to give a very lucid account of her doings. A confused jumble of sole, St. Anthony, and a scoffing milkman, of sorrow for having alarmed the Signora, and joy of at last getting safely back to her, was all that was forthcoming until after she had been fed and allowed to sleep off the worst of her fatigue. Next day, though looking pale and exhausted, she was up and at work. Was it not enough and more than enough that the Signora had had no dinner the day before? She was now ready to relate all that had befallen her. Her sympathetic mistress, who was much concerned, listened with indignation, and was moved to wrath that the stupid milkman had so grievously misinterpreted her good Marguerite. She promised to go over to Mayfield Dairy that very evening and explain the real state of the case to the unchivalrous young man who had so lamentably failed in his duty to a damsel in distress. And when she saw Harry Turner she upbraided him with the bitter mortification he had caused a modest, well conducted girl, by encouraging the maids to jeer at her at the various houses where he had left milk.

Harry, who was at heart a good-natured fellow, though he lacked intuition, was really sorry when the facts of the case were put before him. "She were real clever to think of that way of getting home," he said, "and I'd have been willing enough to give her a lift if I'd knowed what she wanted, but when she flashed her big eyes at me and talked her queer lingo how was I to know what she'd be after?"

Next day, when his work was over, Harry being a straightforward fellow, who liked to put things right as far as he was able, called on Marguerite, and with the Signora's help endeavored to make his apologies, but her pride and maidenly sensibility had been too deeply hurt for her to be able to meet him pleasantly.

"You be orf! You be orf!" she cried, using the only English words she could pronounce, and Harry having taught her the language could hardly complain that the phrase was not a prettier one.

And so they were not married, and did not live unhappily ever after. As for St. Anthony, he had his candle after all, for when Marguerite came to think the matter over she decided that he had earned it. When he traveled on this earth he had preferred the pathway of humiliation and bitter mortification, and how should his clients find a better road? And though he had been less kind than he might have been, still the great fact remained that she who had been lost in London did get home safe at last.

THE FISKE SEASON IN NEW YORK.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The forty odd theatres in New York have completed their plans for the coming season. It is unnecessary to say that these plans aim at large profits, and only at large profits. In this lies their great defect. As business concerns no one finds any fault with the managers for making money. They must and should make a decent profit. Only when they bend all energies and sacrifice art itself to making tremendous profit, when they prostitute the drama to mere money-getting, do we

condemn them. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, manager of the Manhattan theatre, has laid his plans for a season that will bring him handsome money returns; but he has not forgotten the respect due to dramatic art in making these plans, and he intends to do what he can for the greater advancement of the drama. He will present Minnie Maddern Fiske in a series of interesting and intellectual plays for the entire season. The metropolis will, therefore, have a successor to Augustine Daly this year. The loss of Daly was severe upon our community. No one could stand in his shoes. Mr. Daniel Frohman measured himself to an inch by taking the Daly theatre, and proved conclusively how really great a manager was Daly; for Daniel Frohman is not a small man, he has had real success in legitimate dramatic lines; but compared with Daly he turned out to be unimportant.

Mr. Fiske has enjoyed a few years of metropolitan management, and brings to his present task some Daly qualities, with others peculiar to himself. He has sincere respect for the drama, the respect of knowledge and affection; although a business man the ideal has a firm place in his character; no touch of Daly's severity shades his temperament. He is undoubtedly an optimist, his polished manner and handsome appearance go well with his natural affability. Not knowing the details of his fight with the theatrical trust, I cannot say how his fighting abilities showed forth in the fray. Nothing in that struggle soured or embittered him. No wrinkles of rage or care marked his pleasant face. That he begins his important season as independent as ever proves that the theatrical pirates were unable to bring him to their terms. This season will test his business capacity to the utmost. It may also be so fortunate as to give us a true and permanent successor to Daly. He has several advantages at the start: a beautiful theatre, a fine company, some interesting dramas, and a brilliant leading woman, the star, Mrs. Fiske.

The most brilliant star will not, however, carry a metropolitan theatre through an entire season. Booth could not do it, nor Booth and Modjeska together. Now, as in Shakspeare's time, "the play's the thing." Ada Rehan, most delightful of all America's comediennes, could not keep Daly's going even in its best days. The manager must therefore be sure of his plays. Mrs. Fiske has her limitations and some of them are both peculiar and unnecessary. She has both the intellectual and the emotional qualities in abundance. No play in which she appears can be insignificant, though its substance be thin. Her poorest play was *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch*, so poor that there was really nothing in it but herself; yet her acting saved it from the waste-basket. Everybody knows her success in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *Hedda Gabler*. Well, in these very successes her limitations became apparent. In *Tess* her make-up in the first and fourth acts of the play made her look older than she looks in the daylight. Off the stage, whose glare is trying, Mrs. Fiske is a slender, graceful, vivacious woman of thirty of the *petite* style, with a musical voice and delicate utterance. In *Hedda Gabler* there were times when she looked ten years older, and her voice had a metallic click, her utterance a staccato, which quite destroyed the bitter, if somewhat shallow and peevish, emotion of the heroine. These defects are accidental. One would advise her to keep in view always her own achievement in the pathetic second act of *Tess*, and her delightful performance in *Divorcons*. Apart from these weaknesses, which may be easily remedied, Mrs. Fiske is the most capable actress of her day on our stage. She has that biting quality in her acting which grips the spectator, no matter how trifling the play. Ada Rehan can be innocuous in some plays, and so can Julia Marlowe; Mrs.

Fiske always finds the intellectual or the emotional acid in the poorest character, and secures the personal success. Not having yet reached the end of her powers, she has a very eminent future, rosy with promise, awaiting her in the next decade.

Yet what can the best actress do without plays? The really strong plays are not many, and not so very strong. In fact the English playwright no longer produces vigorous and memorable dramas, even of the transient order. Clever plays, bright plays, interesting plays, like those of Augustus Thomas and Mr. Pinero; savage plays like Ibsen's, and lop-sided, gay melodramas after the Harding Davis mode, and farces to suit the talents of Mr. Hawtrey; Clyde Fitch bubbles of soap-and-water, Star misfits for Julia Marlowe and Ada Rehan, recipe-plays from the cook-shop of William Brady, caramel-dramas from the European confectionery of Charles Frohman, plays for the Drew family in all its branches; all these we have in abundance. They are of the same nature as boneless codfish, not merely invertebrate, but flabby. Oh, yes, they taste well: so does boneless codfish. One sleeps very well after them, and their memory burdens no part of the brain. Not one of them has an idea or an emotion worth recording. Both ideas and emotions have disappeared from the New York play, or from the dramatist. So well is this singular fact appreciated in certain quarters that one dramatist, in the pay of the syndicate, undertook to supply a play a month, to keep one theatre going, with his own dramas. He found no necessity for ideas and emotions, only for good recipes. The play which portrays real life, human emotion, which grips the heart-strings, or thrills the marrow, and leaves the undying impression, even though it be only third-rate literature, has vanished. The Hawtrey fancy, *A Message from Mars,* was of that sort, presenting an idea and an emotion in the most charming manner. The play could not be called great in any except the financial sense, but it was a play to be remembered with intense satisfaction.

Now what shall poor Mrs. Fiske do without plays? Her manager announces that *Becky Sharpe* will open the season. One may imagine, after acquaintance with Mrs. Fiske's qualities, that the character would give large room for a display of her powers. The demureness of reckless and depraved Becky, her cat-like cunning, her wit and charm, her courage, her murderousness, her meanness are quite within the grasp of Mrs. Fiske, who is subtle, intellectual, and emotional as Becky herself, only in the proper way of course. The drama is an old one, however, not remarkable, and will have to be shelved in due time. It does not give to the actress a full opportunity. She will make it interesting, the company in her support will add to the effect, and as it stages very handsomely, it should make a very good opening for the months of September and October. *Hedda Gabler* will follow it, the unlovely Ibsen play, which may hold the boards a fortnight. The performance of this play last winter was described for the readers of this magazine, and there is no need to repeat it. The admirers of Ibsen want his worst plays presented. Their number is not legion, but they are far more interesting than the Ibsen drama. The rest of the world, the sensible portion of it, I mean, should attend an Ibsen play and watch the audience. Absorbed, enwrapped, ecstatic, they sit like the Buddhist contemplating Nirvana; the absence of music, of scenery, of common sense, of poetry, of realism, charms them as the desert its votary. They have critics who tell them what it is that hypnotizes them in the Ibsen play, who read into the almost maniacal drama their own fancies and reasonings. It is astonishing, yet not inexplicable. There are critics who admire the holes in Swiss cheese.

Mrs. Fiske likes Ibsen because of the subtle effects which he demands of actors. That is his one merit. The Ibsen play banishes the artificialities of the stage as much as possible. Characters come and go, dress, speak, act precisely as in real life. There are no loud voices, no posings, no rhetoric. The actor must act. He is nearly as barely placed as the preacher, who must produce his effects out of the rigid simplicity of the pulpit. Mrs. Fiske rejoices in plays of this kind, and her superiority is quite evident in Ibsen characters. She is subtle, and loves quiet power. The only excuse for producing an Ibsen play is the opportunity which it provides for true acting. So we shall have *Hedda Gabler,* and perhaps a few others, and we shall all go the first time to study the actress, and the second time to study the audience, and the third time to do both together. By the way, Ibsen is not an infectious disease, as some have audaciously maintained, he does not spread in America any more than in Europe. The country districts went to hear him the first season, as interpreted by admirable Mary Shaw, and such clever women as Elita Otis and Alberta Gallatin; but the second season found the farmers cracking butternuts and drinking cider when Ibsen invaded the theatres. The metropolis alone furnishes him with patients. I met one of them in Mr. Fiske's offices, a lean, sallow, dark-eyed boy of twenty, with seedy clothes, a pathetic face, and a manuscript under his arm. His praise of Ibsen showed that the Norwegian drama was his gospel, and a bitter attack on its evangelist proved

MRS. FISKE IN "HEDDA GABLER"

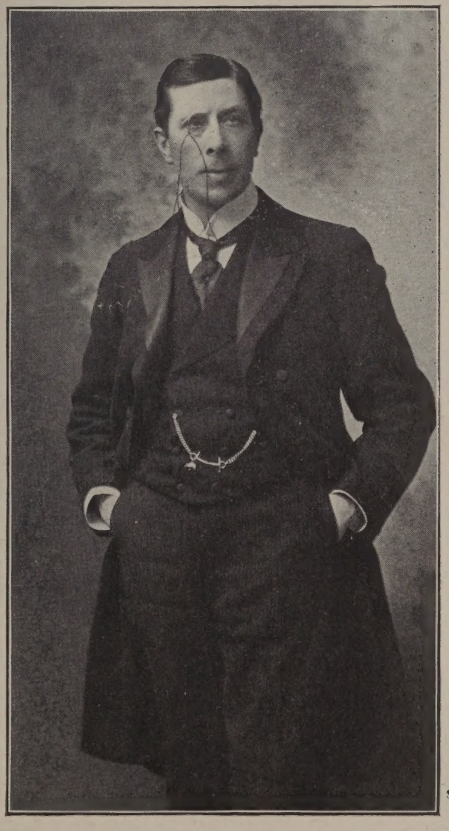
that the lad knew not why he admired him. One can fancy him in his cold bedroom, half-starved, half-clothed, half-alive, finding in the pages of his master food and clothing and heat and comfort and life. Poor young soul! the spiritual part must have its food like the physical, and where the Christ is unknown the Ibsen husks must coldly furnish forth the table!

After Ibsen, Mr. Fiske will stage a new drama from the pen of one Mr. C. S. McClellan, better known to fame as Hugh Morton, a writer of nonsense pieces for the musical companies. This is to be his first attempt at serious work. We are to know little or nothing about it until the proper time, but we can all pray that the stage is about to be elevated by the coming dramatist. Later, Mr. Rupert Hughes is to give us a play on New York life, and many interesting dramas are to be revived. The American dramatist is to have a fair chance at the Manhattan to show the stuff of which he is made. If we are to believe the syndicate, it is for the most part rather poor stuff, fortunately they are bad judges. The American playwright is no better nor worse than his kind anywhere. A score of writers have demonstrated that they can do as good work as Sardou or Pinero, but they are not allowed to do it. It would not sell. The Pinero and Sardou plays have a lease of public interest through acquired fame. If Augustus Thomas wrote *Iris,* no manager would have staged it for him; had Paul Potter produced a *Dante* like that which Irving presented, not even the Bowery would have tolerated it. Stay a moment: I recall that Daniel Frohman staged something nearly as bad for Potter, a rendering of Hugo's *Notre Dame.* Delightful to remember that both were abortions, as ridiculous as contemptible.

MRS. FISKE.

The American dramatist imitates his European brethren in the hope of getting his plays staged. He dispenses with ideas and emotions and makes up for their absence with local color, situations, and characters. This policy Augustus Thomas has found successful in the face of odds. Mr. Fiske will give the American dramatist a splendid opportunity to display himself, and his play will have to be strong-fibred to stand the presentation of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company. A threadbare play breaks down under the pressure of a fine company. Another chance will be given to the native in the revival of interesting plays of other times. This is to be a subscription series. It should prove most interesting, if the manager can select the right sort of plays from the rubbish of the past. The risk in

these revivals lies in the disappointment which the old play is apt to give the people who received it thirty years ago with enthusiasm. The *Two Orphans* is a case in point. We all wept over it in 1875, and smiled at ourselves in 1903. It is a lesson however. The true play built upon human nature, whether well or ill written, sounds as true in one age as another. If only our dramatists could work upon that fact! Ideas change, but human emotions are forever the same. I heard *Antigone* read the other night, and it might have been written yesterday, so strong is its appeal to the heart; the simple story breaking through the Greek social customs into the light of the present day without violence to our prejudices.



GEORGE ARLISS.

At some part of the season Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer, will get a hearing through his *Monna Vanna*. He is a poet, and a product, not of the times, but of his own fads. One laughs at him. D'Annunzio provides for him a realism, which he turns into symbolism. Morality does not exist for either, they ignore it, but they do not decry it, like the radical Socialists. A queer sensuality pervades the work of Maeterlinck, which may be, as with D'Annunzio, the sign of decadence. Its expression makes the multitude laugh, and the judicious mourn. This *Monna Vanna* is a plain story with a moral, and has interested the old world considerably; it will interest the curious, and will not retard the progress of virtue or the drama. If it does not bring ridicule on the actors, as did other plays of Maeterlinck on Duse and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it will serve. Here ends Mr. Fiske's account of what he is to serve to his patrons the coming season. Nothing more remarkable in the way of a dramatic season has ever been provided by a New York manager. Plays of every pattern, native and foreign, — the best that the past and present offer, perhaps to the number of fifteen, are to be presented in the season of thirty weeks. Bravo, Mr. Fiske! On all sides of you the Syndicate and its imitators and henchmen will be rattling their money-boxes at the doors of theatres where parrots, phonographs, and cinematographs take the places of actors; in quiet supper-rooms the gentlemen who plan for the ideal theatre will discuss their pet rainbows, and vote nails to hammer the polychronic ends to the firm earth; while you build up a temple of true dramatic art in practical fashion, fill it with votaries, and make a little money to encourage you for the next venture! You deserve the crown!

It is really remarkable, this comparison between a single manager, and the com-

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

bined managers of New York city. Charles Frohman is an able business man, Marc Klaw and his partner Erlanger are clever men, Daniel Frohman has taste as well as ability, Kirke La Shelle and William Brady are capable money-getters; and all combined have never attempted, never achieved, never can attempt or achieve, what Harrison Grey Fiske will attempt and achieve this winter. The reason is plain: they are mere money-getters, and Fiske is an idealist. He has to earn his income, but when he has earned it art has the first claim: or, to put it better, he serves art, and art provides him with a decent living for his service. I do not think that Augustine Daly ever attempted so much in one season. He had not the company for so varied a drama, and no star of Mrs. Fiske's capacity. While her range is not too wide, its depth and variety are greater than most people suspect—perhaps than she herself suspects. In *Divorcons,* one of the utterly impossible farces of a forgotten period in French dramatic art, she played the part of a foolish, giddy, golden-haired butterfly, who had a heart nevertheless, with all the grace and *abandon* demanded of a spoiled darling aged eighteen. The sweet seriousness of poor *Tess,* her sublime patience under suffering, her frightful despair and murderous courage, were the precise contrary of the French character, and were as firmly and as precisely portrayed. The tragedy of *Monna Vanna* will not suffer in her portrayal, although the mediæval heroic does not seem to agree with her temperament.

With this star, Mr. Fiske has associated Mr. George Arliss, who looks like Joseph Chamberlain, and seems to like the resemblance. This actor won a reputation a long time ago for various kinds of good work, and recently helped the success of Belasco's Japanese play, a very good one, whose name escapes the memory. John Mason and William B. Mack head a company of twenty, most of them people of experience and skill. The theatre has been renovated, and made even prettier than before. Everything is ready for an enterprise full of promise for the drama. I am not saying that it must be a success, or that it is a perfectly irreproachable enterprise; I say only, putting it in the mildest form, that nothing like it has been seen since the meridian of Daly. The pessimists thought it beyond possibility for another ten years. Yet here is the successor to the brilliant Augustine in the midst of us. The Manhattan opened with *Becky Sharpe* about the fifteenth of the month, and the welcome to Mrs. Fiske was rapturous. One hope is roused by Mr. Fiske's enterprise: that before the close of the season some light will be shed on the present dramatic gloom, and a way out of the swamp—created by the Syndicate—at last be found. It is in the effort to escape that the way of escape is to be found.

"A DILAPIDATED POST-CHAISE."

"THE DILIGENCE MAKES THE DOUBLE JOURNEY DAILY.

See next page.

"SNATCHING FORTY WINKS."

MAIL COACHES IN ITALY.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

His Italian Majesty's mail-coaches are of the fearful and wonderful order of vehicles. In some parts, the mail is carried in a single-harness affair. It then is emphatically a "one-horse business." In other places, a sorry pair of jades,—broken-kneed and broken-hearted,—lean forlornly against the pole or against one another. Two shadowy breasts, with staring ribs and dirty coats, blunder along, hauling after them a dilapidated post-chaise, with six or eight passengers inside, and six outside, besides a small mountain of heterogeneous luggage. There is no paint worth speaking of on the body of the coach. The blinkers flap below the horses' ears, and the leather in the harness is guiltless of polish. The traces are of rope, and a good deal of twine is used in keeping the straps and things together. There was a recent attempt in England to reintroduce mail-coaches. The team and the "chaise," were as unlike their Italian congeners as the smart British "whip" was unlike the dreamy southron, sitting on his top-coat upon an overturned bucket, in the Piazza Colombo, snatching forty winks before his departure for Taggia.

One of the crazy carriages starting from the same Piazza, in San Remo, bears a name, as a steam-engine or a motor car bears a name. It is called: "Dite pure;" which, in English, means: "Say what you like!" or, "Well, after all, we get there!" But what with the rickety coach, extemporized harness, and miserable horses, it is a standing miracle that that particular diligence makes the double journey, daily.

MAIN STAIRWAY, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

CATHOLIC CO-OPERATION IN PUBLIC LIBRARY STATIONS.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

On Union Park Street, Boston, there is a quaint old house, with sloping roof and shuttered windows. Through the low doorway many visitors pass daily, some seeking the rooms where the Society of the Propagation of the Faith has its official home, others finding their way to the apartment on the lower floor where the Public Library has established a Service Station that is of especial interest to Catholics as it was founded through the co-operation of His Grace, Archbishop Williams, and is the first of three stations opened under similar conditions. In 1898, the Reverend Dr. Dolan, of the Cathedral, wishing to obtain books for his Boys' Club applied to the Trustees of the Library, and as a result of his application an arrangement was made by which a station was opened on the co-operative plan, the Cathedral authorities furnishing the rooms, light, fuel, and janitor's care, while the Library assumed the expenses of supplying books, distributing, stationery, and custodian's salary. During the six years this station has been in operation it has proved to be a direct benefit to all classes in the neighborhood.

It was opened December 27th, 1898, with a deposit of 400 books and in the following January, 1,490 volumes were circulated, 325 of which were drawn from the Central Library. During 1903 more

CHILDREN'S READING ROOM, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

than 28,000 books were distributed from this centre.

Later on I shall refer to the official report and other sources for information relative to the working plan by which such results are accomplished. The unique features and literary side of the institution on Union Park street are what appeal most to the visitor not obliged to consider ways and means as affecting public establishments. And certainly the Union Park street station is unique enough in its interior—low ceilings, high mantels, wrought iron grates, and mantel cupboards — architectural characteristics of the long past era to which this building belongs. It must have interesting historic associations, but could hardly have served a better purpose than it does to-day as a centre for the dissemination of knowledge. Despite the numerous signs announcing that it is a public station free to all there is a momentary hesitation about turning the door-knob and entering without further ceremony, so suggestive is the place of private occupancy. Indeed, so strong is this feeling that children, mindful of their manners and parental admonitions, knock for admission when they come to Station U for the first time—a bit of breeding that affords quiet amusement to the youthful habitues of the place. Once across the threshold one's attention is caught and held by the scene within. Over the mantel is a fine copy of "The Angelus" before which the school-children pause with a pleased sign of recognition, because "That's in my school." Many of them know its history and recite it in whispers to the uninitiated. If their shrill young voices could carry back into the past of Boston what consternation they would cause! Such instruction had no part in the education of "ye wretched boys" whom chroniclers of those days so long ago depict as corralled on the gallery stairway of the First Church, their respectful demeanor enforced by the staff of the verger—or in that of their sisters who were condemned to brew and bake and spin while their intellect starved. Perhaps such children sat in this very room, and murmured their repinings against the rigid rule of their elders, but, if so, the walls hold their secrets well, and are equally complaisant about serving the latest generation by affording shelf-room to the books they most desire. And their choice is varied indeed. Under the front window a low settee extends, and drawn up to it is a round table usually encircled by little readers, their elbows resting on its surface, their heads held in their hands after the manner common to all interested juvenile readers.

"What do they read?" I asked the custodian, and she courteously helped me to a knowledge of their taste in literature.

Boys demand books of adventure, such as "To Alaska For Gold," travel; biographies of men who have achieved; war stories, such as Stratemeyer's tales, Abbott's "Battlefields and Camp-Fires," and Mrs. Bonesteel's "Army Boys and Girls," they read Father Finn; Henty, Molly Elliot Seawell, Maurice Francis Egan; Cyrus Townsend Brady, Nature books, histories, some poetry, and quite a number verging on early manhood ask for devotional works. In their criticism of books, boys measure up to their own standard. The custodian tells of a youth who returned "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," with a severe reproof for the friend who recommended it. "That feller don't know what a good book is," he said. "Why that Chad never did nothing wrong. He ain't *real*."

The girls have their favorites among the novelists and essayists, and the books show the degree of popularity they have attained. "Katherine Eleanor Conway's books are always out," said the custodian, "the special favorites in her set being 'New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways'

and 'Lalor's Maples.'" Anna Hanson Dorsey has a numerous following, her "Two Ways" and "Tomboy" being in constant circulation. These two stories are bound together in a short, thick volume with large type, a kind of book that has an attraction all its own for young people. A little girl at the round table was absorbed in a well-thumbed book, Abbie Farwell Brown's "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," a delightful collection of stories familiar to every generation of Catholic youth, but told anew by this modern Protestant writer with a charm that is all her own. Rosa Mulholland, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Louisa Alcott, are much read; and Marion Ames Taggart's "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet" is never allowed to remain on the shelves. "The Sister's Story" is another favorite with the girls; and Christian Reid has a strong clientele among them, just as she did among their mothers, which is saying a great deal for her popularity. Lady Georgiana Fullerton is occasionally asked for.

"What of 'Grapes and Thorns'"? I asked, mindful of the pleasure the book had given a class of convent school girls whom I used to know, girls who talked books incessantly, except when they were reading them, or engaged in their studies. "'Grapes and Thorns' is as popular as ever," was the reply. "The first copy was worn out by constant use, and the second one comes in only to go out again. That is it in your hand now," the librarian added, to a lady who was turning over the leaves of a book printed in double columns. "It came in this evening. Readers tell one another about it, and 'Have you Grapes and Thorns'? is a frequent question at this desk. Yes, it's a good book; a great favorite." A few minutes later it went out again. It is well that books of this class hold their own. The latest Library report, published by Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, sounds a warning note against the majority of late productions in fiction. He says:

> "It is not intended to underestimate the value of fiction as a department of literature, or the place of the novel in modern literary development. There are doubtless writers of fiction in our day who are worthy to rank with the recognized masters. It may be conceded, also, that it is one of the functions of literature to afford pure amusement to the reader, or, through the pathway of romance, to open to him a world apart from our strenuous modern life, and that this may be done by means of the novel as in no other way. Nevertheless, it remains true that out of 1,000 volumes of fiction, more or less, that came from the press of last year, there were few which were of more than ordinary merit.
>
> "The demand for these books is stimulated by persistent advertising, and with few exceptions they are out of vogue within a short time after publication. In the aggregate 680 volumes of current fiction passed under consideration during the year. Of the entire number not more than 200 were by authors who are at all widely known. Authors whose reputation is more than local represented a much smaller number. Out of the whole, 135 titles were accepted, many of which should be classed as fiction for young readers."

Two copies of "His Hidden Servants," Francesca Alexander's exquisite volume of stories in verse, pass from reader to reader unceasingly; and Father Sheehan's "My New Curate," and "Luke Delmege" never get from the desk to the shelves, as requests for them are always waiting. Among the applicants was a high school girl who had read "Luke Delmege," having taken it from the Central Library, and now applied to the Service Station for a copy. Her father, a Jew, had become interested in the story and was very anxious to finish it. To the fiction contributed by these and many other widely-known writers should be added a later book of fascinating quality, "Kind Hearts and Coronets," by J. M. Harrison—a name that suggests masculinity, but is only one of the many pen-names assumed by a clever young woman who furnished much of the brightest fiction in the Catholic magazines for the past year or two.

Among other productions of her pen are the "Father Laurence" stories appearing in DONAHOE'S.

Men who read novels—and quite a number of them do—call for Stevenson, Doyle, and other writers equally strong in their special lines. Biography and history attract the majority. At the present time there is much interest in any work bearing on Japan, China, and Russia. One reader, an aged man, informed himself on every aspect of Russian history, taking out in turn several books dealing with the subject. Students doing preparatory work with a view to taking civil service, normal school, or other examinations, apply for books of instruction, and such books are delivered the following day, from the Central Library where all technical works are kept.

During Lent there is an increased demand for spiritual and other serious reading—all Faber's works, the Life of Christ, Father Dalgairns' "Holy Communion," "The Life of Savonarola" by Father O'Neil, "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi," and "The Life and Times of St. Bernard," being among the volumes recalled at the moment by the librarian as frequently asked for. A constant applicant for books, a colored woman, reads only spiritual works, and these are chosen from the highest expression of literary art in this class of reading matter.

At the time of the death of Leo XIII. many asked for Creelman's "On the Great Highway" which contained a fine picture of the Holy Father in his study; and stories of his life were read with interest.

The collection of library books on the shelves is augmented by three hundred volumes given by the clergy and members of the Cathedral Parish.

In a necessarily brief description of this interesting station it is impossible to do more than merely touch upon the features of the work carried on there, and in giving prominence to the children frequenting it I do so because they form a large part of my first impression of Station U. Some were reading quietly, other flitting to and fro, taking out books for home reading, doing reference work, and plying the custodian with questions, on every subject from the discovery of America to the problem "Who is the greatest lady in Boston?" Older readers come and go constantly, making their own selections from the shelves, putting in requests for books from the Central Library, or depositing volumes taken out of the station or from some other agency in the city. There is a gratifying tendency to read only books worth reading. Italians in particular showing a fine discrimination in their selection.

What has been said of Station U applies in a general way to the kindred Station, N, opened in August, 1900, in co-operation with the Catholic Young Men's Association of St. Patrick's Church, Mount Pleasant. Referring to the report of the Supervisor of Branches and Stations, we find the following reference to the establishment of this station:

"From considerations of location, Station N, 200 Blue Hill avenue, was discontinued on June 1. It was opened again, however, in August, at the corner of Dudley and Magazine streets, in consequence of an offer made by the Catholic Young Men's Association of St. Patrick's Church, to provide rooms, light, heat, and janitor service. The Library furnishes the custodian, the books and the transportation. The location is of the best, at the junction of several important thoroughfares, and within the limits of Ward 17, which was destitute of Library agencies. The use has been very satisfactory, rising to more than 2,400 volumes for one month.

. . . . . .

"I called attention to the fact last year that Stations S, U, and W, were successful instances of co-operation between the Library and other institutions, and Station N must now be added to this list. Probably no one of these stations could have been established had not the Trustees of the Library received an offer to share in the expense. The co-operation which was promised has been accompanied in every case by a continuous

interest in the work, and it seems probable that the arrangement has been satisfactory to the givers as well as to the Library."

That this opinion is well grounded is borne out by the editorial comment in the Catholic Associate, published in St. Patrick's parish, February, 1903, at which time the service station had been in operation for more than two years. Referring to the co-operation of the Association the writer says:

"The Association has had no cause to regret this action. On the other hand it takes a laudable pride in the success which has been secured by the station, as evidenced by the number and quality of the books taken out, largely, though not of course, entirely by the Catholics in this district.

"In return for the interest shown by the Association our Spiritual Director—the Rev. James A. Walsh—has been honored during the past year by his appointment as a member of the Public Library Examining Committee, in which office he has learned to appreciate the fair spirit of the library authorities and the numerous advantages of this great institution of learning.

"Catalogues have been secured for the Association, and arrangements made by which the teachers in the Parochial School may provide themselves with the latest and best material in books and art illustrations for service in the class-rooms.

"The Station has also been supplied with excellent reference books, such as encyclopædias and dictionaries, including the Catholic Dictionary, and with a good collection of monthly magazines.

"The Station has constantly on hand a selection of 500 books which are changed frequently, 50 new books being sent from the Central Library every month; but application can always be made at the Station for books in the main library, which will be delivered the following day. The Station is open from 2 to 6 P. M., and from 7 to 9 P. M.

"There is no need for the children in this vicinity to read 'dime novels,' or for adults to read trash.

"Go to the library and get a card; you have as much right there as any one else, and the custodian is always glad to serve you. When no one in the family patronizes the Public Library you are paying for what you do not use. This may be charitable on your part, but it is not altogether creditable unless you yourself have a good selection of books at home."

The excellent advice here given has evidently been acted upon. The station is a favorite resort of readers in the district in which it is established, and its importance as an educational factor in the neighborhood is steadily increasing.

The third station founded through Catholic co-operation is located in St. Charles Borromeo Hall, North street, a part of the property of the Sacred Heart Church in North Square. The station occupies the lower floor,—one large room, with piano, settees, and stage, in addition to the library furnishings. An inartistic ornament is a bust of King Humbert given by His Majesty to the City of Boston, a token of royal favor that might be dispensed with without loss of decorative effect or injury to the feelings of the majority of readers frequenting this station. It looks out from the rear of the room on groups of olive-skinned, black-haired children, who are quietly fitting into American life, and forgetting, if they ever remembered it, all allegiance to the Crown of Italy.

"What are you reading?" I asked a boy of eight or ten. He was a dreamy-looking little creature with great soft eyes and a mouth like a girl's, and it was therefore a surprise to hear him answer promptly "The Boy Who Never Gave Up." "Who was he?" "Why, a big man, George Washington." Beyond this his knowledge did not extend, but a small girl was equal to the occasion. "The First President of the United States," she recited glibly, "and the Father of his Country." The boy rolled the sweater back from his brown throat, dropped his head in his hands, and became again absorbed in his book. The girl was communicative. She told of the school upstairs conducted by the Sisters, of the public schools in the vicinity, and directed my attention to her friend who was looking up a point in Bible History. At the next table a youth, fifteen or sixteen years of age, was copying from the Universal Encyclopedia a table showing the number of Catholics, Protestants, and

Jews, in various countries. In the window-seat two children shared the Golden Rod Fairy Book, and a very little child wandered up and down intently studying the pictures of the Madonna ranged along the wall, reproductions of famous works of art. In the evening the room is given over to older readers, all children under twelve being excluded. On the shelves, books in both English and Italian were ranged, the latter being read chiefly by the adults, though many of the children can read in both languages. They show much aptitude in acquiring the unfamiliar tongue, and their preference is for English. Translations of the History of the Church, the Life of Christ, and O'Reilly's Life of Leo XIII. are much read, and here as in Station U there is a marked interest in Shakespeare, Rolfe's edition having a prominent position on the shelves. When one of Shakespeare's plays is before the public there is an increased demand, as the theatre-going Italian believes in knowing something about a drama before seeing it on the stage. Among the English books there are few complete sets, the selection being governed evidently by the measure of appreciation shown for certain volumes in a set. It must be borne in mind, however, that any book desired may be procured by application to the Central Library.

Dickens was represented by "David Copperfield." La Fontaine's "Fables," and "Children's Stories of English Literature" were near neighbors of "Trapper Jim"—a much handled book. "Door Yard Stories," "Wonderfolk in Wonder Land," "Washington and His Country," "Children of the Palm Lands," and "The Lonesomest Doll"—another of Abbie Farwell Brown's charming conceits—shared a shelf with Weyman's "Castle Inn," Mary E. Wilkins' "Under-Studies," "War as the Soldier Saw It," and "Ben Hur." "From the Earth to the Moon," "We Girls," "The Story of the Stars," "The Posy Ring" and "Six Birthdays," were wedged between "American Prose," and "The Romance of Industries." Trowbridge's "Drummer Boy," Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy," and "The Boys and Girls' Plutarch" also held place. To the authors mentioned here must be added the greater number of the Catholic authors noted in Station U.

In March, 1903, there were 1,253 volumes distributed from this station, this number including the books specially applied for from the Central Library. As will be seen from many of the titles given above, much of the reading matter on the shelves is of an elementary character, the selection being controlled by conditions peculiar to the North End. Broad margins, large print, and illustrations attract adult readers struggling with the difficulties of a new language, as well as their juniors whose special province is the domain of fairy and other fiction realms, or in the charmed region where dumb animals speak and inanimate objects tell of their own creation and uses. Rigid moralists are clamoring for the banishment of such literature, maintaining that it is destructive of truth, but generations of children have reveled in it, and generations to come will do likewise. It is wonderful what a hold fairy lore has on the child-mind till doubt enters, and then not even the art and gorgeous embellishment employed by Andrew Lang can dispel it. A seven year old girl laid down a brilliant-hued book on the custodian's desk, and asked in a very wistful little voice "Do you 'bleev in fairies? It's funny," she continued, without waiting for an answer, "how the little girls in books get everything they want, and I never get anything I want; and nice things don't happen in my home, even when I'm as good as I can be." She was learning her lesson early.

Two other children had applied for cards. They wore the long skirt, little shawl, and ear-rings of the new arrival,

and made their wants known in English as picturesque as their dress. The elder girl knitted industriously while she waited, fashioning a jacket for the baby. A fourth grade pupil with a fondness for asking questions wanted to know "How many words are there in the English language?" The custodian told me that even more absorbing problems are brought to her for solution, particularly when the schools reassemble, and class-work is supplemented by private study in the service station. The importance of this function of the Public Library outposts is in itself justification of their existence, irrespective of the many other offices they fill in the intellectual life of the city.

"There is hardly any station," says the Supervisor of Branches and Stations, in his official report, "where advice and information about books is not asked for, or where school children do not come with questions. It is desirable, therefore, to have in charge a custodian who is imbued with the library spirit and is capable of giving help to inquirers; while, further, if a station is to become one of the intellectual centres of its district, a trained custodian is absolutely necessary."

And again:

"In the case of nearly every reading-room the Library is sending books to the neighboring school, and there is a friendly understanding between the teachers and the custodian of the reading-room, so that the children are constantly sent for books, and to study their lessons there. The custodians have also taken applications for cards in the schools belonging to them. The reading-room cannot be a reservoir of books, and the volumes to send to its school must come from the Central Library or the nearest branch. But the reading-room is the agency by which the books come, and in most other respects it directly meets the wants of the children of its one or more schools. Thus the reading-rooms are becoming the subordinate centres of their districts, and much credit for the result is due to the custodians, who have worked faithfully with this end in view."

The relation of the Library to the Parochial School is thus commented on in Mr. Whitney's report for 1902-1903:

"From a library standpoint the parochial schools may be considered public schools. By an arrangement, therefore, with the Supervisor of Parochial Schools, deposits of books have lately been sent by the Library to six of them designated by him."

The Supervisor of Branches, addressing the American Library Association, on the work of Branches and Stations, classified the parochial schools as being "in every essential point public schools, and should be so treated by librarians."

The many-sided activity of the three stations touched on here is all too inadequately presented. With Catholic custodians in charge, the reading of the Catholic children and their reference work can be directed along the lines most acceptable to Catholics, while the demands for general literature are also met satisfactorily. It was my intention to quote more extensively from the printed matter showing the working of co-operative stations, but the living studies crowded out the printed word. The reports are accessible to all interested in the work and methods of that great institution, the Public Library of Boston, with its branches and lesser agencies.

For specific information relative to the splendid collection of Catholic works in this great library readers are referred to two papers "Catholic Literature in Public Libraries," and "The Half Hour Club" by Miss Susan L. Emery, published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, September and December, 1899. "Children's Books in the Public Library," (December, 1900), a third paper by the same author, gave the results of her observations in this department of literature, and it is gratifying to learn that many of Miss Emery's suggestions relative to books that should have place on the shelves have been acted upon. This Boston woman whose erudition and zeal have further enriched the domain of spiritual reading by the production of "The Inner Life of the Soul," a work reflecting as well

a wide knowledge of the best in English literature, speaks to the point, in considering the attitude of Catholics in regard to the resources of the Library. Her words of counsel may fittingly be quoted here in the hope that they may incite Catholics generally to the performance of their full duty as promoters of literature in its truest expression.

"We have but to ask steadily and courteously, and bide our time; and it will come.

"Over and over again is manifested a broad, liberal-minded policy, maintained plainly against odds, but those odds are sometimes of our own making. Much, much of the trouble lies with ourselves. If we will but learn to ask gently and firmly and patiently at the Library, which certainly is ours as well as other Bostonians, we shall gain a hearing. Those who have tried it many years know this. It is a grand institution, and greater days are before it, when, after the example of Leo XIII. with the Vatican Library, it fears not to display all its treasures to the wise man and the scholar; while to the young people and the general reader it gives, like the Church of Leo, not the erratic and erotic writings of authors whose gift of wonderful genius has been turned by them, for us and for them into a curse and not a blessing, but the writings of those who truly care for 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame.'"

TRUSTING.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

The thunder pealed; the clouds piled high;
Across the lurid inky sky
Fierce lightning played.
The sturdy trees bent to the blast;
The daylight waned; the dark fell fast;
I stood dismayed—
When from a near-by tree I heard
The tender piping of a bird,
All un-afraid.
Ah, He Who marks the sparrow's fall,
Will hear our contrite, pleading call,
Tho' far we've strayed.

TERESA OF JESUS.*

BY M. S. PINE.

'Twas a broad sweet cloister where peace abode;
And the pillared arches pleased looked down
On the nuns as to and fro they trod,
Soft-sandalled and veiled, in their robes of brown.
In the court the garden was all aflame
With tints from the heart of the tropic sun;
And the floating fragrance ever came
To His altar till each flower life was done.

And so with the souls sequestered there;
From the morn of life to the day's decline
Each soul a garden of holy prayer,
Wafted sweet odors to Jesus' shrine.
And a seraph glided among them, she
Whose soul had been pierced by the flaming dart,
Till her life was love—and they seemed to see
In Teresa, Christ's own throbbing Heart.

The gold and crimson of sunset threw
A glory around them as there they walked;
And their souls caught sacred fire anew
Awhile Teresa softly of Jesus talked.
Sweet converse over, they one by one
To the Choir ascended ere Compline bell;
But Teresa watched the sinking sun,
Her spirit rapt by some mystic spell.

When lo! 'neath the cloister arch there stood
Smiling before her a beauteous child:
Enchanted, the saint in tender mood
Caressed him, the while in accents mild,
"Who art thou?" he murmured; " and what is thy name?"
"I am Teresa of Jesus?" she said;
"And who art thou?" for a secret flame
Consumed her as on his eyes she fed.

"Jesus of Teresa am I," He smiled:—
One sweet caress and the babe was gone;
And she stood as if from Heaven exiled
While the sun's last ray upon her shone.
But when in the Choir her seraph voice
In "*Vidérunt oculi mei*"* swelled,
They thought of the angels who sang "Rejoice!"
And whispered: "Her eyes hath the Lord beheld."

*"My eyes have seen Thy salvation." From Simeon's Canticle, *Nunc dimittis.*

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sudden Love.

They were back again at Minster and the family once more gathered together. The children seemed as if they could never make enough of their father, Angela, and their dear Miss Daly. To-morrow John Corbett would be caught into business cares once more. Today he contemplated nothing more than a flying visit to Elsdon to see the partners and learn what had been doing in his absence.

They were home but twelve hours and already an envelope bearing the postmark of Ballincrusheen lay on Anne's plate at the breakfast table. She turned it over curiously.

"Not Gran," she said. It seemed quite natural now to think aloud to this homelike breakfast table. "The writing seems familiar. Ah, I know. It is the doctor's. I have seen it on a prescription. It is an apology for not coming to see us off as he promised nor even to say goodbye."

As she read her face changed. Quick dismay and grief came down on the eyes that the rains of Ireland seemed to have washed bluer.

"It is Miss Mary," she said, addressing herself to John Corbett and Angela as much as to Judy. Why they were nearly as much interested in the affairs of that little corner of the North-West as Anne was herself. "It is Miss Mary. She has taken the fever."

"Ah! Poor fellow!" said John Corbett. "What does he say?"

"He is quite brave and hopeful," said Anne, with a little catch in her throat.

She passed over a few paragraphs of the letter, feeling they were for her eyes alone. Then she began to read.

"I have taken her home: it is her home however things go; and the mother is helping to nurse her. We are doing it together. A friend of mine takes my duty, and I hardly leave her bedside. The hospital is empty now. More than anyone else she helped to send them home healed to the fine new start in life Mr. Corbett, God bless him, has given them. Tell him they are praying for him at Hungry Foreland, for what he did for them. She'd send you her love if she could. As soon as there's a bit of good news I'll let you know. The Lord wouldn't take her from me and the old mother now, and leave me a widower all my days."

It was a cloud on their home-coming. Anne had dashed off a passionate message of prayer and grief to Dr. Glenn, and had taken Judy with her to post it. They came in together to find that the Duchess and her nephew had come to pay them an afternoon visit.

"Smokeshire has been empty without you, Anne Daly, you ungrateful girl," she said, taking Anne into a warm embrace. "Mrs. Perkins has been going about wilted. Even Matilda Packington misses you. As for this bad boy of mine he's simply swallowed up in working-men. He says there's no one else in the county worth speaking to."

Anne looked at Lord Godfrey Ingestre with a smile. He was apparently not heeding his aunt. He was staring with all his eyes at Judy who was standing shyly in the shelter of tall Anne. Judy was wearing a homespun frock of brilliant scarlet. Her little head was like the black silk corona of a poppy. The scarlet seemed to repeat itself softly in her lips and her cheeks. Of her eyes you could see nothing. The black lashes that rested on her cheeks covered them.

Anne drew her forward.

"I have brought back a little cousin with me," she said. "Miss Judy Daly, Duchess. She is dreadfully shy."

As soon as she could escape Judy crept away into the quietest corner of the room. It happened to be the corner where Angela presided over the tea-cups. Judy was quite at home with all the Corbett family. They caused her no embarrassment now. It was another matter with this strange young man who looked so big and shapeless, yet so handsome in his rough clothes. Although Judy's lashes were so thick and so persistently down she had received a vivid impression of his handsome head, set on the great neck which the absence of collar revealed, of the thick locks flung backward, of the eager quixotic face, the gray quixotic eyes.

She crept close to Angela, who in a frock of pale green linen, a delightful fabric she had discovered in Ireland, looked like a snowdrop. But the young man's gaze followed her; presently the young man followed his gaze. The children clustered about him. He was *persona grata* with the children. He talked with them without condescension, on equal terms. He never interfered with their privileges. He did not attempt now to carry the tea or the tea-cakes since it was something the children liked to do. All the time he stared at Judy like a man fascinated.

Meanwhile the two friends were isolated on their distant sofa.

"I am a new woman, Anne," said the Duchess. "No; I don't mean that I wear the garments Lady Harthill approves of, nor write improper stories, nor even play golf and put my fellow creatures' lives in peril as is the way of lady-golfers. Godfrey has made me a new woman in another sense. I used to have a vague fancy for him because he reminded me ever so slightly of my Noel. Now the likeness comes out every hour of every day. He is Alured's son and Grace's son of the body; he is my son of the heart. They have all but cast him off for his odd opinions. Parents will do such things, my dear. Alas, the parents whose children are spared to them! He is worth a thousand of Greville, their eldest, a starched prig whom they adore, and Compton, and all the others put together. He is a big, generous, foolish boy, with impracticable ideas, and that good-looking head of his packed as full of brains as it will hold. I'm not only a bereaved mother, Anne, but I am the mother of a living son: and it does no wrong to Noel. Godfrey would never tell me but I know he loves me better than his own mother. He will have all my savings even if he builds Utopia with them."

Anne looked at her friend with eyes that were as good as an embrace.

"I think he's a dear fellow," she said. "He will grow out of his queernesses."

The Duchess gave a little half-stifled laugh.

"Do you know I'm not sure I want him to?" she said with enjoyment. "I think he's just unique as he is. I sometimes visit him at the works. I love to come in and watch him before he has discovered me, shining with sweat and grease,—am I very coarse, dear?—and black as a navvy, and so happy among all his machinery. I've begun to have Saturday afternoons in the gardens to please him."

"Saturday afternoons!" Anne repeated.

"For his friends, the working-men and their wives and children. It's surprising how well-mannered the creatures are. I'll tell you what, Anne; you needn't swagger so much over the good manners of your peasantry. It has come upon me as a discovery that our people are charmingly well-mannered. It is the upper middle-class gives us our bad name. I was afraid the servants would have given notice at first. But Godfrey can wind them round his little finger. You must come one Saturday afternoon, Anne, and

help to entertain them. You will be perfectly at home."

"I shall love it," said Anne, with sincerity.

"I'm disappointed about Angela," went on the Duchess, leaning to Anne in a confidential manner. "I mean about the effect of her on Godfrey. He thought her very angelic-looking, but I could see he was indifferent. I did hope Angela might have brought him back to evening clothes and collars. This is a mission his wife will find herself called upon to perform."

"Perhaps Angela would not be equal to it," said Anne laughing.

The Duchess looked at her keenly.

"What has come to you, Anne Daly?" she asked. "I used to think you an unhumorous person."

"Perhaps I've been learning it in England," said Anne demurely. "Perhaps I haven't been able to display it in England. There aren't the same chances."

"Oh, that is it," said the Duchess goodhumoredly. "It's like the manners: you judge us by our villa-folk. Look at our humorous literature."

"I acknowledge it," said Anne handsomely. "Only why are your villa-folk so immensely preponderating?"

"We couldn't do without them. They're our main stay. But you're changed, Anne. I don't know what has come to you. You are less . . insular. It's what you're fond of calling us; but it is no less true of yourselves."

What threatened to become a discussion on the differences between peoples was averted. The Duchess suddenly lifted her lorgnette and stared through it.

"I should like to know, Anne," she said, "why my nephew is staring at the little black-headed girl. Not but what she's pretty enough to stare at. But I don't want him to stare at anyone but Angela."

"I'm sure Judy doesn't like it," said Anne. "I was just thinking I ought to go and rescue her."

"It is rather rude of Godfrey. I don't suppose he knows he is doing it. After all she is a very pretty child. I suppose a young man ought to be excused for staring at her. Still I think I'd better take him away. I've missed you so, Anne. I've wanted to tell you how happy the boy has made me. Hence our descent on you this very first afternoon. You'll have Mrs. Perkins post-haste, and Lady Packington and all the rest. When do you dine with us? Monday? But you will come sooner than that to lunch with me alone. Friday? Yes, that will do. You dear creature, I haven't half said my say."

The Duchess was evidently distracted from the matter in hand. She caught up her nephew impetuously and swept him off with her, to the grief of the children who had been clamoring to carry him off to the schoolroom where there were ever so many disabled toys wanting wheels and such things which only his clever fingers could fit on.

"Another time, another time!" she said imperiously. "It's not every afternoon I get him to make calls with me. Only a special concession."

As the landau rolled off she turned in an uneasy way to her nephew.

"Didn't Angela please your artistic eye?" she asked. "That green frock with her nimbus of hair?"

"I didn't notice Miss Angela, ma'am," he said bluntly. "I thought the little Irish girl the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"Godfrey!"

His eyes met hers and hers quailed before him.

"I shall marry her if she will have me," he said. "And I think she will have me."

"I meant something quite different for you," said the Duchess lamely.

"I wouldn't disappoint you lightly," he said,—and his eyes were like Noel's, "but she has done for me. I never cared for a girl before. It must be fate. Don't let it come between us."

The Duchess burst into tears. Then

she turned to her nephew in the carriage and hugged him, to the amazement of the footman who happened to be looking that way.

"I can't let anything come between us," she said. "It is for you to dictate terms."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Archangels.

Hilary Vallance came and went as he would. When he had undertaken to paint the ceiling of the chapel he had expressly stipulated with Mr. Corbett that he should have his own time.

"I couldn't say what day the wander-fit might seize me," he said laughing, "and I shall have to go. I am a thorough vagabond, not like you, sir. I can't answer for myself especially at this time of year:

"'The heavenly weather's call! O, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive?'"

"Perhaps I know it better than you think, my lad," said John Corbett. "And you are certainly free to take your time, to go and come as you will."

He was away on one of his roaming expeditions when they returned, and in the general rush of the day following Angela had not a minute of time to see the paintings which had taken hold of her mind in an odd way.

Minster was a delightful place to come home to, and Angela felt the keenest joy and pride in seeing it again. It lay in the full golden light of the June afternoon of which there were yet a couple of hours before sunset. All the gardens lay emerald-green with their parterres of flowers gay in the smooth turf. The air was sweet with roses and honeysuckles. The old house lay basking in the warm sun. She wondered, with a sudden rush of love for the place, how she had been content to stay away so long from it. She could hardly content herself in the hands of her maid while she did her hair and put on her simple dinner-frock.

"Why what has come to you, Miss Angela?" asked Ellis, who had come as children's maid when Angela was about eight, and was on terms of affectionate familiarity with her young mistress. "You're that wrigglesome. You're more like Miss Hilda than like a grown-up young lady."

"I want to get out, Ellis. I want to see what has been happening all these ages. To think we have missed May at Minster: and that all the apple-blossom is over even if roses and pinks are come. I want to see Mrs. Mason and everyone. Do hurry up Ellis. I'm sure that will do very nicely."

"Seeing as how young Mr. Armytage is coming to dinner this evening, it would become you, Miss Angela, to let me do your hair as pretty as I can."

Angela laughed, escaped at last from Ellis' hands, ran down the corridor and the wide stairs, and flitted out into the sunlight.

There was no one in sight, except a solitary gardener's boy rolling a grassy terrace. There was so much to see she hardly knew where to begin. A couple of dogs followed at her heels as she passed through the opening in the yew hedge that faced the hall-door into the garden where the shades were deep beyond the magnificent yews. She smelt a rose here and there as she went, and stood a few seconds by the fish pond to watch the gold fish swimming in its clear depths. She turned aside into the hot house, heavy with scents. She went on through the kitchen-garden, pausing to pick a few cherries from a bough that bobbed its fruit against her lips.

At last she took the way that brought her out opposite the door of the chapel. She had wanted all day to see how far Mr. Vallance had progressed with his angels. A little flush came in her cheek. She knew she would see herself in some

of those golden-headed, rosy-fleshed children, with the wings of Paradise. She did not acknowledge to herself that the thing she had most desired to see when she wriggled under Ellis' hands was the roof of the chapel. Indeed, as she stood at the half-open door, she hesitated, made as though she would turn back, finally passed timidly inside.

For a minute or two she could see nothing. The windows were filled with stained glass which admitted only a dim religious light—except when the morning sun was full upon the front. The only light now was from the rose-window above the altar, and that was glowing like a jewel with the western sky behind it.

Presently she lifted her eyes, and having become used to the dimness, saw the altered aspect of the ceiling. Mr. Vallance had not been idle. He had treated the ceiling as the sky, with the faces of angels, the heads and shoulders and arms and wings of angels, looking through the rosy and golden clouds.

She looked about her with delight. On the wall, close at hand she saw the solitary figure of an angel, a St. Michael in armor, a sword in his hand.

"You like it, I hope?" said a voice, close by her. "It is the first of the Archangels. I am going to paint in so many panels, Archangels, Angels, Principalities, Powers. I wish that anywhere might be found space for Lucifer, Star of the Morning, for his name's sake."

Angela turned, and met Mr. Vallance's eyes.

"Where did you spring from?" she asked. "We heard you were away."

"I was on that raised platform over there," he answered, indicating a dim corner by the altar. "I returned this afternoon. When I saw you come in, and stand looking up, I thought at first you were one of my models. I assure you I did, and was so startled that I nearly stepped backward off the platform."

"I hope not," she said, and turned a little pale.

"Forget it," he said quickly. "I don't suppose I should have been very much hurt even if I had. The platform is not more than eight feet high. And my angels,—what do you think of them? I have wondered so often what you would think of them."

He looked anxiously at her, and she turned away her eyes. Somehow the old ease of intimacy seemed gone. It was no longer the sick youth whom their horses' feet had wounded, but a singularly handsome young man, with a grave and distinguished air, whose eyes looked at Angela much as though she had been one of his models.

"I know one of your angels," she said, turning away her head, "the one with the peacock's feathers in its wings."

He laughed, with a boyish and sweet gaiety.

"You have found me out," he said. "Wasn't it audacious? And that other fellow with the black and white in his wings. Do you know him? Ah, I am afraid of a critic who is so well acquainted with angels."

"Papa will be delighted," said Angela, still gazing upwards. "He will say that you did well to go to the birds for your angels' wings. I see the pheasant purple and bronze up there: and surely there in the corner is a bird-of-Paradise."

"Why, they are all birds-of-Paradise," he said.

"You must have worked hard," she said. "Papa will be delighted with the ceiling. I know he did not expect to see so much work."

"Why, how long have you been away?" he asked. "Three months, four months? Two months! Surely not. And yet: yet I remember you at Easter carrying a bunch of daffodils. So I suppose it cannot have been so long after all."

"Someone has looked after you?"

"Mrs. Mason watches over me like a mother. Other people would have been very kind to me, Mrs. Reuben Armytage, for example. But I have had no time. I have been living with my work. You don't know how delightful it has been to see these grow."

"It must have been," said Angela, with a wistful little sigh.

Willie Armytage put in an appearance at dinner, and sat next to Angela. Mr. Corbett remarked of Willie that he had evidently been working hard. Certainly Willie looked older; one might have imagined that a slightly careworn expression had settled on his pleasant face. Anne thought it was an improvement and said so to Mr. Corbett in the drawing-room after dinner. "Willie grows responsible," she said.

She was sitting with a book in her lap beside a shaded lamp. She was wearing some thin crapy stuff of a warm heliotrope color; cut straight across the beautiful shoulders, revealing the nobly moulded white arms.

John Corbett stood a little away and watched the dark head bent in the lamplight, while the fingers were busy cutting the pages of the book.

All the windows were open, and moths flew in and out, fluttering about in the circle of the lamplight. There was a sky of faint green outside. Mr. Vallance was at the piano playing something of Wagner's which was like the swelling of a storm, like the trouble of night and tempests. A couple had passed out on the terrace; Hetty and Judy Daly, not Angela and Willie as one might have expected. They sat listening to the music. At least Angela listened. Willie leant a little forward, with his chin in his hand. He looked gloomy in the half-light. Yet what could Willie have to be gloomy about?

She looked up suddenly and met John Corbett's eyes.

"Frankly, do you hate to come back?" he asked.

"Frankly, no," she answered; "I never thought that I should become so reconciled to—to other things than Witch's Castle. When you have no longer any use for me I shall . . . "

"And when do you suppose that is going to be?" he answered, with a passionate kindness that startled her. "I think we should all rebel, should keep you by main force if you thought of going."

"I hated to come," she said, "though I didn't pretend to Gran. I fancied you would all be so different."

"Ah," he smiled. "It is safest to begin with a little aversion."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Prodigal's Wife.

Someone else upon whom they had not counted was awaiting Anne's return with anxiety.

Suddenly in one of her walks she met Mr. Olivarez face to face, so unexpectedly that she had no time to put into execution her first impulse of flight. He was standing before her, holding out his hand in the green woodland road.

"You were going to run away from me," he said, with the smile that Anne detested.

She could not deny it so she said nothing. Unwillingly she had let her hand touch his because she had first met him at John Corbett's table. She did not look at him, but tried to pass on with a bow.

"If you please, Miss Daly," he said, "I wish to speak to you, for I may not have another opportunity. I should like my answer from your own lips. Once I have it I shall abide by it, and shall not trouble you."

Anne lifted her eyes and looked at him.

Something in the words and the way they were spoken had disarmed her.

"You can speak, of course," she said and she trembled a little. "But I may warn you that the answer will not be what you would wish to hear. Is it any use speaking?"

"I think I should like to feel afterwards that I had done my best," he said. "I have not set my mind on many things in my life as I have on this. I have generally got whatever I wanted. Perhaps my luck is going to fail me now. Will you marry me, Miss Daly?"

"No," said Anne, and a flush rose in her cheek. She was becoming conscious of the fact that her aversion for Mr. Olivarez was that of a woman for the man who wants her against her will. In that one glance at his face it had occurred to her that other women might not find him so intolerable. It had a coarse beauty of its own. His eyes as they met hers had been honest if they had been disagreeably ardent from Anne's point of view.

"I have a great deal to offer," he said slowly.

"Offer it elsewhere," Anne replied almost rudely.

"It is the privilege of a woman," he said, "to treat as an insult the greatest compliment a man can offer her."

The quiet speech went to Anne's generous heart.

"Forgive me," she said, "and let me go, Mr. Olivarez. Indeed, it is not pleasant to me to be rude or give pain."

"In a minute. Of course I knew when I said I had much to offer that I had nothing you would care to accept. If you were that sort of girl I wouldn't want you so badly. You are quite sure you will never change your mind?"

"Quite sure."

"You knew of my intentions towards you?"

Anne blushed deeply.

"I see that Corbett told you."

"He not only told me,"—Anne looked at him fearlessly, "but he urged many things in your behalf."

"That I was richer than himself?"

"He said that, but he knew it would not have weight with me. He said that you were liked and well thought of."

"He didn't try to set you against me?"

"He did not."

"Ah, that was straight of him. I think I knew he wouldn't or I'd have done him a very shrewd turn as I threatened to. Especially since he was in love with you himself. I told him so."

"Mr. Olivarez!"

Anne tried to be haughty, but could not keep the waves of color from flowing into her face where Olivarez watched them with a most curious expression of envy.

"Corbett's a lucky fellow," he said. "He doesn't deserve it in one sense, for he is ten years older than I, and he ought to have lived his life. Miss Daly, I'd marry Corbett if I were you. Yes; I see you will. A woman like you doesn't blush for nothing. Good-bye, Miss Daly, and forgive me for annoying you, I wanted my answer from your own lips, that was all. Your face has given me my final answer."

He strode on, leaving Anne to take her own way in great perturbation of spirit. Was it true as he had said that John Corbett was in love with her?—as he had suggested, that she was in love with him? A speech of her girlhood long forgotten returned to her mind. "I should like to marry a man named John; it sounds so strong and reliable." And was this why she had found another man's wooing so intolerable?

From habit she looked down at where Brian's portrait had been used to rise and fall on her bosom. It was no longer there; nor was she wearing his ring. She had said to herself when she laid them gently aside in their velvet-lined cases,

that she did so because she had given up looking for Brian to return. But she had not long pretended to deceive herself: she was too candid to have sophistries even with herself.

She was on her way to see Mrs. Perkins. She had had a letter of entreaty, written by a secretary and signed by Mrs. Perkins in an ill-formed, commercial hand. Mrs. Perkins had the gout, and could not get to her carriage without torture. She had a special reason for wishing to see Miss Daly. Would Miss Daly come as soon as possible?

Anne read haste and need into the secretary's formal note. The Duchess had repeated to her that her old friend had missed her sadly. She heard the same report from old Mrs. Corbett, who had kept house at Minster while they were all away, and had accumulated a great stock of knitted shawls and Cardigan jackets and stockings and gloves against the cold Christmas that was so far away in these radiant summer days. Mrs. Perkins had come and taken Mrs. Corbett for drives. She had breathed many times into that well of silence and safety her unsatisfied existence since she had been a wealthy woman and run after by the great and titled.

Anne was walking faster than she was aware of because she was thinking so hard and so excitedly, when a voice soft as a feather falling reached her ear.

"Miss Anne," it cried, "Miss Anne."

The voice brought memories of Witch's Castle and soft days and soft, slow, easy-going ways. It was a long time since she had heard it but she knew that it was familiar. She pulled herself up short on her headlong descent into a little ravine through which the road wound, and came face to face with a girl in a widow's bonnet and cloak. She looked hot and tired in the heavy, dragging things, and her pale lips were apart as though she panted for breath. She had something in her arm, a baby lying in the tender curve which a baby takes in its accustomed place.

"Miss Anne."

Anne looked into the face, pale, where she remembered creamy whiteness with an underlying tinge of brown, into the fond, timid, gentle brown eyes.

"Lizzie Brennan!" she said. "Lizzie Brennan! And what in Heaven's name brings you here, child, so far from Ballincrusheen! What has been happening to you at all? And why don't you go home?"

"Miss Anne, the people I went to service to in Dublin took me away to England, and I went because I was fond of them. And then the master,—he was in the army,—had to go to India, and they'd have taken me there only I couldn't put all that distance between me and Ballincrusheen. So the mistress found a place for me; but I wasn't happy. It didn't seem homely somehow, the people being English, and I left it, and after that I had great trouble and misfortune."

"But you were good, Lizzie, you were good?" said Anne, putting out her hand to touch the sleeping baby's cheek. "You were the nuns' pet pupil; and Father Kelly thought a deal of you. You were always so gentle and modest, and truly religious. You married, Lizzie, and are a widow, but you were always a good child?"

The entreaty in Anne's voice might have been that of the angel guardian pleading with his charge.

(To be continued.)

"THE SHADOW OF WHITE DEATH IS NEAR."

A SONG: IN OCTOBER.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The acorns fall, and slow decay,—
"To send up tender green in spring,"
The red leaves flutter every way,
The meadow larks no longer sing.

The shadow of white death is near,
The wind bears coldly winter's breath,
"Ah, fearful heart, have then no fear,
The May must come,—there is no death."

Death lurks behind the maples' glow,
"Life lives beyond the frost-wing's flight,
There is no death,—Christ wills it so!—
The darkness leads into the Light!"

RT. REV. FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

"This is my first visit to America," said the Rt. Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, Abbot President of the English Benedictines, "and I am here to make a thorough study of the institutions, both public and private, which are devoted to education. I will especially study the Catholic seminaries in the country, and then the colleges and convents. I will be here three months, during which time I shall travel over much of the United States and Canada. I will go as far west as Omaha, St. Louis and St. Paul."

Dom Gasquet was accompanied on his American trip by Monsignor Nugent, the Father Drumgoole of Liverpool. The learned Abbot will deliver in the United States the following course of lectures:

1. "Rise of English Art;" 2. "Wolsey and the Divorce;" 3. "What Edward VI. Did With the Catholic Liturgy;" 4. "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion;" 5. "Anglican Ordinations;" 6. "The Relations of England and Rome in the Thirteenth Century;" 7. "The Black Death of 1349;" 8. "Some Aspects of Guild Life;" 9. Christian Democracy and Parish Life in Mediaeval Times;"

10. Troubles of a Recusant in Penal Times;" 11. "Position of English Catholics a Hundred Years Ago;" 12. "St. Bede."

Francis Aidan Gasquet is a Londoner by birth. Born October 5, 1846, at No. 26 Euston place, where his father, a medical man, was in practice, the Abbot comes, as his name would suggest, from an old French family, long resident at Toulon. His grandfather was one of the emigres, and settled in London, where his son, Raymond, qualified, in 1811, for the medical profession and married an English lady. The third son of this union is the Abbot. In the late fifties Mr. Gasquet removed to Bayswater, where Dr. Manning had lately founded the Oblates of St. Charles. Here the son used to serve the Mass of the father-superior, and began a friendship with the great churchman which lasted until the end of the Cardinal's life. In due course the boy went to Downside College, and in January, 1865, found his vocation as a monk. He entered the novitiate at Belmont, near Hereford, where he remained for five years, and in 1870 returned to St. Gregory's Monastery, where he took his solemn vows and was, in due course, ordained priest in 1874.

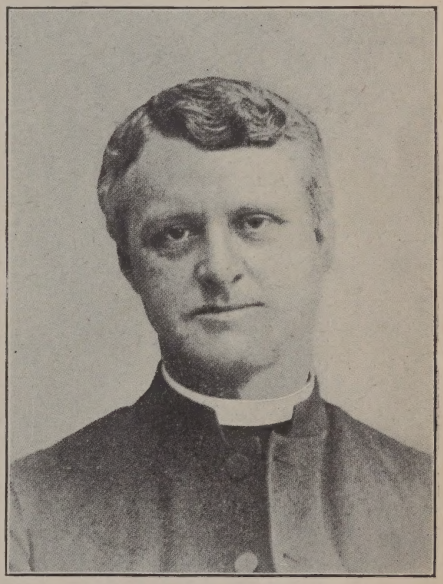
At Downside Dom Aidan began what was a singularly brilliant career, and in a few years passed through almost every administrative post, until 1878 found him elected prior of the community. Downside in those days had no abbot, so Dom Gasquet was the head of his community. For eight years he held this important post, and has left his mark on the place, not only by the intellectual life he infused into the monastery but also by the material additions which are the evidence of the life within.

In 1885 he resigned and came to London, where he devoted himself to historical research, and began a close intimacy with Mr. Edmund Bishop, one of the most learned men of Europe

In 1888 appeared the first volume of an epoch-making work, "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries."

In 1890 Dom Gasquet published a work in collaboration with Mr. Bishop, "Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer," a book which is used in some Anglican theological colleges as a text-book. Other books have followed from his pen. There has been no hurry, and each volume is a weighty and well-balanced account. Among some of his better known works are "The Eve of The Reformation" (1900) and "A Short History of the Catholic Church in England" (1903). A new volume has come out this year, "English Monastic Life," which fully keeps up to the high standard set by his first work.

The recent meeting of the Alumnae Association of Mt. Aloysius Academy, Cresson, Pa., was the occasion of a brilliant address by the Rev. Father Fidelis, C. P. Speaking of the aspirations of youth, he said: "I have no sympathy for that spirit which would treat lightly the ideals of our youth. It is a common saying with many that in our early days we had bright dreams, day dreams, castles in the air, but when we come to meet the stern realities of life, when we are in the shock of the conflict, these bright visions disappear like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, and we are taught the hard commonplaces and the real facts of life. Now there may be just a tinge of truth in all this, but the higher truth is far above this, and I maintain that the true ideals of life are those which come to us in the first

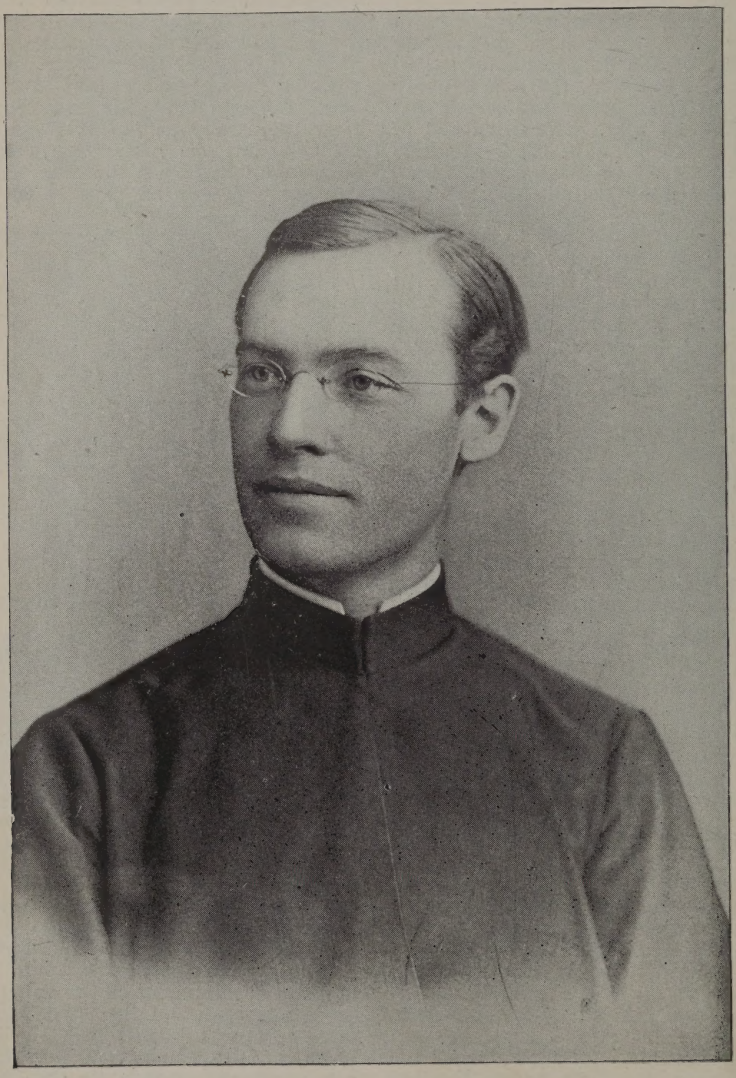


REV. FATHER FIDELIS, C. P.

fresh dawn of early youth—at least when that youth has been passed under the influences of a Christian education, which education means, not the mere cramming of instruction, but the drawing out, the unfolding, the development of the spiritual, as well as intellectual activity; and Almighty God gives to even his little ones the light of His truth simultaneously with the light of His grace. Never, though we live to four score years, shall we have brighter dreams, higher aspirations, nobler ambitions, than those which came to us in the days of our youth, and it was in just such a home of Christian education as this that such ideals were sure to unfold themselves to your own youthful minds."

Father Fidelis(James Kent Stone) a convert to the Church, was born in Boston, in 1840. He graduated at Harvard in 1861, and

subsequently studied two years in German and Italian universities; then returned home and entered the volunteer military service, but after six months retired on account of wounds. He then became professor in Kenyon college, and later president of the institution, having in the meantime been ordained minister in the Protestant Episcopal church. In 1869 he renounced Protestantism and was admitted into the Church. In 1870 he published "The Invitation Heeded," giving reasons for his change. He entered the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle and was ordained priest, but about 1875 became a member of the Passionist Order, and after a few years of labor in conducting religious retreats in the United States was assigned to missionary work in South America. He subsequently was recalled to this country and is at present Master of Novices at the Retreat of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg.



REV. THOMAS SHERMAN, S.J.

The Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., has been assigned to a new field of labor, similar to that which the Paulists are engaged in their missions to non-Catholics. Father Sherman is a popular speaker of enviable reputation.

That, with his relationship to the famous Civil War general, will draw crowded houses wherever he appears.

Among the successful men in the younger ranks, who have made their own way to the goal of success must be numbered, Mr. James J. Phelan, of Charlestown, Mass. Entering the Boston Stock Exchange in 1887 as a page on the floor he devoted himself so assiduously to his duties that promotion was rapid, and ten years later he was admitted to membership in the Exchange. In 1900 he became a member of the firm of Hornblower & Weeks, bankers and brokers, whose service he had entered as a boy of sixteen years. Mr. Phelan, although young in years, is looked upon as an authority on State Street and his judgment is regarded by older heads as extraordinarily conservative and clear. He probably inherited an inclination for finance from his father, a well-known expert accountant.

In 1899 appreciating the great field offered in Boston for a Trust Company which should have on its directory representative Catholics, Mr. Phelan with the Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil and others formed the Federal Trust Company. In this enterprise he has worked with characteristic earnestness, and his familiarity with matters of finance and his keen judgment have been of great assistance in advancing the Company to its present flourishing condition. As Vice-President he was the youngest bank officer in Boston at that time. He has been a thoughtful student and has thus equipped himself with knowledge. He is a member of the B. A. A., Clover and Exchange Clubs, and of the Charlestown Catholic Literary Union, of which he was President.

MR. JAMES J. PHELAN.

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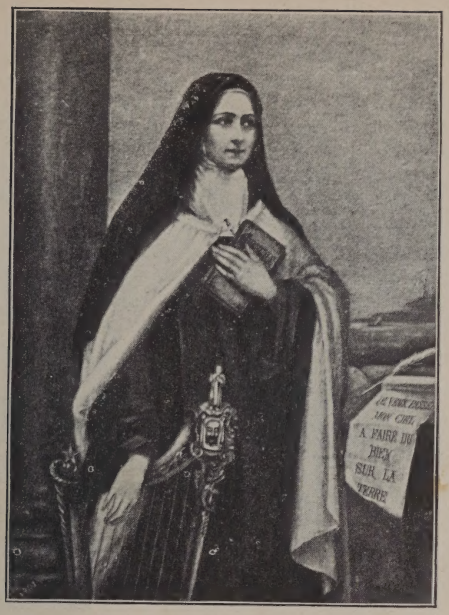


SISTER TERESA OF THE INFANT JESUS.

UNE ROSE EFFEUILLÉE.

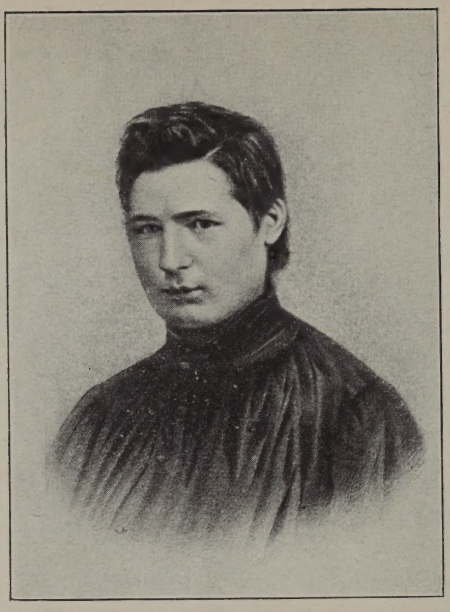
BY S. L. EMERY.

The religious spirit of the French people is surely not wholly dead if we may judge from the fact that 18,000 copies of the life of a young Carmelite nun of Lisieux have been sold in that land, within a few years. An adaptation under the title *"The Little Flower of the Infant Jesus"* is known in English: but the entire French life appears in two forms, one a large edition with the poems of the gifted young soul; the other without the poems except one under the title—which also forms the title of that edition—*"Une Rose Effeuillée."* We give our readers, herewith, a translation of these exquisite stanzas; and also a picture of the singularly beautiful, brilliant, and spiritual countenance of this gifted girl who never wrote poems before she entered the cloister at the age of seventeen, and who died at twenty-four.

To illustrate her many-sided character, we have added her hymn to the youthful martyr Theophane Venard, who was beheaded for the Faith in Tonquin in 1861, and whose portrait we here present; and also her poem, filled with missionary zeal, to Our Lady of Victories, relating to the brothers of her soul, two far-off missionaries in Africa.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

Child Jesus! in Thy loving Mother's fond embrace,
Held by her hand,
For the first time, upon our hard cold earth, dost Thou
All trembling stand?



VENERABLE JEAN THEOPHANE VENARD.

Fain in Thy pathway, now, fresh rose-leaves would I spread,—
Their Maker's dower;—
That so Thy tiny feet might very softly rest
Upon a flower.

These scattered rose-leaves form the image of a soul,
O Child most dear!
That longs to immolate itself without reserve
Each moment here.
Lord! on Thine altars more than one fresh rose would love
To shine, near Thee:
Gladly they give themselves. Another dream is mine,—
To fade for Thee!

How gayly decks Thy feasts, dear Child! a rose new blown,
Fragrant and fair;
But a rose, withered, is forgot; to the wind's will,
Cast anywhere.
These scattered leaves seek now no earthly joy or rest;
For self, no gain.
Ah, little Jesus! so I give Thee all. Of self
Let naught remain.

Trampled the rose-leaves lie beneath the passer's tread,
Unmarked, unknown.
I comprehend their lot;—these leaves, tho' pale and dead,
Are still Thine own.

For Thee they die; as I, my time, my life, my all,
Have spent for Thee.
Now, in men's sight, only a faded rose am I,
Who die for Thee.

For Thee I die, for Thee, Jesus, Thou Fairest Fair!—
Joy beyond telling!—
Thus, fading, would I prove my love for Thee alone,
All bliss excelling.
Under Thy feet, to smooth Thy way through life, my heart
Desires to lie;
And, softening Thy hard path up Calvary's awful height,
Thus would I die.

TO THE VENERABLE THEOPHANE VENARD, MARTYRED.

O Theophane, angelic martyr blest!
All the elect to sing thy praise aspire;
And thee to hail, behold! there stand confest
The seraphim, with love divine on fire.
I, a poor exile still on this dull earth,
Can not with them my joyful song combine;
Yet will I take my harp, and sing thy worth,
And claim thee as a kindred soul to mine.

Thy brief bright sojourn here was like a psalm
Of heavenly melody, all hearts upraising;
Thy love for Jesus brought forth flowers like balm,
Through all thy life thy dearest Saviour praising.
Writing thy farewell thy last earthly night,
That farewell was a song of spring and love,
"I, little butterfly, the first take flight,
Of all our loved ones, to our home above."

Thou, happy martyr! in the hour of death
Didst taste the deep delight of suffering;
Thou didst declare, e'en with thy dying breath,
That it is sweet to suffer for the King.
When the stern headsman made thee offer fair
Thy torture to abridge, how swift thy word:
"Oh, blest am I my Master's cup to share!
Long let my suffering last with Christ my Lord!"

Virginal lily! life had but begun,
When thy King heard thy loving heart's desire.
I see in thee a flower whose race is run,
Yet His hand plucked it but to lift it higher.

And now, no longer, exile dost thou know;
Thy ecstasy the Blest rejoice to see;
That Rose of love, the virgin white as snow,
Rejoices in thy heavenly purity.

Soldier of Christ! thy armor lend to me!
For sinners' souls I long to give my life;
For them to give my tears, my blood, like thee.
Protect me then, and arm me for the strife!
For them I fain would fight till life is done,
God's kingdom take by force their souls to save.
"Not peace to earth I bring" (so spake God's Son),
"But fire and sword I bring." Oh, saving glaive!

How dear is now to me that pagan horde,
The object of thy burning love below!
If Jesus would to me that grace accord,
Ah, thither with what ardor would I go.
Before Him space and distance fade away,
This earth is but a plaything on the breeze;
My actions, my small sufferings to-day,
Can make my Jesus loved beyond the seas.

Oh, were I but a flower of springtime too,
That the Lord soon would gather to His breast!
Come down from heaven at my last hour anew,
O Theophane, thou youthful martyr blest!
Come, with the virginal flames of thy pure love,
Come, to burn from my soul all earthly clay,
That I may fly to heaven's courts above,
And join thy cohort in unending day.

TO OUR LADY OF VICTORIES.

Queen of Virgins, of Apostles, and of Martyrs.

O Mother! thou my heart's desire
Hast now fulfilled; so hear my cry
Of gratitude and love like fire
Thy child uplifts to thee on high.

By love for God and man combined,
By bonds of prayer and earnest will,
Thou deignest now my soul to bind
To those who Christ's last wish fulfill.

Theirs throughout pagan lands to go
And raise the cross of Christ on high;
Mine, hidden in the cloister low,
His slightest will to satisfy.

Suffering I long for; and the cross
Is my desire, for it I crave.
A thousand deaths were gain, not loss,
If thus one soul I could but save.

Therefore to Carmel's hill I come,
To immolate myself for men;
The fire Christ brought from Heaven's high home
I fain would light in hearts again.

By daily prayer and pain and toil
Within the silent cloister here,
I can upon old Afric's soil
Make thy name loved, O Mother dear!

My prayers shall travel every day
As far as ancient Nilus rolls;
My brothers, missioned far away,
Aided by me, shall conquer souls.

By them the pure baptismal stream
Shall make of a poor Pagan child
A temple where God's grace shall beam
And God with man be reconciled.

Fain would I see dear children fill
The heavenly courts where seraphs sing!
Them, by my prayers and God's sweet will,
My brothers shall to Jesus bring.

The palm my spirit longs to gain
I by my brothers' hand shall win.
A martyr's sister! Any pain
Would seem how light that grace to win.

The fruit of our apostolate
Our longing eyes at last shall see;
When, entering in at heaven's gate,
Our souls shall meet the saved and thee.

Theirs be the honors of the fight,
Theirs, my dear brothers, far away;
Mine the reflection of their light,
At last, in heaven's eternal day.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXIII.

The Church of God being a divine institution, implies two distinct classes within her fold: those who administer, and those who receive the sacraments—those who preach and those who believe—those who govern and those who obey.

St. Paul says: "To every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the giving of Christ. Wherefore He saith: Ascending on high, He led captivity captive: He gave gifts to men. And He gave some apostles and some prophets, and others some evangelists, and others some pastors and doctors. For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: until we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ; that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive. But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him who is the head, even Christ: from Whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity." (Eph. iv. 7-16.)

The apostle here plainly tells us that Our Lord established a sacred body of teachers and rulers, to keep His people in one faith, and built them up in the way of salvation. Now what is this sacred body of teachers? They are the episcopate and the priesthood of the Catholic Church.

It is of divine faith that our Blessed Lord ordained the Apostles to the priesthood when He said: "Do this in commemoration of me." The Council of Trent says that He thereby conferred on them the power of sacrifice. It is also of divine faith that three days later, when He breathed upon them saying, "receive ye the Holy Ghost," He gave them the power of absolving from sin. They received a two-fold jurisdiction over the natural and mystical body of Christ with the power of bestowing the same by ordination upon others. The power of the priesthood was complete, though the pastoral authority and grand commission of the Apostles were not yet given.

It is of faith that the episcopate is the state of perfection instituted by Jesus Christ. It is certain also that the priesthood in the bishop and the priesthood in the priest are one and the same, and yet the episcopate by the divine power of ordination is greater than the priesthood. This explains why the names of bishop and priest were common and interchangeable. The injunctions of Christian perfection given by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus were given to bishop and priest alike. The whole book of St. John Chrysostom on the priesthood applies equally to both.

St. Thomas says that priests partake of the priesthood of our divine Lord and that they are configured and conformed to Him. Let us examine these words as here used. The first question that suggests itself is, "What is the priesthood of Jesus Christ?" It is the office He assumed for the redemption of the world by the offer-

ing of Himself in the form of man upon the cross. He is the Altar, the Victim, and the Priest by an eternal consecration of Himself. He is the priesthood forever according to the order of Melchisedech, "who was without beginning of days or end of life," (Heb. VII. 3)—a type of the eternal priesthood of the Son of God. St. Thomas says that by participation is meant the priesthood of Jesus Christ being one only perpetual and universal priesthood. All priests consecrated under the New Law are made one with Him and share in His own priesthood. There are not two priesthoods as there are not two sacrifices for sin. The world has been redeemed by one sacrifice which is offered continually in heaven and on earth: in heaven by the only Priest before the eternal Altar: on earth, by the multitude of priests who are one with Him as partakers of His priesthood; not as representatives only, but in reality. The sacrifice they offer is not a representation only, but His true, real, and substantial Body and Blood offered by their hands.

This is St. Paul's argument in his Epistle to the Hebrews. The priesthood of the Old Law was a shadow: the priesthood of the New Law is the substance. It is fulfilled in the one priest, and the one sacrifice which is perpetuated by the priesthood on earth united with Him.

This participation has another and more personal meaning for every priest. The oblation of Our Lord for us binds us to offer ourselves wholly to Him. St. Paulinus says: "Christ is the Victim of His own priesthood and the priest becomes his own victim." Every priest offers daily to the Father, the eternal oblation of Jesus Christ; but in that action he also offers himself. When he says "this is my body" he ought to offer his own body: when he says "this is the chalice of my blood," he ought to offer his own blood: that is, he ought to offer himself as an oblation to his divine Master in body, soul and in spirit, with all his faculties, powers, and affections in life and in death.

St. Paul writes to the Philippians: "If I be made a victim upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I rejoice and congratulate with you all." (Phil. ii. 17). This he may have said of his martyrdom which was before him, but it was spoken out of the consciousness that he had long and daily offered himself to his divine Master as a partaker of His sufferings for the sake of the elect. (2 St. Tim. IX. 6, 7, 8.) The same words might have been written by St. John who always had a martyr's will though he died in the way of nature: the same is implied in every Mass by every priest who offers himself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. The participation of the priest in the priesthood of Christ requires also a share in the law of self-oblation of which the prophet writes: "He was offered because he so desired:" and St. Paul, who says of Our Lord that He, "by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God." And St. John says: "In this we have known the charity of God because He hath laid down His life for us and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." (St. John iii, 16.) The offering of the Body and Blood of Christ requires of the priest a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-oblation without reserve. The obligation of charity which binds all Christians, when the need may arise, to lay down their lives for the brethren, and pastors to give their life for the sheep, is in a special way laid on every priest in the self-oblation of the Mass which is the sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

The word "configuration" also expresses the conformity of the priest to the great High Priest. St. Paul says that the Son "is the figure of the substance" of the Father. The priest then is the express image of Christ because upon him is impressed the image of his priesthood and a share in it is given to him. He is, as St. Paul says: "Configured to his death."

(Phil. iii. 10). In every Mass we set forth the death of the Lord until He comes. (1 Cor. XI. 26.) St. Thomas says that no greater power nor dignity of consecrating the Body of Christ was ever bestowed on man: and no greater sanctity or perfection can be conceived than the sanctity and perfection required of the priest for the celebration of Mass. The same saint tells us that ordination impresses a character, which is an indelible seal by which the soul is marked for the exercise of the acts of divine worship and for the teaching of the same to others. The priesthood of Christ is the source of all divine worship. All the faithful are conformed to Christ by the character impressed on them in Baptism and Confirmation: and priests, in the sacrament of Holy Orders. But in Christ Himself there was no character, because He is the Examplar and Type of all characters; for Christ is the character or figure of the Father and all divine perfection.

The character we receive, according to St. Thomas, is impressed, not on the essence, but on the powers of the soul; and is either passive or active. The character of baptism is a passive power for the reception of all other sacraments, and for conformity as sons of God. The character of confirmation is an active power for the public witness of the faith, and for the life of action as good soldiers of Christ. The character of ordination is an active power for the ministry of divine worship, and is therefore a participation of the priesthood of Christ. It is the cause and source of sacramental grace.

The word "character" means the exact outline of an engraving, and the impression of it signifies that a spiritual impression is left upon the soul. St. Thomas says that this mark is made upon the intellect by way of light and on the affections by way of love. In other words, it is the work of the Holy Ghost, the Illuminator and Sanctifier of our souls. It is unlike the universal and uniform work of the Holy Ghost in Baptism and Confirmation, for in Ordination the soul is made to share in the priesthood of Jesus Christ. Baptism makes us sons of God, confirmation, soldiers of Jesus Christ, and holy orders, priests of the Most High. These three spiritual relations once constituted, are eternal, and therefore indelible. The character of baptism has in it all the graces necessary for the children of God; the character of confirmation all the graces needed for the warfare of the soldiers of Jesus Christ even unto martyrdom itself, and the character of the priesthood has in it all the graces of light, strength and sanctity needed in all its manifold duties, trials, and dangers. St. Paul reminded his companion in the ministry of this when he said: "Neglect not the grace that is in thee which was given thee by prophecy with the imposition of the hands of the priesthood." (1 Tim. IV. 14.)

Such is the priesthood of the Son of God, and such is its communication to His priests by participation in his holy office and by the impression of the sacerdotal character upon the powers of his soul.

II.

The powers of the priest are twofold: the consecration of the sacrament of the altar and the absolution of sin. We express this in theological terms by the word jurisdiction. We give the word jurisdiction, as here used, a special signification. Usually it means the authority by which the priest rules the flock committed to his care. Its exercise is suspended until the priest receives faculties from his bishop to use the powers of the priesthood. The bishop receives this jurisdiction from the Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, in whom alone resides the plenitude of jurisdiction over the universal Church. The first and the highest privilege of this jurisdiction is to consecrate

and offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the altar. What does this expression mean?

First, it sets before us the great humility of our divine Master. He humbled himself by veiling His Divinity: He took the form of a helpless child: He led a life of poverty, and He died in ignominy on the Cross. These humiliations were not enough: He perpetuates His humility in the Blessed Sacrament and places Himself in the hands of His creatures at their word. From the rising to the setting of the sun He descends upon our altars daily: He is lifted by them and consents to be received by the worthy and unworthy. In this divine manner He subjects Himself to the jurisdiction of His priests as in the days of His earthly life He subjected Himself to the law and to those who represented authority. Humility is the root of all obedience, and patience is obedience made perfect. The oblation of Himself in the Holy Mass is obedience.

This power of jurisdiction implies the divine stewardship which is intrusted to the priest. The care of the Blessed Sacrament is committed to his trust. It may be said of him as of his Master, that "he openeth and no man shutteth, he shutteth and no man openeth." (Apoc. III. 7.) The priest is the guardian of the Lord; and no greater glory can be laid upon him; no relation more sacred can be conceived.

This stewardship is also a power to dispense and distribute the Bread of Life. The disciples gave it to the five thousand in the Wilderness. "They were ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God," (1 Cor. IV.) and in this they were shadows of the divine reality of Holy Communion of which the priests are stewards.

Again, this jurisdiction shows the divine power inherent in the priesthood. The words they speak are not theirs but His: not human but divine. "This is my body" has no equal except "let the light be." These words created the light. The other words do not create, but they bring down upon the altar the presence of the Redeemer. They transform the bread from the natural to the supernatural. This is omnipotent power. The bread and the wine are no longer subject to the laws of nature as to their substance, but only as to their appearance. A divine change passes upon them; and yet not a natural change, for they pass away as to their substance and yet abide as to their sensible effects. There is no such change in the order of nature; for there the whole natural substance and accidents either abide, or go together. Here the sensible species and effects abide as if they were in the natural order. The substance passes away in the supernatural order of the new creation. The words "let the light be" had their effect in the first creation of nature. The words "this is my Body" have their effect in both the old creation and the new. They stand next in order to the words "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore that Holy (One) which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke 1, 35.) For this reason the action of Consecration and the action of the Incarnation are related to each other. The Holy Sacrifice is the continuity of the Incarnation. The voice that speaks the words is human: the words and the effects are the Almighty power of God.

This jurisdiction expresses the intimate closeness of the relation between the priest and the Son of God. First there is the continual daily fellowship of the disciple with his Master and the servant with his Lord. He is servant, friend, and companion. As Peter, James, and John were of all the disciples nearest to our Saviour upon earth, so are his priests among the faithful. All the day long they are near to Him: all their life is related to Him.

From Him they go out in the morning and to Him they return at night.

Finally, there is the relation of that intimate living contact in the Holy Mass as real as when St. John lay on His bosom at the last supper, or when He washed St. Peter's feet. When the priest holds the Blessed Sacrament in his hands he is in contact with God—the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. More real than the earth under our feet, which will pass away, is the presence of the Incarnate Word, which will never pass away. The priest is in contact with His substance and is united to it. St. Paul says that we are "members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bone;" (Ephes. V. 20) and he bids us to "bear God in our body." (1 Cor. VI. 20.) This union is eternal life. Beyond this sacramental contact there is nothing more intimate except the light of the Beatific Vision.

Such are the reasons given by the illuminated teachers of the Church for holding that there can be conceived no higher office nor greater power than the office and power of the priest. In the order of divine actions it places the priest next to the Blessed Virgin,—the living tabernacle of the Incarnate Word: and in respect to the guardianship of the Blessed Sacrament, next to St. Joseph, the foster-father and guardian of the Son of God. What more can be bestowed upon the priest? What obligation to perfection can exceed the obligation of such a power and such an office? St. John Chrysostom says the hand that consecrates ought to be purer than solar light; and if the hand of the priest, what should be his eyes, which gaze upon the Divine Presence, his lips which say "This is my Body,"—and his ears that hear his own familiar voice uttering these words of consecration? If such should be the sanctity of the body, what should be the purity of the soul of the priest: his intellect with its powers and faculties; his heart with all its affections and desires; his conscience with all its discernment and imperative commands; his will with all its inflexible resolves and steadfast reign over his whole outward and inward life. Surely the priesthood is the highest state of perfection instituted by our Blessed Lord and Redeemer.

(To be Continued.)

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

The wild heart of the woods—therein is rest.
Above me sways a sky of whisp'ring green,
Around me far the silent shadows lean
And listen to tree-music; in their nest
The fond birds mother their young brood so blest;
The purling brooks quench summer's thirst; the sheen
And shimmer on the changing sylvan scene
Is glorious to me, glad nature's guest.
A thousand happy mem'ries slumber here
Beneath these oaks; a thousand happy hopes
Flutter upon the bending leaves in fear,
And O the press of the cool grass! The slopes
Of peace stretch wide before mine vision clear,
And slowly God's white finger heaven opes.

GUISEPPINA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

In Elizabeth Street girls can run a peanut roaster, sell tape and needles and such things from a basket or bundle upon their shoulders, cry flowers, canvass for anything, and even sell oranges and nuts from a basket; but when they step behind a push-cart the complaisance of the street vanishes.

It is not that the girls are desired to abstain from work, for a father will sit in his doorway and smoke, while his daughter trudges past him bent nearly double under the burden of merchandise strapped to her shoulders, and a husband will be equally moderate toward his wife. No, Elizabeth Street is indulgent toward its women folk as regards work, and it is an accepted condition for a man to lead his monkey, and his wife to drag the heavy wheel organ, and to show the way with empty hands during their frequent tenement flittings, while the wife and children follow with the furniture.

So that morning when a slip of a girl came from an alley, pushing a cart before her that was well stocked with fruit, and looked timidly along the curbs for a good place to stop, the other push-cart venders scowled and nodded meaningly among themselves. It was not the competition, for she was only one and of the backward kind that did not grasp much trade; but it was an infringement on custom, so they moved their carts a little faster or a little slower, according to her progress, keeping between her and the curbs and the crossings and other desirable places, until at last she stopped, confused, at a point where it would be impossible to obtain customers.

Few of them had seen the girl before, but they recognized the cart. It had been among them several weeks, pushed by a frail little man with white hair. Perhaps he had sold out to this girl, or perhaps she was his daughter and was trying the cart for a few days to see if she would like the business. Well, the first day would tell; if that discouraged her she would leave. A girl should be in the sweat shops sewing, or selling tapes and needles. Push-carts were for the men. So whenever any one looked toward them, as though with an idea of buying, their gesticulations and clamor precluded any possibility of the customer noticing the wistful, anxious face in the background.

But instead of being discouraged, although the day had not brought her a single sale, the girl was there again the next morning, so early that when the first competitor arrived he found her cart in the best place on the corner, with the owner standing beside it, weary but hopeful.

They crowded as near as they could, and by their clamor tried to divert trade, but with only indifferent success. This day she sold enough to make her eyes bright, and to drive away some of the despair which had been stealing into them.

The next morning they came earlier; but she was already there on the corner, as before, with dark circles under her eyes, but hopeful. Evidently she had come almost before it grew light.

Again they tried to divert her sales with their clamor, but ineffectually. Her position was too good, and her fruit too clean and nicely arranged, and the very appeal of her silence too irresistible. But before night, when not making sales, she spent most of her time leaning against the cart for support.

The fourth day this exhaustion became more apparent, so that even the most

callous of the push-cart men noticed it. The animosity in the eyes of some of them softened a little; but there was a precedent at stake, so even these vied with the more brutal in their efforts to drive the girl away. And as the hours went on it became evident that the desire would soon be accomplished. She was very near the point of breaking down.

Just opposite the corner was the shop of a candy-maker, much of whose time was spent in the back part of his store working great masses of candy dough, at first with his hands, then by throwing the mass over a strong iron hook in the ceiling and drawing it out in diminishing yellow-white strings. When it was of the proper consistency he placed it upon a long marble slab, where he drew it out and rolled it into sticks which were cut or broken into right lengths by the slight clip of shear points. Sometimes he would add tiny balls of colored candy dough to the mass, and when drawn out these would make the stripes in stick candy and candy balls and shaped objects.

All this was plainly visible through the windows of the shop; and from her position at the cart the girl watched the candy-maker much of the time when not engaged with customers, at first idly, then with increasing interest. Apparently the operation was a novelty to her. And on his part, after the first day, the old candy-maker got in the habit of smiling and nodding an acknowledgment of her interest.

He was a good customer for fruit, partly to be used in his trade and partly for his own consumption. So on the second day, when he picked up a basket and came out upon the sidewalk bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, several of the push-cart men stepped forward with eager anticipation. But he waved them back brusquely. He had been seeing a good deal through those windows in spite of his seeming absorption in his work.

"No, no," he said irascibly, "your hands are not clean enough to handle fruit. I will buy from the girl."

The third day he began to watch the girl anxiously. He, too, had noticed her exhaustion. During the day he went out twice and bought fruit from her.

The fourth morning a long line of girls went into the shop one after another, remained a few moments, and then came out. For the most part they were ill-clad, unattractive girls, and not one of them bought anything. It was evident they were seeking work, and just as evident, after the first twenty or more had gone in and come out, that the candy-maker was becoming irritated. Toward the end he only gave an applicant a single glance, and more than once his "No!" was plainly heard by the girl at her push-cart on the corner.

At length, late in the afternoon, he came out bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves as usual, but without his basket. He went straight to the girl.

"Are you going to run this push-cart all the time?" he asked.

The girl looked surprised.

"I don't know,' she answered doubtfully.

"Because if you're not," he went on, "I want to hire you to work in my shop. You saw all those girls straggling in with soiled dresses and untidy hair and sour faces and pert manners. Bah! They'd make pretty shop-girls, would n't they? I want a lady, a nice-looking, neat, capable girl, who can look pleasant and at the same time be ladylike. They all came in answer to an advertisement, and not one in the whole lot suited me."

The girl swayed slightly, but steadied herself quickly by leaning against the cart, holding to it with both hands.

"Perhaps I would n't suit either," she hazarded, forcing a smile to her face.

"Yes, you would," he answered. But his tone was not quite so positive. "I've been watching you through the window for three days. You're neat and particular about yourself; that shows. And you're neat about other things, from the way you look after your cart and fruit. And you're attractive to customers, and make yourself look pleasant even when you feel the other way. That's what you're doing now. You're not sickly, though, are you?" his new found anxiety at last finding expression in words.

"No, I've always been very strong and healthy," she answered. "Only just now I am a little weak."

"I thought you must be strong," with some relief in his voice, "from the way you handled the cart the first day you came. I was watching. But yesterday and to-day you've seemed a—a little sickly. My work will be lots easier than having a cart like this, and nicer, and I think will pay you better. But of course I'll need a girl who's spry and can keep up. She'll have to help me make chocolates and fancy candies, and put them in boxes, and look after customers. I'm too busy to wash my hands every time a customer comes in, and it hurts trade. I could do twice the business if I had good help. I'm turning away trade every day." He waited a moment, as though debating something, then added cordially: "Anyway, I'm willing to try you a few weeks, even if you should be sickly. You're just the appearing girl I want, and I know you're spunky."

"Well, I don't know yet," the girl began tremulously; then her face suddenly changed. She was looking beyond him. "Father!" she cried reproachfully.

A frail little man with white hair was approaching them, walking slowly with the aid of a cane. He looked anxious.

"Guiseppina!" he said, "I could not wait any longer. I have been worrying all day, and at last I had to get up and dress, and come to see. You looked so bad last night, and you did not want me to notice. I pretended to be asleep; but I watched, and I watched the night before. The two first days I was too sick to think, but since then you have not eaten a thing. You spent your money for wines and medicines for me, and—"

The girl had been trying to interrupt him, with warning glances, with expressive motions of her hands, now she cried "Father!" again, with such shamed distress in her voice that for the first time the old man noticed and understood. He drew himself up with sudden unconscious dignity.

"It is only that my daughter insists on buying me costly wines and medicines, like the very rich people have," he said, addressing the candy-maker and the two or three push-cart owners within hearing. "We are in very comfortable circumstances, indeed, and have everything necessary. But such things cost a fortune, and when I am ill Guiseppina gets headstrong and does not know where to stop, and then she thinks she must be economical with herself. She is a very good girl, though, a very good girl; and I assure you we are in perfectly independent circumstances."

The candy-maker's eyes were twinkling, but with a mistiness behind them.

"The very use of the costly wines proves that, sir," he said courteously. "I do not have them even when I am ill. But if you'll excuse me you interrupted a conversation between your daughter and myself. I was trying to induce her to help me in my business. But suppose we go into the shop. We can talk better there."

Without waiting for their consent he crossed the sidewalk to his store, and after a little hesitation they followed. At the door he turned.

"Say, you cut-throat men," he called warningly to the push-cart owners, "don't

you touch a thing in this young lady's cart. If you do I'll—I'll run you in."

"You s'pose-a we steal," called back one of the men indignantly. "We don't want to harm the signorina, only she no right with push-cart. And we never s'pose she be hungry."

As the three disappeared in the shop this man turned to his companions with a few eager words and gesticulations, and they repeated the words and gesticulations to other cart owners further along, who had not heard the conversation. In a few minutes a dozen men had left their own carts and were crowding about that of the girl.

Once inside, the candy-maker motioned the old man to a chair, but wisely ignored the girl's weariness.

"Do you know how to make coffee, Guiseppina?" he asked briskly.

"Yes, sir," wonderingly.

"Well, it's just this way," he went on, "I hate cooking and don't know anything about it, and yet I do my own housekeeping. I've got a nice little kitchen behind the shop, and three or four rooms beyond, and supper's all ready except just the finishing. Suppose you make the coffee while I finish rolling this candy dough. Then we'll do the talking while we eat supper. Oh, well, it don't matter," as the girl colored and looked at him suspiciously. "I can do it after I finish this. Only I thought you wouldn't mind. You could do in five minutes what my clumsy fingers would take half an hour; and it would be a rare treat to have friends sit at the table with me. I get very lonesome sometimes. That's right," as the girl suddenly started toward the kitchen. "You'll find everything nearly ready, with most of the victuals on the table. I leave them that way to save time. Your father and I will talk till I finish this, then I'll wash the candy off my hands and we'll eat."

It was a much longer meal than usual with the candy-maker, and he forced himself to eat twice his usual allowance in order to keep his guests at the table. When at last they rose he was smiling genially.

"So that's all settled," he exclaimed with much evident satisfaction, addressing the old man. "Guiseppina will start in as shop-keeper in the morning, and you will help me with the mixing and cutting. You can make all the lozenges, as they're easy. And as I said, it will be better for you to move right in here with me. There is plenty of room, and it will give me Guiseppina within call all the time. Often I have to keep open as late as ten o'clock. Hello! who's that?" at a heavy tramping in the shop.

It was the push-cart men, in a body, with one of them extending a handful of coins.

"It is the signorina's," he said, as he advanced and jingled the coins into the girl's hand. "We have sold-a out all the fruit. We hard man mebba, but all hard man have good spot sometime, somewhere."

As they tramped out again, noisily, the girl's lips quivered in an ill-repressed sob.

"The world is so good, so good," she murmured.

A MITHERLESS BAIRN.

BY CECILIA MARTIN.

He cuddled down under the big maple, a forlorn, hungry little orphan. The summer boarders, wearying of his antics, had driven him from the piazza not knowing that he was homeless and quite alone in the world. Such a dainty little chap as he was with his grey velvet suit, white socks, and small white shirt front! And such a perky way as he had of cresting his pretty head! No wonder folks found it hard to believe that he was just a tramp kitten, or that they paid no heed to the wistful look in his round eyes or to the piteous little cries that came from his funny red mouth.

Sad indeed would have been his fate only for the mother heart in the loft tenant. She had three babies of her own, great rollicking fellows with big heads and ugly yellow jackets, but she loved them dearly, and every day went forth to forage for them. Just as the waif cuddled down under the maple the devoted mother came by softly, a fat juicy mouse held carefully between her sharp teeth. No doubt she was thinking what a jolly scramble her darlings would have for this delicious morsel. Perhaps that was why she scurried along more quickly as she heard a pleading, "Meow, me-ow" from the orphan under the tree, and four little white socks twinkled through the grass and came out on the path right in front of her.

Would she give it to him?

She stopped for a moment, shook the mouse temptingly, bent her head till it almost touched the path and then with a gentle little purr dropped her babies' dinner to the mitherless bairn.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

At a country place called Ballybricken, in County Limerick, there was a farmer who was not a good practical Catholic like all the other members of his family. He ridiculed the idea of the mission which we were invited to preach there, and said it was a money-making scheme on the part of the parish priest, and that so far from having anything to do with it he would go to another chapel on the Sunday, to manifest his displeasure and disgust at what he styled our intrusion. But he evidently changed his mind on the Sunday on which the mission was to commence. He had some sittings for himself and his family in a tribune which overlooked the sanctuary, and took his place there with his wife and children as usual. Our missions are commenced by a procession from the church door to the altar, where certain solemnities take place, the superior of the mission carrying the large crucifix in his hands. He there hands the crucifix to the pastor who extends it to each of the missionaries to be kissed. After that the superior standing up, blesses the four quarters of the parish, and then carries the crucifix to the place prepared for it on the platform. I happened to be the superior of that mission, and whilst thus bearing the cross to the platform I was startled by a loud scream and considerable commotion in the gallery overhead. The farmer I have spoken of, while leaning over to gaze at the cross, lost all consciousness and would have fallen to the ground had he not been pulled back by his relatives. After the Mass was over he came into the sacristy to beg pardon from the parish priest and the missionaries for the scandal which he had given. He was one of the first to present himself in the confessional and continued to attend all the services until their close.

While I was conducting retreats in two of the convents in Fermoy, Doctor Croke, who was, later on, the Archbishop of Cashel, was the president of the college there and invited me to dine on two occasions. He was a great and a good man. When preaching our mission in the town of Tipperary we were invited to take luncheon one day at the Butlers, an excellent Catholic family in the neighborhood. The Butlers are well-known, especially since the war in South Africa. To reach their place we had to pass through the village of Bansha, rendered famous in the political struggle in Ireland by the song of the "Peeler and the Goat." When driving through Bansha we knew we should see a couple of "peelers" or policemen, for they are to be seen everywhere, lolling or strolling about, with nothing in the world to do except when there is an eviction, or a Land League meeting to disperse, but we were quite amused when a large goat made its appearance, and we noticed that some of these who were near at hand made no attempt to conceal their amusement, but giggled as they looked, first on the peeler and then on the goat. In times of trouble or persecution when some of these constabulary men were more rabid partisans than they dare to be at the present day, innocent people have been convicted, fined, or imprisoned, for smaller insults to these policemen than that which we witnessed in Bansha.

In two instances I had to finish a mission in one parish on a certain Sunday and to commence another in a parish in

the neighborhood on the following Sunday. Instead of returning home to Inchicore I spent the first week with the Redemptorists at Limerick and the other with the Trappists at Mount Melleray. What made the deepest impression on me in the former place was the magnificent display which was made by the Archconfraternity of the Holy Family. The capacious church was completely filled by the large number of men who were present for the ordinary week day meeting. It was more than edifying. I need say but little about the far-famed and oft-visited abode of saints, Mount Melleray of the Cistercians or Trappists. I was well acquainted with two of the venerable abbots and had also known some of the monks before they retired from the world. With these latter I could of course hold no intercourse. The seal of holy silence was not to be broken by them. On the first day after my arrival I went down to dinner in the guest chamber with about a dozen other visitors. The fare was simple but good.

The Trappists do not impose their absteminousness on their guests. One of the brothers reads during the meal, so that of course there is no conversation among the diners, but they make up for this brief mortification the moment they disperse, after grace has been said. At the dinner table I had noticed an old gentleman opposite me, who recognizing me, regarded the enforced silence with the utmost impatience, as he was longing to speak to me. The moment we left the dining hall, before the other guests had time to separate he came over to salute me, which he did in the following somewhat humiliating manner: "Well, Father Fox, I'm glad to see you here. What has brought you here, my poor fellow? The old story I guess. Like myself you're too fond of the drop." The poor old fellow, who was one of the most confirmed dipsomaniacs I ever came across, had been at one time a most respectable merchant in Dublin. His friends had brought him to Inchicore for two consecutive years when retreats were being preached for gentlemen. When he arrived the second time it took three of us to prevent him from throwing himself out of the window. He was suffering at the time from delirium tremens, of which he subsequently died. When the Abbot came to visit me in my room that afternoon, as he did every day, I told him what had taken place, and the kind, good man said it should not happen again, and he ordered my meals to be brought to me during the remainder of my visit.

In the neighborhood of Melleray flows the beautiful river, the Blackwater, which from its source to the sea, at Youghall, will amply repay the searcher for all that is romantic and lovely, even though he may have been satisfied with the glories of the Rhine, or the Hudson, or any other celebrated beauty spot in the world. There are few, if any, more entrancing scenes on this famous river than Lismore Castle, which in its chequered career has been a college and an abbey and is now one of the lordly and well-preserved homes of the Duke of Devonshire. As so many of our missions took place in the circuit of a few miles around Lismore, I often visited this most interesting place. I became well-acquainted with the head gardener, Mr. Keane, who was brother to the Bishop of Cloyne. Finding out that I was fond of flowers, he used to send me a hamper of plants from time to time, from the ducal preserves. At Cappoquin we had some little distance to walk from the chapel to the priest's house, and such crowds used to press around me asking for confession tickets or Agnus Deis that I could scarcely make my progress, so the curate asked a young Melleray student of the name of Hunt,

who was at home for his vacation, to assist me every day. This did not improve matters very much, and the priests, including those who came to help us, used to watch the struggle from the garden in front of the house, which they dignified with the name of the Fox-Hunt, a name that became almost historical in the neighborhood.

At the other end of the Blackwater, where the river flows into the sea, is the old town of Youghall. The beach or strand is one of the finest promenades of its kind in the world, and is said to be about four miles in length. A few miles out of the town is the round tower of Ardmore, one of the best preserved of these relics of Irish antiquity. It differs from all others of its kind, I believe, in having concentric rings equidistant from the ground to its summit, apparently marking where there was formerly an internal flooring. In the town itself are the ruins of Youghall Abbey. A considerable portion of these ruins was restored and changed into a handsome residence. Sir Walter Raleigh, at one time the talented and versatile sycophant of the sarcastically-dubbed Virgin Queen Bess, resided here. In the garden in front of the house is a gigantic laurel tree. Tradition says that it was planted by Raleigh, but that some years afterwards, having grown inconveniently large for its position, it was cut down and used for a chopping block in the back premises, when it began to sprout out again, and was then taken to its original home where it was replanted and has now, for a second time, grown into a huge tree.

Before bidding adieu to the south and south-west of Ireland let me jot down a few more stray remembrances. We were giving a mission in the parish of Drumtariff. Being on the committee for the laying of the foundation stone of the monument to O'Connell, I determined not to be absent at that memorable ceremony. So I sent for a car from Mallow and took the night train for Dublin. After a couple of hours' rest I occupied my post in the grand procession through the streets of Dublin, witnessed the impressive ceremonial in O'Connell Street, then called Sackville Street, made my appearance at the banquet, hastily gulped down a plate of soup, then drove to the railway station, and took my seat again for Mallow. My car was waiting for me there, and I resumed my twenty miles drive to Drumtariff, arriving in ample time to give the Benedicamus Domino, or signal to get up and continue the daily labors of the mission. I was absent only one day from my post and but very few were cognizant of the feat which I had performed. At Fethard, the militia of Tipperary had been called out during our mission there. The majority of them were Catholics and availed themselves of the opportunity to go to confession. But the officers were nearly all of the Protestant faith. Thus on the first Sunday after their arrival in the town, which was also the day of the opening of the mission, the regimental band was called upon to escort the officers and a handful of Protestant privates to their place of worship, the Catholics having to march in silence to the chapel. In the afternoon the bandmaster, whom I had known previously, called to see me and I remarked to him that it was a shame for him to play the Protestants to their church as he had done that forenoon, and to let the Catholics go in silence to the true house of God. The hint was enough. While we remained in Fethard, for the next three Sundays, the band never forsook their co-religionists, even though they had to pass in front of the Protestant church to lead them to their destination.

I will now ask you to take a trip with

me through the counties of Kerry and Clare, northward. We shall find a few crumbs of interest no doubt, as there must undoubtedly be in every portion of this green island of saints and heroes. Let us rest for a while in Killarney, than which there is no more beautiful spot on the face of God's earth. No fewer than six times was it my privilege to be engaged in missionary work near that charming place, but on one of these occasions it was not a mere hurried visit or a passing by that I enjoyed, but the best part of the week in the Bishop's palace, together with the Fathers who accompanied me. The Bishop himself was busily occupied with his visitations, but he left us in charge of his archdeacon, who showed us everything of interest in that wonderful locality. We were greatly amused at the celebrated echo at the Eagle's Rock. Spillane, the bugler, who belonged to the privileged family that inherit the dignity from generation to generation, was with us in the large boat, which held nearly a score, and when we came under the precipitous rock he leaped on shore without saying a word, and in the course of a minute or so we were listening to the most marvelous echoes repeated again and again and coming to us from the opposite direction to that in which Spillane had left us. No language can describe the effect of these echoes, more especially as they reached us amid all the surroundings of unsurpassable beauty.

Crossing over the lordly Shannon, the largest river in the United Kingdom, we land in the county of Clare, celebrated as the arena of O'Connell's great battle for freedom and his first notable triumph. It is moreover a very Catholic county and several of our most successful missions were preached there. Of course we visited the far-famed watering place, Kilkee, near the busy little town of Kilrush and gazed at the distant Scattery Island, at the mouth of the river, in former days the refuge of hermits who felt themselves inspired to lead the life of recluses far from the haunts of their fellow-men. An amusing story is told of this island, in connection with St. Patrick. A newly-ordained priest was invited to give the panegyric of the saint on his feast day in Limerick. The cathedral was crowded and the sacristy through which the young and nervous preacher had to pass on his way to the pulpit was filled with clerical students, many of whom were friends of the orator. As he threaded his way through them he whispered to one of them who was a bit of a wag, "Tell me where St. Patrick was born?" "In Scattery Island, of course. Surely you know that." The preacher delivered a well-prepared and eloquent discourse which was highly appreciated by all those who were listening to him and who were like himself citizens of Limerick of the Violated Treaty. The aged Bishop, who was very deaf, had been wheeled to the front of the pulpit-stairs from whence, with his ear trumpet, he could follow the discourse of the preacher, who was a protegee of his. Everything was right until near the close when the young priest wished to speak of St. Patrick's birth-place. He then delivered himself somewhat in this manner. "What an encouragement it ought to be to you to lead holy lives, you faithful Catholics of Limerick, to know that the great Apostle of Ireland was born on that sacred little island, Scattery Island, at the mouth of your splendid river." The Bishop could not stand this falsification of all history so he shouted out "That is not true, sir, he was not born there." The poor young orator then said: "His Lordship, the Bishop, corrects me and says that St. Patrick was not born on that island. But it matters not much

when we consider that its soil was made sacred by his footsteps and hallowed by his tears and prayers." And he would have continued in that strain, but the Bishop could restrain himself no longer and shouted in a voice still louder than before, "Come down, sir, come down at once, and don't be teaching my people what is false. St. Patrick was never on Scattery Island, nor for the matter of that did he set his foot at all on County Clare, but he blessed that county from Limerick."

There are two districts in that part of Ireland which are celebrated for their romantic beauty, Glengariffe and the Dingle, but as I was not connected with either one in the missionary line I pass them by. As for Lisdoonvarna, in County Clare, a famous resort for real or imaginary invalids, I found but little to interest me there, moreover it is so inferior in every respect to places of a similar nature in England, such as Harrowgate, or Boston, that there is but little inducement held out for a second visit. I fear that a mission, such as we Oblates of Mary Immaculate would like to give, would not hold out many attractions in such health resorts as these. Their medicinal waters are for the body alone, and present no attractions for the spirit.

But I have not yet quite finished with County Clare. The pastor of the united parishes of Barefield and Doorah, was one of those good, holy, but eccentric clergymen to whom I have already alluded. The chapel at the former place was sufficiently commodious for his congregation, but, as usual when a priest is his own architect, he had made some egregious mistakes, the chief of which was that the only door of entrance or exit was at the side of the building, not far from the sanctuary. There were only a few benches in which to accommodate those who were willing to pay for them, the rest of the congregation having either to stand or kneel. When any of these latter entered within the door they immediately knelt down, thus blocking up the entrance, and leaving the far end of the chapel quite empty. As the pastor knew that his chapel was large enough to hold all his flock he would not allow anyone to remain outside. There was no sacristy, the priest having to vest himself behind the altar. When the holy Mass was over, a cup of tea and a piece of toast were handed to him over the heads of the people and he took his slight but much needed refreshment while the collection was being made. All this took place within full view of the congregation. When there was no mission this was the time for his announcements and his sermon. He always attended Barefield himself, his curate who lived eight miles distant at Doorah, doing the same for that portion of the parish. The services at Barefield were rarely over before three o'clock as all baptisms, marriages and perhaps a few confessions took place before the Mass.

There was a distinguished family living about a mile from Barefield, that of Sir Coleman O'Loughlin. They were all practical Catholics, and would deem it a great sin to lose Mass on Sunday. During the Assizes at Ennis, the week after our mission commenced, the large mansion of the O'Loughlins was filled with visitors, judges, barristers, and other legal functionaries who were invited to spend the Saturday and Sunday in that hospitable abode. They were all of the Catholic faith like their host. There were plenty of wealthy Protestant squires in the neighborhood to look after the wants of their co-religionists. Just as the hour arrived for Mass the ladies of the O'Loughlin family drove up to the chapel door, and one of them came round to the back of the altar where Father V— and

I were seated and told him that all the ladies had arrived but that the gentlemen, to the number of nearly a dozen, were obliged to walk, and she begged Father V— to wait for them. As the bench on which these ladies were seated commanded a view of the road by which the gentlemen were to reach the chapel, Father V— would pop his head between the candlesticks every few minutes, and call out in a loud voice, which would be audible to all in the neighborhood, "Are they coming yet, my dear?" or, "Are they in sight yet?" When she at last replied that they were very near he went round the altar and lighted the candles, and then put on the vestments for the celebration of the Mass. He kept neither a clock, a watch, nor an umbrella, and boasted that he had never possessed these things in his life. He had a married sister who came to keep house for him on the death of her husband. Among other articles of furniture which she brought with her was an eight-day clock. The striking and ticking of the clock annoyed Father V— beyond bearing, so the first time that the old lady had to go to Ennis on business for a day he took out all the works of the clock and threw them into a little stream which flowed at the foot of his garden.

The day after our mission at Barefield commenced, we were completely evicted from our confessionals. Some mischievous boys had discovered three or four large wasp nests in the wall round the chapel yard, and first by poking sticks amongst them and then by smoking them out they destroyed the nests and dislodged the wasps. Many of these infuriated insects came into the chapel where they attacked our penitents who were waiting to go to confession and even paid very unwelcome visits to ourselves, the result being that we had to leave the chapel for upwards of an hour until our tormentors had gone elsewhere. This good old priest of whom I have been writing lived very simply, but he was no miser, and when he died some few years later, it was found that he had left a large sum of money to the Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, Dublin, to which glorious institution he had always been a notable benefactor.

Let us now pay brief visits to Drogheda and Dundalk on our way to Dublin. Drogheda is almost entirely Catholic in spite of the terrible persecutions and massacres to which it was subjected by Oliver Cromwell. I was engaged in a couple of missions there, besides preaching two retreats, the Month of Mary, and the closing of the jubilee. That saintly little man, Archbishop Dixon, of Armagh, was with us on most of those occasions, for at that period Drogheda was one of his homes. I often walked down the street with His Grace when we were going to the church, and I was edified and amused by the crowd of children who used to surround him. As soon as we had reached the bottom of the street, before turning round towards the church door, he would scatter half pence and pence amongst the children, for he had his pockets filled with them, and while they were squabbling for them, he would quietly disappear within the door of the house of God. This holy Primate of all Ireland had a great devotion to St. Catherine of Sienna. There was a convent at Armagh bearing that name, and he begged as a great favor that after his death his remains should be laid to rest in the cemetery belonging to the nuns of that convent. They were only too glad to grant his request, for not only was he their patron and friend but they knew how great was his sanctity. A short time before his death he had officiated at Mass, and had received the vows of some of the Sisters, and during his breakfast, in presence of the entire com-

munity, though he appeared to be in his normal state of health, he told them that that was the last time he should do anything of that kind for them, "For, in fact," said he, "I am coming to take possession of the ground you have so charitably given to me in your cemetery." Yet a week later and he wrote to the reverend Mother and announced to her that St. Catherine would come to fetch him on her feast day, a prophecy which was literally fulfilled, for he passed away most peacefully a week or two later, on the feast of Catherine of Sienna.

(To be Continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. By Archbishop Ullathorne. Revised by Canon Iles, D.D., and with an Introduction by the Bishop of Birmingham. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

This splendid revision of Archbishop Ullathorne's scholarly work opportunely appears now when we are celebrating a Jubilee with its sweet memories of the year of grace 1854, when the authoritative teacher of the Christian world proclaimed that the doctrine affirming the immaculate conception of Our Lady was an integral part of Christian belief. The book is certainly a veritable mine of information, dogmatic, patristic, theologic, upon this consoling truth that Our Blessed Lady always belonged to God, and to none but Him: that she was never under the ban, never in the power of the Evil One; but that the forces of darkness were *prevented* from throwing their shadows across her pre-natal life by the precious blood of the Saviour which *redeemed* His mother in the very dawn of her human existence. Fully and clearly is this wondrous privilege described in this remarkable book which may be said to contain in brief all that can be said upon this important topic. Pastors and preachers, directors of sodalities and chaplains will do well to draw upon these treasures for the discourses which will usher in the approaching feast of Our Lady Immaculate.

Within and Without the Church. By Rev. J. Laxenaire. Adapted from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. Herder. St. Louis. 1904. Price 30 cents.

This booklet treats of many subjects of vital importance to every earnest man. The very titles of the chapters suggest the fundamental problems of revealed religion: "What is the Church? Is there Salvation outside the Church? The Eternal Future of Infants. The Condition for Salvation of Adults. Application of the Means of Salvation. The Number of the Elect." The treatment is clear and the book will be found both comforting and instructive. Some statements we should like to see supported by proof and authority. Thus, on p. 29 we read, "when there is question of countries where the Gospel has not yet been promulgated, we cannot assert with the same assurance (as of Christian countries) that children dying without baptism will be deprived of the happiness of heaven." What ground has the author for this assertion?

The Grounds of Hope. By the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D.D. Benziger Bros. New York. 1904. Price 40 cents.

Discouragement and despair are the bane of the human race. Yet how common these fetters are, for fetters they surely are in their paralyzing influence upon our mental and spiritual activities. In the hours of discouragement, of darkness, in the days of loneliness and of desertion, this little book will bring us sunshine and comfort. We learn from it the grounds upon which all true hope rests, the comforting assurance that even in trial and tribulation God is with us, and all we have to do, if we would banish despair, is to pierce through the clouds in order to detect the cheery gleams of divine love.

The People's History of Ireland. By John F. Finerty. New York and London. The Co-operative Publication Society. 1904.

We are not without many Histories of Ireland. Thus we have Bryant's Celtic Ireland, Richey's Lectures on Early Irish History, Ware's Antiquities of Ireland, Curry's Lectures on the Life, Manners and Civilization of the People of Erin, Bagwell's Under the Tudors, Gilbert's History of the Irish Confederation, Ingram's Two Chapters of Irish History, Prendergast's Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland, Lecky's Chapters on Ireland in his History of England in the 18th Century, Gordon's History of Ireland, Sigerson's Modern Ireland and McGeoghean's History of Ireland, not to mention many others. But all these works are

either histories of a certain portion of Ireland's national life or they are written from the standpoint of English prejudice. What we have long wanted has been a complete history of the Emerald Isle which, while keeping rigorously to objective facts, would be narrated in a vivid, sympathetic strain, without which history loses its setting and its interest. This is the task which Mr. John F. Finerty, the energetic and scholarly President of the United Irish League of America, has undertaken. Two moderately sized volumes are the outcome of his labors and in these we read the thrilling story of a nation, naturally high minded and of lofty aspirations, shackled and relentlessly persecuted by a strong and fierce rival. It is a history which should be found in the home of every Irish patriot and on the library shelves of every scholar. So graphic, in fact, is this burning story that we sigh for more. In particular, should we like to see the chapter of Ireland's literary glories described at greater length and we trust that the author will confer this favor upon us in a second edition. With these two volumes in the household there will be every reason to hope that the vast numbers of Irish-Americans in the country will become familiar with the grandest battles fought, since the dawn of human life, for the defence of civic freedom and of religious liberty.

Victoria, Queen of Anglo-Israel — A Prose Epic by Nellie Deans Taylor. New York and Washington. The Neale Publishing Co. 1904.

The writer informs us that she has thrown together into a prose epic a number of traditions and authentic facts, with certain strange coincidences. The result is not a happy one and we must regret the peculiar taste which prompts any one to imitate slavishly the diction of the most revered book in the world.

The Ray. A Story of the Time of Christ. By R. Monlaur. Translated from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price 45 cents.

There is a touch of poetry and a ring of music over this entire story which makes it interesting reading. We only regret that the translator did not submit his work to a kindly critic. Many of the sentences are too involved, and there is a foreign tone throughout the book which will sadly mar its usefulness.

The Still Room. By Mrs. Charles Roundell and Harry Roberts. Volume IV of the Country Handbooks. John Lane. New York. Cloth, $1.00 net; Leather, $1.20 net.

The fourth volume of the "Country Handbooks" should be a stimulus to the revival of housewifery in the preparation of meals, drinks and cereal foods. The authors treat of every kind of epicurean accomplishment, reverting to the oldest receipts and including the most modern. From pickling meat and vegetables, making condiments and sauces, storing herbs and fruits, to brewing beer and cider, making wine and "drinks, old and new,"—they run from A. to Z. through the secrets of the housewife. There is a profusion of illustrations through the handy little pocket volume, which cannot fail to recommend itself widely.

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis. (Mrs. Blundell.) Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1904. $1.50.

The stranger in fiction has a remarkable attraction for the reader and in introducing this character in the very first chapter of "Lychgate Hall," Mrs. Blundell ensures the attention of her public. It is difficult indeed to lose interest in any novel from the pen of this writer, and her latest work bears out her reputation for skill in portrayal and originality of treatment. "The stranger" is a beautiful young woman "with a rich color in cheeks and lips, with brown eyes flashing under black brows, and hair black as night." She comes into the gloomy office where Luke Waring, a Lancashire lad sits on a high stool, striving to acquire legal knowledge, while his will goes out to the wholesome fields of his stepfather's farm, and he longs to lay down the pen and go back to the plough. But there is compensation in the coming of Dorothy Ullathorne. The youth falls under the charm of her beauty and winsomeness of manner, and to the end of the story he is her devoted follower.

There is a mystery in her life, compelling her to seek the retirement of the old hall, which in addition to its disrepair has the reputation of being haunted. The author uses well her power of exciting "creepy" sensations in the midnight scene from which Luke flees at the sound of the phantom funeral train. But this is anticipating events. Luke tells the story in the quaint language of his native country, bringing in one by one the people from The Delf, Sir Joscelyn Gillibrand, and his lady mother, the poor relations, the unknown gallant, the faithful Malachi, and the peasant folk—all necessary to the unfolding of his marvelous tale of love and adventure and weird happenings. Dorothy's secret is well kept till it suits the narrator to divulge it, which he does as the culmination of a series of thrilling encounters and mishaps. To suggest what these are would be to lessen the interest for those who wish to read "Lychgate Hall" for themselves, and in doing so lose count of the hours—the truest test of the fascination of a novel.

By the Good Sainte Anne. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 1904. $1.25.

Nancy Howard, the heroine of this summer novel, will be accompanied in her rambles around Quebec by many a reader who in imagination will live over again the joys of a visit to the quaint Canadian city. For those to whom Quebec is still an unexplored domain, Miss Ray's book will serve as a guide. Few points of interest escape her keenly observant eye. When it rests upon St. Anne's and the scenes centering there one could wish it held a clearer vision in matters of faith.

The heroine is a fine type of the American girl, true, beautiful, resourceful, not bound down by conventions, but for all that a lady to her slender finger tips. Her holiday companions are three young men—a rather unusual complement—an Englishman, an English-Canadian, and a French-Canadian. All these are representative of the virtues and lesser faults of their respective countries. Through the summer days they devote themselves to Nancy, the young Frenchman showing the fine chivalry characteristic of his race. The long walks, the visits to the churches, the pilgrimages to St. Anne's and the many other incidents entering into this delightfully entertaining story are told of with brightness and originality of style, and with much appreciation of the humor of the situations described.

Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. By Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1904. 75 cents.

This book is designed to arouse an interest in the wonders of the water world and to answer some of the questions about sea life that are most puzzling to children,—questions that children of a larger growth are often unable to answer. At the same time it is meant to encourage original investigation and to stimulate the pupil to make further discoveries. Although primarily intended for sojourners by the sea, it will doubtless be of great value to those who are unable to visit the ocean but who long to know of its treasures.

It is dainty enough for a gift book with its broad pages, large type and fine illustrations, and adults as well as children may learn much from its contents. The stories are entertaining yet thoroughly scientific and accurate in every detail.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has published a very excellent and interesting history of the Catholic Church in Japan by Rev. Dr. Casartelli. The tract tells of the marvellous growth of the Church, the persecutions, and the present condition of Catholicity in the Empire. Copies ten cents each.

A second edition of Judge Dillon's masterly essay 'Catholicism and Reason' has also appeared. The author is a Los Angeles jurist, a convert to the Church, and in this essay he states the reasons of his belief. It is one of the strongest essays of its kind.

Count de Mun's famous article "The Religious Crisis in France" has been republished by the Society and has had widespread circulation. Copies of the pamphlet may be had from the International Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, as well as from the San Francisco Society.

An excellent "Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart" is also amongst the recent publications.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the nature of the present Jubilee and how does it differ from the last Jubilee proclaimed by Leo XIII? What are the conditions and privileges thereof?

There are two kinds of Jubilee, the *ordinary* and the *extraordinary*—the ordinary Jubilee is celebrated every twenty-five years, in accordance with the decrees of Paul II and of Sixtus IV, in order that each generation may enjoy one such holy year of generous spiritual amnesty. The first Jubilee of which we have adequate record was proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII in the year 1300. He intended that such a celebration should be had every century, but in the middle of the fourteenth century Clement VI, at the entreaty of the Roman people, announced a Jubilee for the year 1350, only fifty years after the Jubilee of 1300. In 1390 a third Jubilee was announced and petitions were then made to reduce the term to the life-time of our blessed Lord, thirty-three years. One Jubilee, that of 1423, under Martin V, took place under this arrangement, but in 1450 a return was made to the former arrangement of fifty years. But in 1475, under the regulations of Sixtus IV, a twenty-five years' Jubilee came into existence, in order that each successive generation might, as has been stated, be assured of the enjoyment of such a year of pardon. This rule held until the year 1800, when, on account of the Napoleonic wars and disturbances, the nineteenth Jubilee was deferred

from that year until the year 1825. The last Jubilee of Leo XIII was held in conformity with the above-mentioned decree of Sixtus IV.

But besides the ordinary Jubilees there are so-called *extraordinary* Jubilees, granted for special reasons in order to rally the faithful still more firmly to the practice of their religion. Father Thurston in his scholarly work on this subject gives a list of these extraordinary concessions, some of which are extremely interesting. Thus Leo X proclaimed an extraordinary Jubilee in 1518 to obtain the Divine assistance against the Turks. Pope Paul III granted a similar favor in 1545, on the occasion of the opening of the Council of Trent. In 1554 Julius III blessed the Catholic World with this unusual privilege in order that England might be won back to the faith of her ancestors. In 1586 Sixtus V published an extraordinary Jubilee in order to obtain the special blessing of Heaven upon the missionary labors of the Jesuits in China. Pius IX favored Catholics with two extraordinary Jubilees for the various needs of the Church, that of 1851 and that of 1857; and Leo XIII granted three, those of 1879, 1881 and 1886. Now we have our present beloved Pontiff, Pius X, following in the footsteps of his bountiful predecessors, gladdening the Christian world by an extraordinary Jubilee in memory of that memorable year in which Pius IX promulgated, as an article of faith, the doctrine that Our Lady, the Virgin Mother of Our Saviour, was preserved from the stain of original sin, from the first instant of her existence. In accordance with this announcement of Pius X, a plenary indulgence may be gained, during the time specified, by all the faithful of both sexes who comply with the conditions of the Jubilee. This indulgence can be gained only once and may be applied to the suffering souls detained in Purgatory. The Jubilee conditions embrace:

(1) A specified number of visits to a church or to certain churches.

(2) Prayers for the Pope.

(3) A one day fast upon lenten fare, kept on a day when fasting is not otherwise of obligation.

(4) The reception of the Sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist.

The privileges are many and various. Special faculties are granted to confessors and unusual methods of reconciliation are placed within reach of those who, for some reason or other, have incurred the ban or censure of the Church. It is a time of special heavenly grace, when the treasures of Heaven entrusted to the Supreme Pastor are lavishly dispensed to all who are willing to show that they desire to keep their souls free from moral guilt and to walk in the ways of righteousness and of peace.

If two Protestants are united in marriage before a Protestant minister, and if they are afterwards divorced, may one of them, while the other is still living, marry a Catholic, having the ceremony performed by a priest?

If the first marriage was invalid in the eyes of the Church, *yes*, otherwise *no*, supposing that both parties to the original contract were baptized. We must not lose sight of the fact that many marriages regarded by non-Catholics as valid, are not valid in the eyes of the Church, owing to the existence of some impediment which prevents the matrimonial pledges from constituting, according to church enactment, a true binding force. Hence what some consider a true marriage is, under ecclesiastical law, only an apparent marriage, and thus, when the existing disabilities are removed, the way is clear for an abiding contract. We have similar examples in the case of legal contracts which are invalid unless all the conditions prescribed by law are observed. The matter will, perhaps, appear clearer, if we take into account the teachings of theologians who consider marriage from three points of view: (1) as a natural contract; (2) as a civil contract; (3) as a sacrament.

Marriage considered as a *natural contract* is the conjugal union of one man and one woman, entered into by competent persons, binding them indissolubly for life. A purely natural marriage contract exists only among infidels and unbaptized persons.

Marriage considered as a *civil contract* is an attestation by the civil power to the existence of the natural contract of marriage. It is a formality imposed by the temporal authority in order to secure in the eyes of the law such civil effects as the transmission of an inheritance, the exercise of paternal authority over children, and the ordinary civic privileges.

Marriage considered as a *sacrament*, is the natural contract raised to the dignity of a sacrament. Our Lord elevated this contract to this supreme height by giving to it, when made by Christians, the power to signify and to produce grace, just as He attached a similar power to the external elements of the other sacraments. This sacramental character of matrimony is not something accidental superadded to the marriage contract, but it is the very contract itself which has been lifted to this higher plane. Hence among Christians there can be no valid marriage without a sacrament. The reason for this is clear. Since the object of Christianity is to lead men to Heaven, and since marriage is the natural source whence the race springs, it was necessary that those measures should be taken with regard to it, whereby it would help the faithful to reach their appointed end. How better could this be accomplished than by elevating the marriage contract to the dignity of a Sacrament! Thus a special spiritual power is annexed to

the lawful celebration of this union by which the husband and wife may live happily together in the exercise of mutual affection and fidelity, and may train their offspring in the love and service of God.

Another important point to be noticed in connection with this subject is the fact that the contracting parties are really, according to the teaching of Palmieri and others, the ministers of this sacrament. For the efficient cause of marriage, in the words of the Council of Florence, is the mutual consent of the parties regularly expressed in words which designate the purpose of the divine institution of marriage. Consequently, if the contracting parties are the efficient cause of the contract, they are also the efficient cause of the Sacrament, since, as has been remarked, the contract of marriage, in the case of baptized persons, is inseparable from the Sacrament. Moreover, since the contracting parties constitute the efficient cause of the Sacrament, they must, of necessity, be the ministers of the same.

This teaching is exemplified by the action of the Church which recognizes as *valid* a marriage contracted without a priest in those places where the decree of the Council of Trent requiring the presence of the parish priest has not been promulgated. The part of the priest is that of a witness, indispensable in those countries which come under the full force of all the laws enacted by the great Tridentine Council. The decree of the Council which requires the presence of the parish priest and of witnesses has been published in the United States only in the following places: (1) New Orleans; (2) San Francisco and Utah except the part lying east of the Colorado River; (3) Santa Fe except the northern part of Colorado; (4) Vincennes; (5) City of St. Louis and the parishes of St. Genevieve, St. Ferdinand and St. Charles; (6) Kaskaskia, Cahokia, French Village and Prairie du Rocher, in Alton.

Who has written a history of the Jesuits?

Read the "History of the Jesuits" by B. N., or "History of the Society of Jesus" by Daurignac. The various lives of St. Ignatius of Loyola also contain a general sketch of the Society and of the Constitutions.

Where can I obtain the official list of books condemned by the Church?

You can purchase this at any Catholic book-store. Ask for the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" as issued under Leo XIII.

What is a wake?

The word means, of course, a time of vigil or of watchfulness. It is now generally applied to an all-night watch by the body of a dead person. It is intended to be a time of mourning and prayer, not of festivity or merry-making. Nothing can be farther removed from the wishes of the Church than to turn these solemn moments into a time of hilarious dissipation. The term "wake" was also used in ancient times to denote the vigil of the annual festival kept in commemoration of the dedication of a parish church. This wake consisted of an all-night watch in the church and of solemn functions on the following day.

What are the indulgences granted by the Church for the performance of the Way of the Cross? What prayers must we say in order to gain the indulgences?

The Way of the Cross is, according to Pope Benedict XIV, one of the chief Catholic devotions for meditating upon the sufferings and death of our blessed Lord. Originally by the Way of the Cross was meant the space traversed by our Lord when He journeyed from the court of Herod to the hill of Calvary. After the Ascension of our Saviour it became a favorite devotion with the first Christians to travel over that way of sorrow. As the Church spread over the world, Christians from all places used to visit the spots hallowed by the precious blood of Christ. To encourage their piety the Church opened to them her spiritual treasures, but since many could not possibly undertake so long a journey, she granted permission for the erection in many places of chapels and shrines in which were representations of the scenes along the way of the Cross. These representations were gradually spread throughout Europe by the Dominicans and Franciscans, especially by the latter after the guardianship of the sacred places had been entrusted to them. So delighted were the Supreme Pontiffs with this devotion that they finally decreed that all those who perform the Way of the Cross, when canonically erected in any church, might, under specified conditions, gain the indulgences accorded to the faithful actually visiting the Holy Places in Jerusalem. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, however, in its instruction on the manner of performing the "Way of the Cross" especially forbids preachers and others ever to specify in detail the number of indulgences attached thereto. There are only two conditions required for the gaining of these indulgences: (1) The station must be made, that is, it is necessary to rise at each station, changing one's place, and go from one to the other, unless a person be prevented from so doing by reason of some infirmity, of the narrowness of the place, or by a crowd of people. In such cases it is sufficient to make some slight movement and turn towards the following station. (2) The person performing this devotion must meditate on the Passion of Christ while going through the fourteen stations, and he is exhorted to recite a Pater and Ave and to elicit an act of contrition before each cross.

FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

BY BRENDAN O'BEIRNE.

Last summer an American was sauntering along the Strand, London, in conversation with an English friend who was enlarging on the alleged "American invasion" which, he declared was driving many home-made articles from European markets and putting in their place American made goods. He was telling how in Germany the competition had become so keen and the American trade-mark had grown to such popular favor that one German manufacturer was placing his goods on the market under an American trade-mark; if he had tried to sell his goods under a German brand his profits would have dwindled to such an extent as to render his financial standing precarious.

Fifty years ago, even twenty years ago, to have imagined such a state of affairs would have been beyond the wildest dreams of any save the irresponsible. We Americans were buying our finest sweets, bon-bons and chocolates in Europe. To-day our own confections are the choicest offered in the world's markets; and not only the choicest but the least expensive.

Such a statement sums up a bit of political and social history. We can hardly appreciate what changing conditions in American ideals this fact illustrates. Indeed, trade histories will become interesting historical relations in years to come and none will be more illuminating in considering the last few decades than the history of the candy trade. Our American industries have made history rapidly within our memory and the story of their exploitation will form the basis of the work of future historians. For in the century the spirit of history has changed; since life is a struggle, histories of men and nations will ever be stories of conquest but it is no wild surmise to suggest that the stories of conquest which will interest the men who will reap the fruits of our labors will be, not the stories of conquest by war, but the stories of conquest by trade.

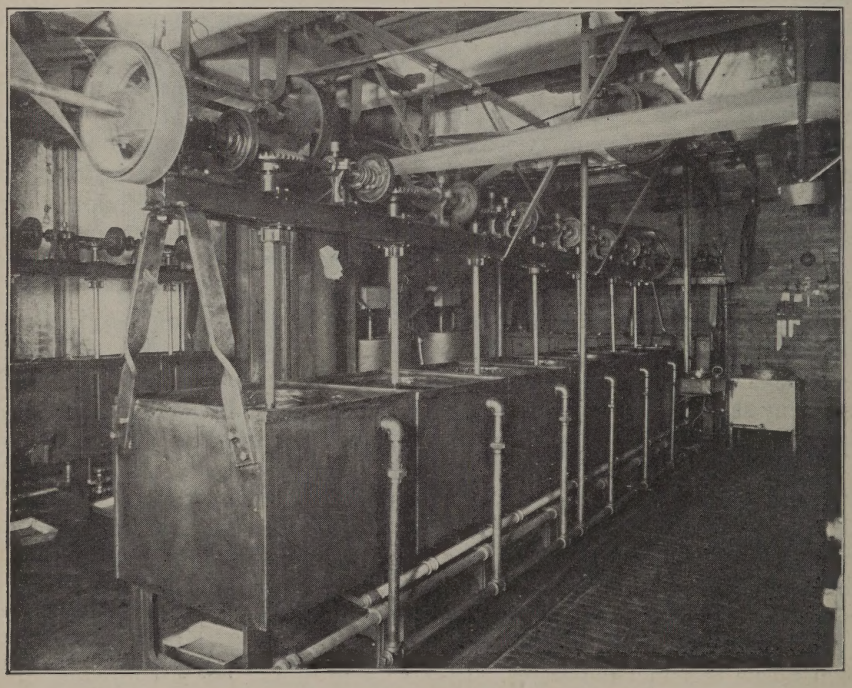
As an instance, however, of the broadly historical value attaching to trade relations let us consider the story of the modern American bon-bon. Perhaps a definition of civilization will express the making of luxuries, necessities; the commoner acceptance of the refinements of life. Twenty years ago candy was an expensive luxury within the reach of only the few. To the vast majority of people chocolates were an almost unknown quantity, the only form of sweets in common use being the old-fashioned molasses candy and lozenges of oderous memory. How different is it to-day. Now the use of candy has become well nigh universal. At every social function candy is in evidence. For gifts, at Christmas, on birthdays and at other times, a box of candy is sure to be the most acceptable. How many a convalescent has been cheered by the thoughtful kindness of friends who have sent him candy to wile away the tedium of recovery! When a friend starts on a journey it is held the proper thing to send him or her a dainty box of sweets. What theatre party is complete without the beribboned box of bon-bons? In short, in every hour of life candy has come to have its sacred uses. It is a necessity to all people of any social pretences. And yet all this has come about in a generation!

The story of the achievement is a history of American push, energy and brains. At the time of the American Revolution there were only twenty stores where candy in any form was sold in Philadelphia and hardly as many in either New York

or Boston. In 1837 the candy trade did not amount to fifty thousand dollars. In 1875 it amounted to less than a million. The finest candies were all imported, domestic efforts in the candy line being confined to molasses candies, gum drops, peppermints and the like.

Since 1875 the great change has occurred. Over fifty millions of dollars are invested to-day in the manufacture of candies and the product sells for over one hundred millions. There are about four thousand factories in the country which give employment to thirty-six thousand hands who receive over fourteen millions in wages. In other words the candy business has become one of the most important industries in the country. Its capitalization ranks with the combined capitalization of the candy trade in all the countries of the world. The value of the product is greater than that of any other country. This is a record of enterprise which naturally arouses our curiosity. The story of the part played in this development gives us some idea of how it was accomplished and the history of leading firms, such as that of W. F. Schrafft & Sons of Boston, manufacturers of Schrafft's chocolates, has the value of an historical relation.

The business was established in 1861 by W. F. Schrafft who confined his work to the manufacture of the simple American candies then in vogue. In this work he continued until about twenty years ago, when the American chocolate bon-bon trade began to assume its importance. Its growth for the first few years was slow but sure. At first, European methods and models were followed but gradually the American trait began to assert itself, the trait that makes foreign things our own by moulding and adapting them



BOILING THE CHOCOLATE.

to American conditions. Inventive genius began to tinker with foreign built machinery and to evolve American machinery that would do the work more quickly, more effectively and less expensively.

The Schrafft factory has become a leading exponent of American methods. The employees have been trained to a high degree of skill, the personal of the working force has been raised. The great problem as to the perfect sanitation of the problem has been solved. The task of placing the goods upon the market at the lowest prices and in the most attractive form has been accomplished. In short, upon an old and unimportant industry American methods were brought into play with the invariable results, the product was improved, a greater demand and finer taste satisfied and the requirements of small purses and far away markets were successfully answered.

That candy making is a complicated process is known vaguely to most candy consumers, but how complicated few realize. The raw material of the simplest chocolate as well as of the most elaborate confection is simple sugar and crude chocolate; before it becomes candy it passes through many a trying ordeal. The sugar is boiled in large kettles. At Schrafft's there are many such kettles which have a capacity of over a ton of sugar each, rather large sized kettles; besides these there are those which hold 250 pounds each. In these kettles the sugar is cooked until it is liquid and then passes through a strainer to remove all grossness. Then it is boiled again after which it runs into a large hopper where it is subjected to a churning process which transforms the syrup into a delicious cream. The creamed sugar—all the sugar used is the White Diamond sugar,

ON THE WAY TO THE CONNOISSEUR

a superior brand which contains 10 per cent. more moisture than the ordinary granulated variety—then runs into corn starch molds where it receives its form—conical, wafer, or loaf, and then it is dipped in a bath of chocolate. The women who do this dipping become so expert in their work that they coat the cream drops in a fraction of a minute. When this has been done the chocolate bon-bons are placed in the cooling room to harden. As may be imagined, the dippers are expert workwomen and the greatest care is taken that everything in and about these workrooms should be perfectly sanitary and clean. The product is thus certain to be absolutely healthful. The chocolate itself has passed through another complicated process. The cocoa bean from which chocolate is derived is grown chiefly in Venezuela and Ecuador and great care is used in its cultivation. When the bean is gathered it has to be roasted, a process calling for great patience and skill. The roasted bean—the bean used at Schrafft's comes from several fine plantations and is of superior quality—is cleansed when brought to the factory, is placed in a hopper and ground to a pasty mass. It is then placed in another hopper and butter is added, when it is ground again, until it becomes soft and velvety. Again butter and sugar is added and the paste is warmed until it is quite fluid when it passes into the coating bath.

The final stage in the process as outlined here is the hardening of the chocolate which is done by exposure in cooling rooms. The cooling process at Schrafft's is as perfect as human skill can make it. Liquid ammonia is allowed to expand into coils of piping immersed in a tank of brine. The expansion of the ammonia in the coils produces an intense cold so that the temperature of the brine is reduced below zero. The brine circulates through piping and cools the atmosphere of the rooms. This is the process of refrigeration; economy demands that the expanded gas shall be again utilized, to accomplish which a compressor is used. The gas passes through the coils into a chamber where it is subjected to a pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch and is then liquified by passing through pipes immersed in flowing cold water. In this way the ammonia can be used again and again.

A trip through such a factory removes any lingering prejudice against candy as an article of food. The ingredients are thoroughly wholesome and the processes of manufacture maintain everything in the most healthful form. Candy manufacturers have taken the greatest care to render their product absolutely pure. The National Confectioners' Association has been a leader in the pure food agitation and has succeeded in securing the passage of practically uniform pure candy laws in nearly every state in the Union. The Association offers a reward of $100.00 for the detection of impure coating or ingredients in the manufacture of candies. The Association has also made it a point to investigate every case reported of supposed candy poisoning. During an experience of twenty years the Association has never discovered one instance of death caused by the eating of candy. So carefully does the National Confectioners' Association safeguard the interests of candy eaters.

In all this work the Schraffts have taken a leading part. Their own product is made of the finest materials, is absolutely pure and has the guarantee of one of the most honorable names in the trade that any candy sold in its boxes is not only pure but healthful.

ALL SOULS' DAY IN PARIS.

CHILDREN'S HOUR IN A FRENCH CONVENT.

THE CONVENTION OF CATHOLIC COLLEGES

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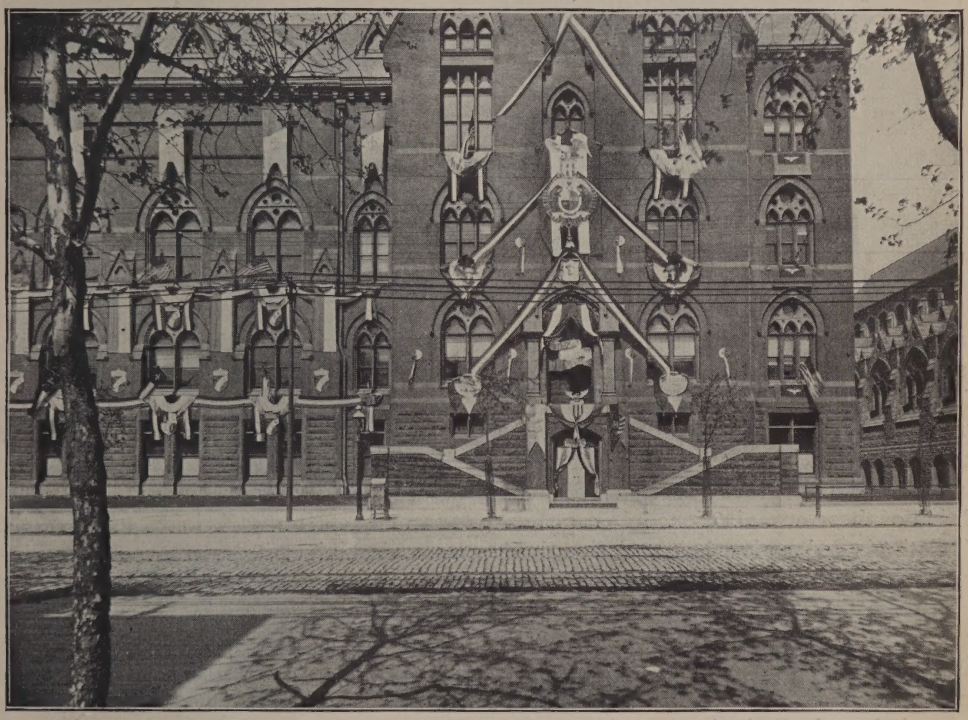


THE UNIVERSITY IN GALA DRESS

THE FIRST UNIVERSITY IN THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY SULLIVAN OSBORNE.

Dr. Guy Carleton Lee of Johns Hopkins University, who has undertaken the editing of a monumental history of America, remarked during his trip for material through the West last year that the St. Louis University seemed to him to convey in a single picture, better than anything else he could find, a proper impression of the growth and importance of Catholic work in the Trans-Mississippi region.

St. Louis herself is on exhibition these days not less than her great exhibition. Nearly all the chief avenues to the Fair pass within a few blocks of the great pile of buildings which make up the chief departments of the University, and no doubt many a child of the faith coming from distant parts will feel a throb of joy and of gratitude to God when he learns that this huge structure stands for the cause for which we all live.

Several events of national importance

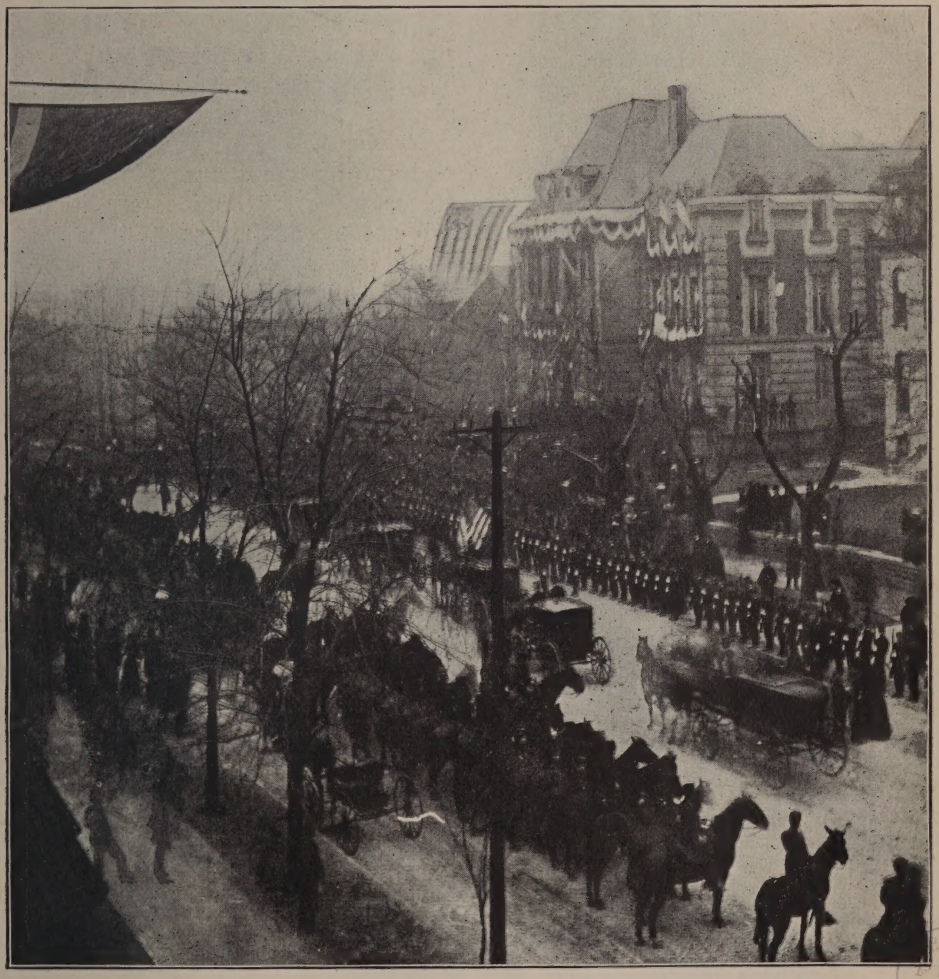
THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN THE COLLEGE CHURCH.

have recently brought the University prominently before the public eye. The Convention in her halls of the three congresses of Catholic schools, and colleges and seminaries, is an event of recent date; the formation on that occasion of a coalition of these organizations into a general Catholic Educational Association is a fact fraught with such hopefulness for the future that the spot where this union was consummated should be of historic interest for this alone. The defense last year by one of her Divinity students of the whole of Catholic Theology—the third event of that nature in the land—before the most distinguished gathering that ever witnessed such a feat of intellectual daring; the visit of President Roosevelt and Cardinal Gibbons to the University; the great Catholic Eucharistic Congress held in the College church; the magnificent farewell reception tendered by his fellow alumni to Archbishop Harty on the occasion of his starting for the Philippines; these, not to mention more than usually successful demonstrations of student activities in oratory and athletics, have served to give the University a deserved prominence, at least in the regions of the Louisiana Purchase. The Hartford (Conn.) *Courier* commenting editorially on one of the University's celebrations recently remarked that there is a great deal of Catholic vitality in the West which it will do us all good to study. I take this to indicate that even more remote sections of our land will take encouragement from a brief account of the St. Louis University's career.

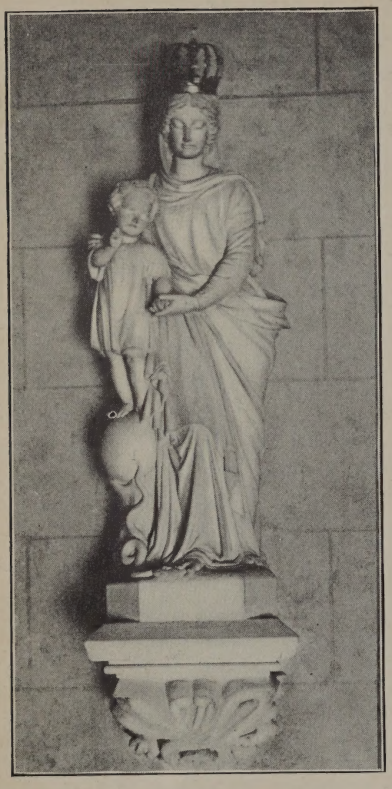
The story of the University is one of struggle, and her triumphs are those of patience. In 1829 the classes of the "St. Louis College" were opened. The first name on the register was Charles Chouteau, the grandson of the founder of St. Louis and the father of Mr. Pierre Chouteau who is now Vice-President of the World's Fair Commission. The senior student of the first year was Bryan Mullanphy who had just returned from school in Paris. The old register records that he was graduated in 1830; but it cannot now be ascertained whether he then received the first A.B. degree, though four years later, after the "College" had obtained her University charter, he was given his A.M.

The university charter was granted by the State of Missouri in 1832, so that St. Louis University is the oldest university in the Louisiana Purchase Territory. She is somewhat proud of that fact now, and

she was no doubt prouder of it then. For she became a university in good earnest at once. A first class Medical faculty was organized and strengthened. A Law School was begun, classes in Architecture and Music carried on, a Post-Graduate Course of Philosophy opened and a Divinity School set in operation, all around the Collegiate School as the centre or nucleus. All this was accomplished not only before another university entered the field but even before the first public or parish school came into existence in the state. The Collegiate and the Medical departments flourished especially and it seems to have been a just boast that they had no superiors on the American continent. The guiding figure and controlling influence of these early years was the Rev. James O. Van de Velde, S.J., about whom all the early years of the University naturally weave themselves as did the events of his day. He is not numbered among the seven Jesuit Fathers who



THE CADETS UNDER LIEUTENANT JOHNSON, U.S.A., RECEIVE PRINCE HENRY OF GERMANY IN STORMY WEATHER.

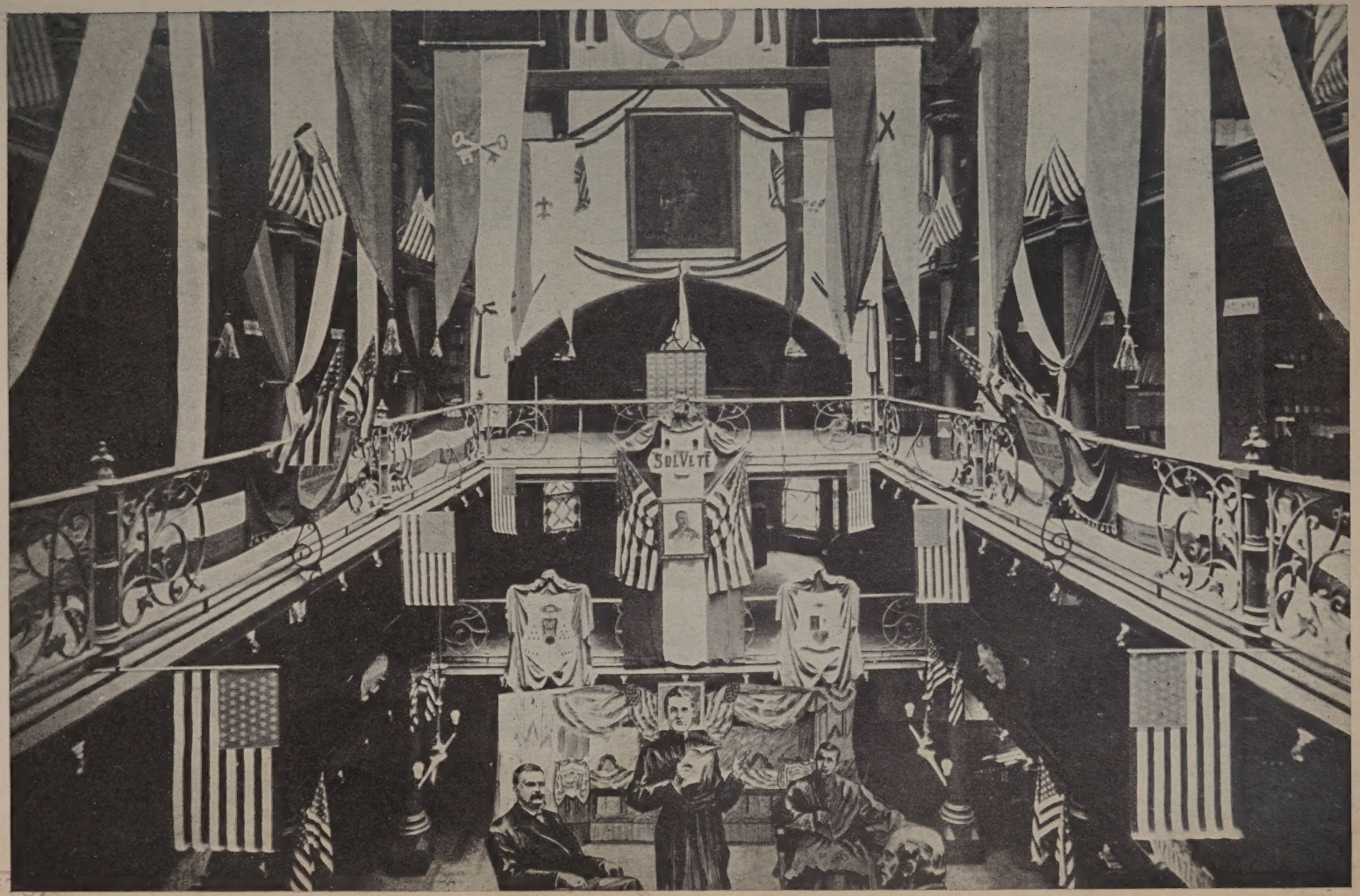


THE CROWNED STATUE.

founded the University, but he preceded them from the land of the "fortissimi Belgae" to the New World, and his letters to them from Georgetown College were the most potent cause of their coming hither. He was not the first President. but he obtained the charter and later acted as Vice-President or President until he was called to the episcopal chair of Chicago. He died of the yellow fever contracted while serving the plague-stricken in Nashville, Tennessee. He laid the foundations of the University on broad lines which his successors could not, or did not, fill in. For storms soon rose against the institution which she found it hard to weather. What a variety of trials she has had to endure! In the very first of these she received an almost visible protection from heaven, and perhaps if all were known this same strong defense has ever been her shield. When the cholera broke out in the city in '48, threatening to empty her halls of all the boarding students, a vow was made, into which it seems Catholic and non-Catholic students entered alike—for half were non-Catholic in those days—to crown the statue of our Blessed Lady with a crown of silver if all should be spared from the plague. Strange to say though one in every ten of the city's population was carried off by the scourge, 6,000 out of 60,000, of every section, condition and age, not one of the 250 students was attacked by the disease.

In '54 the University had to withstand the attack of mob violence as the termination of a long series of calumnious agitations, and she was only saved from the fanaticism of the Know-Nothing party, and from the flames, by the bravery of her first graduate, Mullanphy, now Mayor of the city, who at the risk of his life withheld the mob from their purpose. This was the severest of all her struggles, and when the skies were cleared, everything that entitled her to the name "University" was swept away; nothing remained but the purely Collegiate Department and the Academy or High School. In '60 when the war cloud darkened every agency of good in the land the college was decimated of her ablest students, and a revolution of Missouri's constitution afforded her foes an opportunity to aim a blow at her existence which might have been fatal had not another of her sons, Hon. Alexander J. Garesche, proven loyal in the dark hours, and by months of devoted labor succeeded in exposing and crushing the iniquitous chicanery of the framers of the Drake constitution.

The early annals of the Propagation of the Faith tell us that the St. Louis University was built in the "Faubourg O'Connor." This suburb is now 9th Street and Washington Avenue, the very heart of



CARDINAL GIBBONS AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HEAR THE DEFENSE OF THE WHOLE OF THEOLOGY BY A STUDENT OF DIVINITY.

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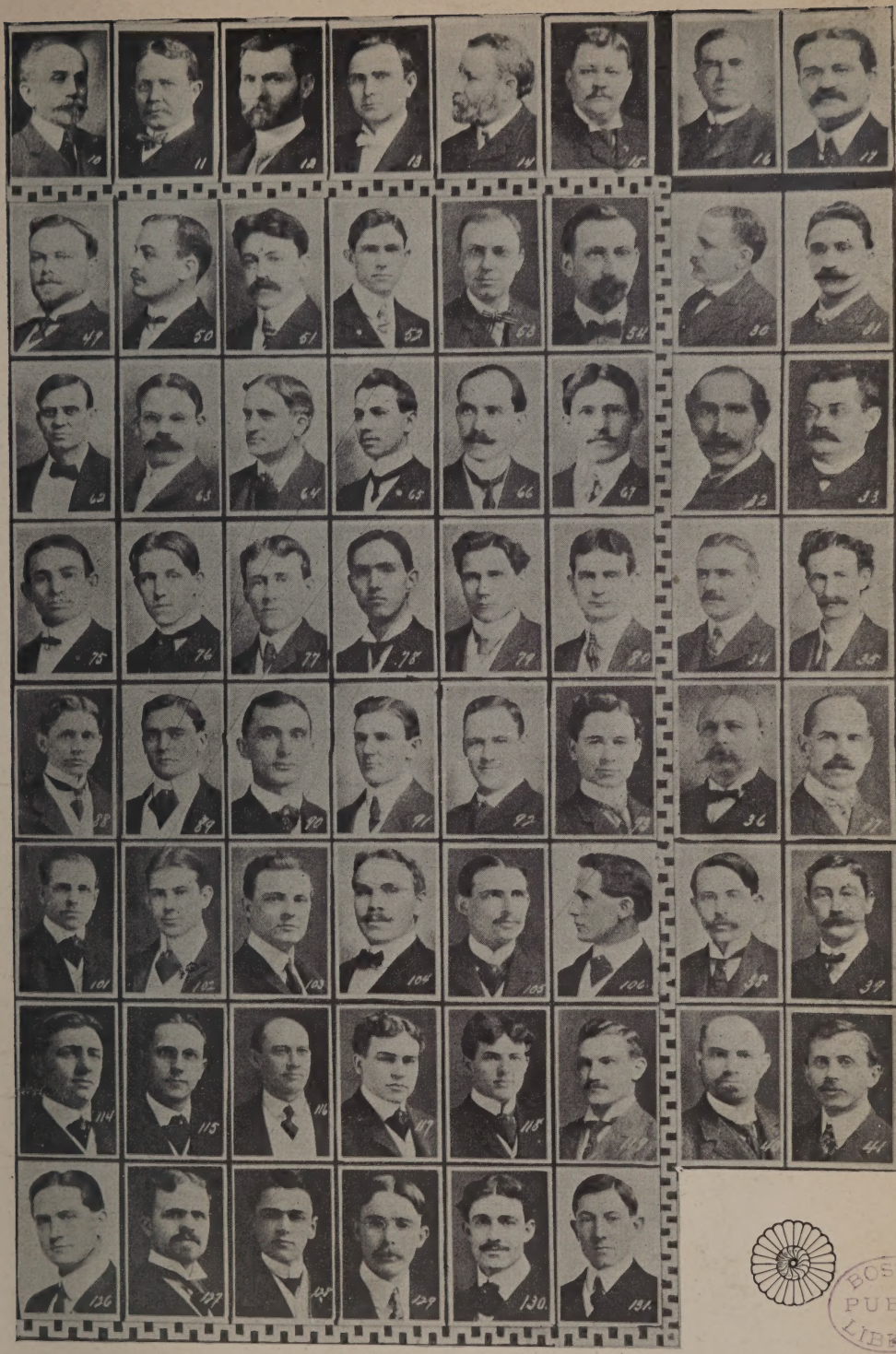
Graduates: 42, G. O. Webster; 43, L. A. Weisbrod; 44, L. C. Garcia; 45, R. M. James; 46, G. W. Becker; 47, R. Speer; 48, U. R. McReynold; 49, B. Wyllie; 50, E. V. Rawlins; 51, H. D. Edmonds; 52, W. C. O'Neal; 53, C. D. Ottoson; 54, R. S. Vitt; 55, J. L. Cass; 56, W. F. McMahan; 57, J. W. Hagan; 58, G. W. Tontz; 59, D. F. Stubblefield; 60, V. O. Williams; 61, D. C. Burnett; 62, W. C. Bryant; 63, E. Crawford; 64, W. H. Sherman; 65, A. T. Vogler; 66,



GRADUATES OF 1904.

T. F. Fienud 67, G. H. Galbraith; 68, F. C. Nichols; 69, C. G. Harris; 70, A. R. McReynolds; 71, W. J. Johnson; 72, S. A. Hauck; 73. H. S. Norton; 74, J. W. Clayton; 75. A. L. Breiding; 76, C. E. Matlock; 77, I. E. Neer; 78, J. T. Freund; 79. J. F. Bradshaw; 80, F. R. Hickey; 81. E. W. Amman; 82, P. S. Mabry; 83, C. R. McDonald; 84. E. J. Veidt; 85, G. Titsworth; 86, R. A. Woolsey; 87, W. C. Welhelmj; 88. F. Hultz; 89, N. W. Jarvis; 90, P. H. Anderson; 91, L. E. Messimore; 92, W. A. Wilson; 93, J. J. O'Keefe; 94. A. L. McClanahan; 95, J. B. Nelson; 96 O. Christian; 97. L. A. Kempff; 98. J. Nywening; 99. W. H. Hempkin; 100. W. R. Washburn; 101, G. H. Moore; 102, A. B. H. Sullivan; 103, F. M. Anderson; 104. J. D. F. Grace; 105, F. H. Rosebrough; 106, F. F. McConaghi; 107. C. E. Koons; 108, H. C. Goodson; 109, G. W. Harris; 110. C. P. Renner; 111, G. H. Warren; 112. A. S. Graydon; 113. F. P. Mann; 114, C. P. Martin; 115, J. W. Shankland; 116, F. A. Schulte; 117. W. Whitt; 118, B. C. Linebaugh; 119. E. H. Skinner; 120, F. E. Luman; 121, J. B. Bright; 122, A. H. Dollear; 123, W. H. Hueurmann; 124. V. Z. Miltenberger; 125, W. L. Fuller; 126, J. E. Melton; 127, T. A. Clark; 128, G. A. Estel; 129, W. D. Pipkin; 130, C. H. Pease; 131, C. R. Bell.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

the business section of the city. Such location became entirely unfit for boarding quarters for young men, much more for boys in the Academy. In the struggle against the encroachments of modern commerce, the University had to shift her moorings, and in '88, the institution was removed from 9th Street to Grand Avenue and Lindell Boulevard, almost the geographical centre of St. Louis. Here she has thriven again. A Post Graduate Department of Arts and Sciences was soon attached to the College; a Divinity Department erected, and the Medical College resumed. Her last year's catalogue gives her number of students as 1010. Of these more than six hundred are in University courses, about one hundred constitute the College, and the remainder are in the Academy. Investigation of our recent College Catalogues reveals the fact that this University has the largest attendance of any Catholic institution of higher learning in America. Among the fourteen great universities whose exhibits at the World's Fair are found within the court of the Palace of Education she is the only Catholic representative.

"DR. PANGLOSS."
The annual play has been a marked event for seventy years.

Lately I asked a Jesuit Father, who is close to the management, why these facts, so telling as advertisements, are not made more of. If you put the question, "Which is best attended of our Catholic Colleges in the United States?" not one in a hundred could tell you. The Father replied that while the University had many things to be proud of—the hopes and the possibilities about them are so large—their financial stringency compared with other institutions is so close, that a sense of deficiency, a hampered feeling, prevents any boasting on their part, though it should be only what is called legitimate advertising.

"And of what," I urged, "is the University particularly proud just now?" "Just at present," he answered, "there is a great deal of satisfaction over the successes of the Medical Department. The exceptional advantages there offered our Catholic young men begin to be appreciated. Students are coming from all parts. One of the honors' men of last year was a Persian, and one of the first registries of this year is a native Hawaiian. Students have been coming here hitherto for their last years from universities of the highest standing, owing to our exceptional hospital facilities. You know, we have thirteen hospitals attached to us exclusively, besides the common use of the public institutions. The efforts of Father Rogers, the President, have been directed to make the first and second year equally attractive, and for that purpose he has brought about an innovation in Trans-Mississippi schools, consisting in this, that, all the lectures in the fundamental branches of medicine are given by specialists who are devoted exclusively to

lecturing and research. At great expense he has secured the best men that could be procured and the almost enthusiastic appreciation of this fact by the students of last year augurs well for the next term, when they will meet another delegation of choice men from Chicago, Harvard, and other Eastern schools, in the class-rooms.

"Wherein has the University been particularly hampered?"

"In her efforts to build up a great collegiate course, the only course that develops intellect to its full power. The results of St. Louis University alone should be object lesson enough to convince our people that this is what we Catholics stand

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

most in need of. For seventy-five years the Society of Jesus has devoted almost undivided attention, care, labor, and devotion to this course which stands for wisdom, thought, and culture of a people; and yet it is the most fragile department of the institution. Last year's count of collegiate students did not reach one hundred. Still there is consolation here, because there were more recipients of the B.A. degree in the last three years than in the first twenty. There are not more

THE CHAMPIONS OF MISSOURI.

than three hundred living holders of the University's Bachelor of Arts degree, and yet what a power they are in the world. Her alumni are the University's abiding boast. Like the Roman matron, Cornelia, she always says "These are my jewels." Let me cite a few of these. Beginning at the University herself, we find three of her graduates on her advisory board of managers: Alonzo C. Church, a name that indicates an hereditary association with what is noblest; Julius Walsh, whose business enterprise has made him the president of a dozen millionaire corporations; and Paul Bakewell. Look at the professions in our city alone. In law, Mr. Bakewell himself is a host, a man whose name appears in authority in the three great universities of the state. If you search the roster of our lawyers, you will think the University has been partial to this profession—until you look up the doctors. In medicine, besides her own staff, all the medical schools in the state, and some afar off, have her graduates among their first officers: Lutz, Simon, Smith, Gregory, Allen, and Powell, not to mention the glories of the old Medical School,—Beaumont, Boisliniere, Papin and Pope, names forever interwoven with the history of the city. The last may be said to be still connected with the University through his son, a Jesuit, who is master of that hall of Oxford University, England, which is so distinguished for the successful examination of its students.

In the clergy, St. Louis University may point with some pride to the fact that an

archbishop on whom the destinies of a nation hang was lately chosen from among her sons. She gave a general, and two assistant generals to the Society of Jesus. The new vicar general of this diocese, and its secretary and the pastor of the cathedral are her sons, not to mention others noted for their devotion to duty, study and self-sacrifice. In the press, she points out the owner of St. Louis' greatest daily, and its city editor, the editor of the first of Western literary journals, and the manager of the strong German Catholic organ. The many encomiums Father Cronin has just been receiving on the completion of his thirtieth year of Catholic editorial work make it impossible to pass over the editor of the Buffalo Union and Times. In the business life of the city, in every line of manufacture, in banking, shipping, and real estate her graduates are conspicuous. In the great enterprize in which we are all interested at present, one of the chief organizers of the Fair, its general architect, and the master of its transportation, claim the St. Louis University as their Alma Mater. In the government of the city, passing over her distinguished judges in various courts, we find at least three products of Jesuit education in the present reform council of the city; they are the President, Vice-President and Secretary of that body.

But we do wrong to the University if we circumscribe our view of her activities to the home city. We have not time to examine the career of her graduates in every city of the land, but it is safe to say there is no walk of life, there is no honorable vocation, no fair-sized city in the land, where the work and the good example of her sons have not found their way. In the halls of the National Government the voices of her men are well-known. There has probably never been a term of Congress during the last fifty years in which she has not had representatives in the House; they are not unknown in the Senate, and at least one reached the Cabinet. Had the Democracy hearkened to the party of compromise in the famous convention of Chicago eight years ago, and nominated the man most named as acceptable to both the gold and silver parties, Garland of Arkansas might have represented St. Louis University in the Presidency. It may particularly interest the larger patronage of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to know that two St. Louis University men sat for many years as heads of departments in the professioral chairs of Harvard.

This recounting of famous names is, I fear, against the spirit of the University. To her the noblest student is not necessarily he who has won applause. She has other sons even in the humbler walks of life, whose highest praise is that they have ever been Christian gentlemen with no rewards in riches or honors for their attainment of that rare distinction save Heaven's approbation of their efforts; and of these as well as of her many young men whose day is still to come she is equally exultant. In these results of her college work the St. Louis University may well challenge comparison.

A famous non-Catholic university complains this year that her donations are not up to the average. They foot up about a million and a half. St. Louis has received about one tenth of that sum in her seventy-five years. What would have been her results had she received a fair fraction of this amount?

MOON-BHEG-DHOWN.*

A BALLAD OF KILKENNY.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Mo bhron! my heart is heavy an' my hair is bleachin' gray
For tyrant laws have sent me from my native land away.
An', would you b'lieve it, since that same, each night I lay me down
I dream o' the old neighbors, an' of *Moon-bheg-dhown!*

I'm weary of the stranger's face an' of the stranger's tongue,
An' long to hear the *Gaelig* sweet my life-long friends among:—
—There's Torlough Quinn an' Murty Shea, an' Kellaher McGown,
Blithe hearts of gold, though poor an' old, in *Moon-bheg-dhown.*

Here wealthy folks galore walk out in silks to suit their pride,
The silks, *an-eadh;* I envy not, if stony hearts they hide:—
Oh! keep your treasures dearly bought, an' every silver crown
But give me back my calm content in *Moon-bheg-dhown!*

Belike the merry breeze of May is rushing joyous now
Up where the sportive sunbeams dance on brown Knoc-Laighan's brow.
White *ceannabhan* is waving, an' the brooklets hurry down
To gladden all the humble homes in *Moon-bheg-dhown.*

So winningly the primrose bud peeps out to greet you there
An' daisies like the drifted snow are scattered everywhere!
While from each blossomed hawthorn hedge so rare a scent is blown,
You'd swear t'was *Tir-na-n-og* they owned in *Moon-bheg-dhown!*

'Tis there the tender neighbors are would make your grief their own
With sympathy in ev'ry glance an' mildness in each tone!
An' from the little chapel perched upon the hillside brown
God flings a hundred thousand gifts on *Moon-bheg-dhown.*

'Twould ease my mind to see once more our Soggarth kind an' gray
An' gossip with him friendly of this great land far away;
To tell him all my troubles an' at partin' kneel me down
For blessin' of the Priest and Pride of *Moon-bheg-dhown.*

The grace of God be with us in whatever clime we roam,
An' at our death His Mother mild be there to guide us home.
But if I'd ask a special boon His earthly gifts to crown
'Twould be a holy Irish grave in *Moon-bheg-dhown.*

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*The little, brown bog.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BY A. V. D. WATTERSON.

The recent celebration of his silver jubilee by Rev. P. L. Duffy, LL.D., of St. Joseph's Church, Charleston, S. C.,—to whom may be very fairly awarded the honor of being the present poet priest of the South,—recalls to my mind a pleasant afternoon, last spring, in Mobile, Ala., spent with Colonel Rapier and Bishop Allen.

The Colonel is a gentleman possessed of a sturdy, vigorous and well-balanced character, massive of brain, generous, and a Catholic to the core. He is the owner and editor of the "Mobile Register," the strongest and most influential newspaper published in Alabama, and is both respected and feared throughout the South. He was, no doubt, the writer of the editorial in his paper on the conduct of the French Government in its late effort to force a quarrel with the Vatican over the Concordat and President Loubet's visit to Rome, which editorial was very favorably commented upon in a recent number of the "Ave Maria." The editor of that meritorious little magazine need never have any fears regarding the views of the editor of the "Mobile Register," which are always safe and sound and he may have just as little concern for the views of his talented brother, who is one of the editors of the "New Orleans Picayune."

Among other topics of conversation with the Colonel, on the afternoon referred to, was one relating to the publication by him of the poems of Father Ryan, so well known as the "Poet Priest of the South." While the Colonel's statement to me was not narrated for publication, I feel satisfied that I am not abusing his hospitality when I tell it. It is sufficiently interesting to bear repeating. He said in substance that after the close of the war, Mobile was in a most impoverished and lethargic condition, being what he called a "five months' town," that is, a town where they did business for about five months in a year, and starved for the rest of it. He was then owner of a job printing office, and had in his employment the best printers in the city. He was greatly concerned in their success, and was anxious to retain them and to keep them employed and contented.

Throughout the war Father Ryan's poems had appeared very frequently in all the newspapers of the South, some being even republished in the North, and they had become very popular. Colonel Rapier, during this period, lived only a short distance from Father Ryan's little church, which he frequently attended, and was a very intimate friend of the poet priest. One evening, almost like an inspiration, the thought came to the Colonel that he could give his printers employment for the entire summer while rendering a service to Father Ryan and the public as well, and probably make something himself out of the undertaking, by publishing Father Ryan's poems in book form. The more he thought of this the more convinced he was that he ought to embody his inspiration.

This feeling was intensified when one morning a few days afterwards, while slowly proceeding to his office, in an old "one mule car" which used to lazily wend its way down Government Street through clouds of sand, he noticed Hannis Taylor boarding the car. Hannis was then a young lawyer, bright and energetic, but but as briefless as even a Mobile lawyer of that day could be. Though not a Catholic, he was an ardent admirer of Father Ryan. The Colonel beckoned to him to take a seat by him, and, as they

jogged along, told of his inspiration, and proposed that the young man look after the editing of the poems, while he (the Colonel) would do the printing and disposing of them. Mr. Taylor was much impressed with the idea and at once consented. The Colonel told him that he would call upon Father Ryan, lay the proposition before him, and at the same time procure both his approval and his manuscripts. Agreeably to this promise the Colonel called and placed the matter before Father Ryan. The latter listened to him, gave him one of his most benevolent smiles, and remarked, "Why, bless your soul, Colonel, I have no manuscripts. I never thought of saving anything I wrote."

The Colonel felt that his little dream had collapsed, and, after a short conversation with Father Ryan, left him. The idea then occurred to him that he might still be able to accomplish his purpose by inserting advertisements in several of the Southern newspapers, making known his intention to publish Father Ryan's poems, and asking those who possessed manuscripts, or clippings from newspapers, of Father Ryan's poems, to kindly forward them to him, promising to take good care of them and guaranteeing their safe return to their owners when his work was completed.

For awhile the responses were very meagre, but soon the newspapers in every direction began to favorably comment upon the Colonel's intention, and many of them even urged him to carry it into execution, promising their aid in every way. The result was that clippings from newspapers from every direction began to come in rapidly, sometimes a dozen of the same poem from as many sources, and even manuscripts were received, until a goodly collection was formed, and what was more surprising to the Colonel was the fact that letters began to pour in on him, some enclosing money and others giving orders for the book. An aged priest "out in California" enclosed a twenty-dollar bill and said he wanted as many volumes as the money would buy. This same priest afterwards ordered more than fifty volumes.

The Colonel soon realized that he was going to have a much larger book, with a much more extended circulation, than his most sanguine expectations had anticipated; and he quickly grasped the fact that, in order to satisfy his patrons and to do the matter justice, it was necessary for him to publish the work in a far better style and on a much more extensive scale than he had originally intended. He therefore ordered new type and supplies, and sent to Chicago for engravings to embellish the work. Among the engravings was one of Father Ryan himself, and here is where the Colonel's strategic knowledge came into play. The reverend gentleman was averse to having his picture taken, and it was only after much manœuvering that the Colonel succeeded in obtaining a sitting. However, he affected his purpose, and after that everything moved along most satisfactorily. Instead of the edition he had intended he printed 5,000 volumes. These sold rapidly, not only in the South, but throughout all parts of the United States.

The Colonel was thus rewarded in keeping his men together and in providing them with steady employment, as also in making a profit on the work far in excess of his anticipations. It enabled him to send Mr. Hannis Taylor a check for a goodly sum, and, what was still more pleasant, to turn over to Father Ryan many hundreds of dollars, much to the latter's joy and surprise. Shortly afterwards several of the Catholic publishing houses made offers to purchase the copyright, and one of them made an offer which the Colonel thought it advisable to accept. The proceeds derived in this way he also divided with Father Ryan, much

to the delight of the latter, who used every cent he obtained from Colonel Rapier in improving his parish property, Saint Mary's, and in making it what he had always so earnestly hoped to see it.

It is more than likely that Hon. Hannis Taylor, who has since become a well-known author, and who was United States Minister to Spain during Cleveland's administration, was never better satisfied with the proceeds derived from any of his literary productions than he was with those he received from his work on Father Ryan's poems, because, when he began his labors on these, it was with feelings of pure friendship for Father Ryan and Colonel Rapier, and without any notion of securing any pecuniary compensation whatever.

Later in the afternoon of the day I first mentioned, I made a visit to Father Ryan's grave in the Catholic cemetery in Mobile, not far from his modest little church. He is buried in the centre of the lot of the Children of Mary, as was his desire. His tomb, the gift of an admirer, bears the simple inscription,

"Rev. A. J. Ryan;
born May 12, 1840;
died April 22, 1886;
priest, patriot, and poet."

The attendant who conducted me to the grave was a Knight of Columbus, much interested in the Order and somewhat in me as a member. He plucked from a bush, overhanging Father Ryan's tomb, a bunch of beautiful red japonicas (camelias) which he gave to me in remembrance of the man. Whenever I think of the weary-hearted poet priest of the "lost cause," asleep in the peaceful little cemetery in his beloved Southland, these lines from a favorite poem, his consoling and resistless "Sursum Corda," come to my mind:

"Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wand'rers, and your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earthland, and ye murmur 'where is home?'
Homeless hearts! God is home."

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued.)

"I never forgot my religion, Miss Anne," answered Lizzie, taking a weight off Anne's heart. "And I needn't be ashamed to go back to Ballincrusheen to-morrow. But I got among very poor people, Miss Anne, and in terrible parts of London where the country was as far away as Heaven. And there in a lodging-house where I was servant I met my husband. He was a gentleman, Miss Anne,"—Lizzie spoke with naïve pride,—"and, God bless him, he'd never have thought of wronging a poor girl. We were married by the priest, and this is my baby."

She took the wrappings from about the child's head, and showed a little silken mass of very dark curls. The lashes on the cheeks were silky black also. The complexion was Lizzie's as it had once been. All else the child must have derived from its father.

"But why are you here, Lizzie? Did you know I was here? Perhaps you heard from Ballincrusheen. There, give me that great boy. I can take him without waking him. Let us sit down on this grass-bank. I want to hear all about you."

They sat down on the bank, facing a break in the hedgerow where a white gate opened. It was a back entrance to Culvers, Mrs. Perkins' place. Lizzie must have been standing by the gate when Anne had passed, without noticing her. The transference of the baby had been made and Anne sat looking down at it with a face scarcely less maternal than the mother's. A sheet of wild roses flowed softly behind them. The air was full of the songs of June, of the stir of quiet life in tree and flower that is the air of June.

"No, indeed then. When I saw you go by I was that surprised that only I had *him* in my arms I'd ha' fainted I believe. It was like seein' a ghost. And I tried to call after you and couldn't at first, and 'twas only the fear of losin' you gave me stren'th to do it."

"Then what brought you here, Lizzie?"

"Well, Miss Anne, because I've been doin' wrong. The baby's grandmother lives in that fine house over there . . . "

"Culvers! Mrs. Perkins! Lizzie, it wasn't *you* that married Mrs. Perkins' son!"

"It was then, Miss Anne. But she was terrible hard-hearted to me. She wouldn't see me after he was dead, though only for me he wouldn't have had a happy hour before he died. He used to say,—he never had a good word for himself,—that the only sensible and rational act he done in his life was to marry me. An' he used to say she'd forgive him though he'd gone near breakin' her heart, when she knew me. 'But that musn't be yet, Liz, my girl,' he used to say, 'because she was set on my marryin' a lady. I'll have to tell her first that you were only my best friend, and that you'd turned me from feedin' with the pigs, an' when she got to know you, she'd ha' found out for herself that God had made you a lady if the world didn't.' It was his way o' talkin,' Miss Anne. But sure, there was no time for anything. He'd given himself too many hardships, God help him, an' there was no time at all to do anything in this world for he went and died on me."

Big tears formed in Lizzie's eyes that had the peace of the cattle in the pasture in their liquid depths, formed and overflowed. She wiped the tears away with quiet resignation as she went on with her story.

"An' when he was dead the mother

wouldn't see me. She treated me as if I'd been a bad girl, Miss Anne, and it was only the thought of what *he* used to think of me kep' me up in those cruel days. An' she flung me like a dog a lot of money that I'd no use for, for wasn't my mother dead on me too at home in Ballincrusheen? But I took it, because I'd a thought in my mind. I never said a word about the baby; but I thought when he was born I'd just go back with him to Ballincrusheen an' no one 'ud have a word to say to him but myself. I was terrible afeard she'd try to get him from me, Miss Anne. An' sure I'd be there now with him,"—she spoke with an air of longing as one sees safety across stretches of danger,—"if I hadn't met with Father Roche. 'Twas he bid me let th' ould lady know about the baby,—'for,' says he, 'supposin' you were took sick an' died, there'd be nothing for him but the poorhouse. You wouldn't wrong your own child,' says he; 'an' what's more she can't take him from you. Indeed, I've hopes she won't want to,' whatever he maned by that."

"Indeed I think perhaps Father Roche was right," said Anne in a voice that trembled. So many things were rushing upon her mind that it was in a whirl.

She looked at Lizzie's face in the neat framing of the widow's bonnet. It looked gentle and refined. Though she was a little dusty, just a little bit disordered, no passer-by would have thought of her as anything but a lady. The child was daintily dressed, and was as pretty as a picture. Anne would not stop to think. She never did stop to think; only luckily her impulses were nearly always better than other people's well-considered actions. She jumped up in such haste that the baby opened one eye and looked up at her inquiringly.

"You must put yourself in my hands, Lizzie," she said. "Don't ask me any questions. As it happens, my way and your way lie together."

She crossed over and opened the gate that led to Culvers, the obedient Lizzie following in her wake.

The baby's second eye had followed the first. Two large orbs so gray as to be almost black stared at her inquiringly. Then the baby smiled.

They were on Culver land by this time.

"Smile away, my beauty," said Anne. "You are on your own land now."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Heir of the Ages.

Mrs. Perkins sat with her foot swathed in many bandages raised on a sofa. A table drawn close to her was covered with ledgers and papers of all sorts. She liked to keep herself acquainted with the details of the business from which she drew her enormous income. But this afternoon somehow salt and savor had gone out of things. What was the good of it all when she was childless? Sometimes she was able to put her hunger to sleep by keeping her thoughts on the munificent benefactions she was going to make to hospitals and charitable institutions of all kinds. But not now. The woman in her craved for a more particular object for her love and generosity than the great mass of humanity.

"He was a beautiful baby," she said out aloud. And then she choked: she was thinking of her Georgie in the days when he was her exquisite delight before ever she could have dreamt that one day he would break her heart.

She had her days of shrewd and dreary disillusion when she realized that she had no real place in her world, that she existed there only on sufferance and by reason of her money. She was tired of being sought after for what she would give: disgusted with the fine people whose de-

mands on her generosity were sometimes shamelessly greedy.

"He was a beautiful baby," she repeated to herself.

"Miss Daly," announced the footman at the other end of the long drawing-room.

The lonely old woman's face brightened. She looked eagerly towards Anne who was coming along between the china tables and silver tables, and impedimenta of all kinds with which the room was tastelessly crowded. Mrs. Perkins liked to surround herself with bric-a-brac, and was sure she had it good since she employed an expert to buy it for her. She liked to have it, and to bestow it on others carelessly and generously. By way of Mrs. Perkins many a rare and priceless *bibelot* found its way into the collections of the fine ladies of the county.

"It's good for sore eyes to see you," she called out before Anne was half-way up the room. "There, my dear, turn that lazy Tricks off the chair and bring it close to me. I was just thinking that though the dogs are great company for a lonely person like me there are times when one wants the sound of a human voice."

"A bark is as good most times," said Anne brightly.

Mrs. Perkins sighed.

"They love you for yourself anyhow, my dear, and I don't suppose if you asked Tricks or Tray or Boxer there but what they'd say I was the prettiest woman in Smokeshire."

"I've no doubt they would," said Anne, stooping to pull a silky ear.

"I've so wanted to see you. The time was long while you were in your own country. You'll have some tea. Yes, we shall, and you will pour it out for me. I told Thomas just before you came that I didn't want any. I wonder if lonely women ever starve to death just because they don't care to eat alone? I used to be that fond of my cup of tea. 'Dear me!' John used to say, 'there ain't no tea like yours, mother.' Just ring the bell, my dear. It'll be different having you here."

She glanced curiously at Anne's face, by which it was plain to see that something had happened.

"I wonder," she said, "if you happened to meet Olivarez, my dear. He was here an hour ago, and I do remember now that I mentioned that you sent me word you'd walk over this afternoon."

"Yes: I met him," said Anne.

"I hope he didn't worrit you, dear," said Mrs. Perkins, watching her with wistful eyes. "When he wants anything he's terrible set on it. I've known him, boy and man, for a matter of nearly thirty years. I hope he hasn't worritted you. Bless you, it's a free country. No one can make you do anything against your will."

The bright color mounted in Anne's cheeks.

"Do you know," she said, "that I think Mr. Olivarez was rather generous to me."

"Ah! that's all right then. He isn't bad at heart. In fact in business where no one's expected to be kind I've heard of Ferdinand Olivarez doing very kind things, mad things some people thought them. There; there's none of us all good or all bad. There are things said against Olivarez; I wouldn't have had you marry him, my dear. But he has done handsome things, in a big way too."

"And now tell me," said Anne, closing the subject of Mr. Olivarez finally, "how have you been all this long time? I know you came to see Mrs. Corbett and were kind to the old soul. Her son is grateful; we all are. But tell me how you have been."

"Worritted, dear, worritted," said Mrs. Perkins, taking out a large silk handkerchief and wiping her brows. "And now see me here crippled. They call it gout because I'm a rich woman. How would

I get gout? I once had the housemaid's knee from constant kneeling and scrubbing the little house where Georgie was born. I was so proud to have a house of my own that I nearly scrubbed it away. 'You'll wear a hole through the floor, my girl,' John used to say in his joking way. But, bless you, flesh and blood wear out faster than boards, so I got the housemaid's knee. My leg is a sight to see now."

"I hope it will soon be better," said Anne laying a light hand on the beautiful coverlet that was thrown across Mrs. Perkins' knees. "The sitting and lying must be irksome, especially to an active person like you."

"It's more than common troublesome now, for I've wanted to be off to London. I've thought a deal on what you said about the girl my Georgie married. You were right. I ought to have seen her. But I made up my mind to it too late. She was gone."

"Gone?"

"She hadn't come for her money for two quarters back, and there was no word of her at her lodgings. So Drake wrote to me. He said he believed the woman at the lodgings was keeping back something. She was a very violent woman, Drake said, an Irishwoman. She threatened his clerk to fling him in the street and his bag after him. What business had the man to send his clerk? He should have gone himself. I wonder how many thousands a year we're worth to him! I shouldn't be afraid to tackle her. But here I am laying here, not able to stir if it was ever so. I don't know how long 'tis going to be either."

Anne sat looking down and turning pale and red. Suddenly she lifted her eyes and looked at Mrs. Perkins.

"Supposing your son's wife were a gentle, refined, pure-minded Irish peasant girl," she said, "for whose innocence I could answer as for my own. Who had drifted to that place out of the necessity the Irish have of herding together, and because she was lost in London? Supposing your son had really picked a daisy off that unlikely field? Supposing she worshipped him? Supposing she is so gentle and docile and teachable, being a lady of nature's own making, that she only wants more education to make her as much a lady externally as she is in her real character? An Irish convent-school girl who has lived for years in daily association with the nuns is a long way on the road to being a lady if she is at heart pure and refined as Lizzie is."

"Lizzie! You know her then. It isn't a fairy-tale you are making up for me!" cried Mrs. Perkins, turning so darkly purple that for an instant Anne was frightened.

"As though I should do such a thing. I have found her for you. You have but to see her. She grew up under Gran's eyes; I have known her since she was a toddling child."

"And she loved my boy, you say? She was with him to the last? When can I see her? I'll travel to her if I have to do it on my back. I've wanted to see my Georgie's widow all the time and to be fond of her if I could. How was I to know that she was a good girl?"

"You shall see her at once, but you must not be too excited over it, or I shall have to keep her back. She is here, in the house. I asked the man who opened the door to let her wait for me in another room."

"Bring her to me."

"There is someone with her."

"Let me see her alone."

"Why, this is someone who will not be separated from his mother. It is your grandson. He is a year old and a beautiful boy."

"My grandson!"

Mrs. Perkins' plain face was so transfigured with ecstasy that for a moment

Anne could hardly recognize her. The mixed feelings of a few minutes before had passed by. This was pure joy and could do her no harm.

With incredible quickness Anne's light feet traversed the distance between Mrs. Perkins' sofa and the little room, where Lizzie sat uneasily on the edge of a big velvet chair.

"Come," she said. "She is longing to see you, but she cannot walk. Let me take the baby. But no, take him yourself. Lift up his veil, let her see what a beautiful boy he is."

As they came in Mrs. Perkins struggled to a sitting posture and forgetting the gout put her foot to the floor. Anne hurried the timid Lizzie along when she would have held back.

"There," she said, "put the boy into his grandmother's arms. There is a baby for anyone to be proud of! Just look at his rosy cheeks, at the little black rings of hair. Isn't he a beauty?"

She had a thought that Mrs. Perkins' face as she received the baby was like the face of the prophetess in the Temple when her arms received the King of all babies. Something divine, like a great wave of light flowed and ebbed, ebbed and flowed, in the poor, plain face that Anne had thought so ugly and ignoble on her first introduction to it.

"'Tis my Georgie given back to me again in his innocence," she said. "May the Name of the Lord be praised! He's dealt kinder with me than ever I deserved."

She held the child against her breast rocking him to and fro. He opened his eyes, and his lips parted in a friendly smile.

"He knows me, he knows his gran already," cried poor Mrs. Perkins. "There, take him, dearie. I don't want to cry over him. And oh, my heaven, how am I going to bear so much joy?"

And placing him gently back in his mother's arms she burst into happy tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RETURN.

The work in the chapel was not progressing favorably. Day after day the young artist painted something only to paint it out again, or after an hour or two of feverish activity would stand frowning at the result, biting his nails and looking as though all his world had gone wrong. He had hardly achieved anything since Angela's return, and she knew it, for she sometimes stole in there early in the morning when she was not likely to be discovered, and gazed at the still companionless Archangel, and sighed and went out again. One morning turning to leave the chapel she came face to face with the artist.

"Have you been here often?" he asked with a little thrill in his voice. "Why did you come at an hour like this when I was unlikely to see you? Do you know that you have taken my inspiration with you, keeping away from the chapel day after day? Why, how could I paint, when I was always listening for the rustle of your dress, the sound of your footstep?"

She made as though she would have passed him, but he did not offer to make way for her.

"You used to take an interest," he said, petulantly. "When you were away I thought all the time that I was painting for you. But if you do not care, Miss Angela, I think I will ask your father to let me off the work. The ceiling can stand, and I shall paint out the St. Michael. It is time for me to be off tramping again."

Angela put a timid hand on his sleeve.

"Oh, please don't do that," she said. "He is so beautiful, the St. Michael I mean. Won't you paint the others? I should feel that I had murdered some beautiful creatures. Indeed I am interested. I have been here every day though you have not seen me. And I have grieved that the work was not making progress."

His face lit up.

"You really care!" he said. "Why what an ungrateful fellow I am! What a dull fellow, too, or I should have known of your presence, even after it was gone. Will you come every day for a few minutes and tell me what you think of my work? Will you? I believe it will make all the difference between success and failure. Will you come at this hour? There will be no one then. If you knew how little I cared what others thought about it! But now,—you will see that you have given life to Archangels and Angels, Principalities and Powers."

It was eight in the morning, the dewy hour when the garden yet smoked with the mists ascending in the golden air, when everything smelt sweet being yet refreshed with the coolness of the night.

"Will you come?" he asked again.

"I will come," she answered. "I am nearly always out-of-doors by this hour. Could I will the non-existence of those magnificently-named personages?"

She was a little pale, but she was smiling, as she listened to his exaggerated expressions of gratitude. Were not artists always exaggerated? She would be stupid to attach too much importance to the things he said.

For a month or more she kept her promise to him, and they met morning by morning in the chapel. The walls that had been grey and bare grew lovely with the eyes and the wings and the hair of angels. Gabriel was now by Michael. Ithuriel, with his spear, was beginning to come into existence.

No one intruded on those morning meetings, and they spoke of them to no one. There were a great many absorbing things happening round about them which explained perhaps the little notice taken of them. For one thing Lord Godfrey had taken to haunting the house in his off-work hours after that first day when he had set eyes on Judy. The attraction seemed to have been mutual, for that shyest of little girls, although at first she trembled and fled from his presence, had very soon yielded to his impetuous wooing. He had made little Judy his own before he said anything to anybody, though the whole world might see how it was with him. Then he went to the Duchess.

"Aunt Jane," he said, "I'm the luckiest fellow alive; and the most grateful to you. But for you I should never have seen her."

"Have seen whom?" asked the lady, pretending to misunderstand him.

"Why, Judy!" he answered, staring at her. "Who should it be but Judy? I told you how it would be the first time I set eyes upon her. Who could it be but Judy?"

"Who indeed?" said the lady comically. "Of course there is no one but Judy in the world. Well, young man, and what do you expect me to do for you and Judy? I hoped your first infatuation might have passed. I confess I had quite other views for you."

"So had the Duke. He had an heiress in his eye for me. He thought a sensible marriage might make me mend my ways. I shan't bother anyone, though there are always jobs going for the younger sons of dukes. Judy has no end of pluck. She'll go with me to Africa if need be. I don't mind where, so long as she goes with me; only it mustn't be too pestilential for her sake. There will be railways needed there."

"You're a selfish pig," said her Grace. "It isn't your father; he has plenty of you: it's I. Don't you know I've been getting fond of you, sir?"

He looked at her, conscience-stricken; then leaned forward and kissed her rosy cheek.

"My tongue ran away with me, Aunt Jane," he said. "I'm not such a pig as all that. One of the first things I said to Judy was that you were the best friend a fellow ever had, and that I should mind

leaving you more than leaving my own people."

"You said that?" The Duchess caught him to a motherly breast. "Why, you shall never leave me, neither you nor Judy. You are to comfort me for the boy I lost. I shall have your children on my knee, Godfrey. You don't know how I love babies. Where is that minx, Judy? I suppose I must kiss and forgive her. I have enough for all of us, and some one else must build the African railways."

This of itself was enough to absorb Anne to the exclusion of Angela and her affairs. But, truth to tell she had something engrossing of her own.

After that Irish visit she could never be the same as before with John Corbett. The old relations of employer and employed, which she had tried to insist upon delicately in the old days, could no more be kept up. John Corbett would not permit it.

He was head over ears in the carrying out of a certain plan which had long been dear to his heart. The revenues of Arymtage, Arymtage and Corbett grew like a snowball in the night. The partners were not minded to become like those unhappy men who are haunted by the spectre of their own riches.

The plan in fine was the acquisition of a certain country estate about five miles from Elsdon. This was to be made the site of houses for the workmen employed by the firm. It was not to lose its country character; not a tree was to be destroyed. The houses were to be built, as much as possible out of sight of each other, each with its clump of trees; each with its goodly space of grass. A famous architect had designed the houses, taking for his model the outward picturesqueness of the old English village, while the interiors of the houses had modern comforts and modern sanitation. The place was to be a garden city. It was to be served from within by its own street of village shops. The laws were stringent to exclude and cast out the idler, the vicious, the unprofitable.

"If we could have the like in Donegal!" said Anne. Her head was close to John Corbett's as they bent over the plans on the library table. "But of course we should need the industries first."

"And why not?" he asked, looking at her strangely, agitatedly; "why not? Why should we not have the industries first and build the village together afterwards, you and I together?"

Before she could answer him, beyond the sudden rose and white of her face, a servant knocked at the door. The Duchess of St. Kilda was in the drawing-room.

Anne fled to her friend, and was deeply grateful for the interruption. Only she wanted to get away, to be alone. Her thoughts were in turmoil. She did not feel ready yet to answer him. And first she must tell him about Brian. Was she yet free of Brian?

The Duchess noticed her agitation, but was too wise a woman to remark upon it. She chattered of what was nearest her own heart, and Anne was grateful for the respite. She was going over to Ireland with her nephew to ask Madam Daly's consent to an engagement between her grandchild, Judy, and Lord Godfrey Ingestre.

"I wish I might come too," said Anne wistfully, "although I have been there so lately." She wanted to go back to Gran, to ask Gran to set her free from her pledge to Brian. After all was it not her love for Gran that had really held her bound all those years? If Gran were to ban her now not even the new love could bless her.

"I wish you might. How will Madam take it? I mean this affair of Godfrey and Judy?"

Anne smiled. She had learned to laugh at her own family pride.

"She will say it is a suitable match even

for her grandchild. But she will make a favor of it, Duchess. You need not expect anything else."

"I should be disappointed if she didn't. Anne, she would never accept it from me; but somehow you must manage for me that I shall help my boy's wife's grandmother. I did not know myself how rich I was till I consulted my men of business the other day. For example, you need not leave her alone with the old Abbé in the old house of stormy winter nights."

She watched Anne's clear, child-like face, with her eyes narrowed between the lids. Anne had never learnt to conceal her feelings.

"Perhaps . . . she would not accept it," Anne said haltingly. "You have no idea of her pride; it is fanatical."

"That I should hear you say so! And you, Anne? You still look for the return of the wild cousin? Tell me, child: how—have you been faithful to his memory all these years? If he should come! Isn't it a risk? You might feel that things were so changed."

Anne turned her large musing eyes upon her.

"Why, I have thought of it," she said; "I have been thinking of it for some time. We were only children. Now I am a woman in the thirties. People change. They can't help it, can they? Oh, Duchess, I never thought to have spoken of it to anyone, but I have realized it for some time. Supposing that Brian were to come back, and that I were to find he was not the Brian I had been thinking of all these years, would Gran still hold me bound to him? Would she hold me now that he has not come back?"

"Don't look so frightened, Anne," said the Duchess, soothingly. "Doubtless he will not come back. I should make up my mind if I were you that he would not come back. Madam is too wise a woman to hold you bound."

"You think so," she said. "I wish I had had courage to ask her when I was there. I might have trusted her love. Oh I wish I could go back and ask her. Poor Brian! Perhaps he found out that it was all a mistake too."

"If he is alive," said the Duchess to herself, "he has doubtless a savage wife somewhere, and a wigwam full of wild children."

But to Anne of the ideals she would not put the thought in words.

The door opened quietly.

"Sir Brian Daly," announced the footman.

Anne uttered a sharp cry, and then stood as though turned to stone while the big red-headed person in the very outlandish-looking clothes took her in his arms and kissed her.

CHAPTER XXX.

A KING-CONSORT.

Sir Brian had a somewhat shamefaced air after the first ardor of his greetings of his cousin was over, and the Duchess noticed it with satisfaction.

"Depend on it," she said, "he's been up to something. I wonder now what it can be and if it will alter the position of affairs at all."

She watched Anne with keen appreciation of her courage. Anne smiled at Brian's ruddy cheeks and fiery head as though he were the sun in her sky. She drew Brian down beside her on the couch. All the time she was thinking how she must go back and tell John Corbett that she had let his love for her grow without telling him that there was another man; and now the other man had returned, and held her bound. He had come straight from Witch's Castle, having spent but a day and a night there. He had come home rich enough from the South Seas, where he had been trading, to lift the family back to its ancient splendor. But he had not told Gran a thousandth part of his adventures, which were like a fairy-tale. He had come straight to Anne.

Didn't she know that he would come straight to her. He had been horrified not to find her at Witch's Castle, and at learning what she was doing.

"And I think I shall say good afternoon," said the Duchess, standing up and spreading her rustling skirts. "You'll have a deal to talk about to each other. I'm going to be a sort of relative of yours, Sir Brian, which will excuse the interest I take in you. We shall have abundant opportunities of becoming better acquainted."

"I've heard from the Gran about little Ju. I can't say I know her. Why she was in long frocks or very little more when I left Ireland," said the young man. And then, in a great hurry, "Don't go, ma'am: pray don't go: I assure you I'm delighted to meet you. There's nothing Nan and I have to say."

Her Grace beamed on him, although he was holding Anne's hand more affectionately than she quite approved. But then a long-lost cousin might do that.

"Now what have you been up to, my fine young man?" she asked herself: and added mentally, "I don't leave this house either till I find out how things are between you and Anne, and whether she's going to break John Corbett's heart because of this old nonsense between you and her."

"Well, since you're so very kind," she said, resuming her seat.

After a second or two Anne stood up, —she had been growing paler and paler the Duchess noticed,—and with a murmured apology left them together.

"I wish I knew where she was going to," thought the Duchess. "However, this young man interests me more for the moment. I wonder if I could get him to confide in me. I may be able to help everybody all round."

She opened her bonnet-strings and let them fall each side her face. She took off her cloak. Plainly she had not postponed her departure by only a short interval. Her broad, open, honest face was enough to inspire anyone with confidence, especially anyone for whom it wore such an expression of good-will as it now wore for Sir Brian.

"I am really delighted to have been almost the first to welcome you," she said. "I hope you are going to stay at home and make your grandmother happy. And I do hope you look upon me as a relative already."

Sir Brian stood up and walked as far as the fireplace and back. He thrust both his hands into his red hair, and ruffled it up till it stood on end like the plumes of a cockatoo. His blue eyes looked at the Duchess with such perturbation that she felt a sudden sharp sympathy for him as though he had been a child in disgrace.

"You're uncommonly kind, ma'am," he said. "And since you're so kind, you make me confess to you that I'm in no end of a scrape."

"I thought as much. Young men who go off to the end of the world and disappear for a dozen years are very likely to be in a scrape. Come, I don't think it's so bad a one that you can't be helped out of it. What is it?"

Before he could answer the Duchess stood up, went to the drawing-room door and deliberately locked it.

"It would be a nice story for Matilda Packington," she said to herself and smiled a little grimly. "But I must take the risk of being found locked up alone with this young man. No one shall interrupt us till I've had the whole story out of him."

"Well, go on," she said. "I'll try to stand your friend, no matter what you've been up to."

"It's about Nan," he began, sending her an absurdly grateful glance from his blue eyes.

"H'm!" she mused. "Anne hadn't such bad taste after all. There's something to be said for perpetual boyhood."

"Well, what about Nan?"

"As a matter of fact I went away with a sort of engagement between Nan and myself. We were youngsters. I had very queer experiences after I went away, and indeed, ma'am, for a considerable time I was quite unable to get a letter home or to get myself home. I wouldn't have let the old woman and Nan wait if I had. In the end, the little affair faded out of sight. The Gran should never have allowed it. Upon my honor she shouldn't. We were first cousins and had been brought up like brother and sister. You don't approve of the marriages of first cousins?"

He looked at her with the anxiety of the seeker after truth in his ingenious countenance.

"As a general thing, no," replied the Duchess, with a humorous twinkle. "Well, what else happened to make you take new views on the subject of consanguinity?"

Sir Brian stared. He did not quite take in the word. However, he apparently caught the drift of the remark for he looked more shamefaced than ever.

"Tell me, ma'am," he said, "before I get any further, does Nan care anything about me? You're her friend and perhaps she has confided in you."

"If she did wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. But as a matter of fact she doesn't, except as a cousin, Sir Brian."

"Hurro!"

The young man executed something like a caper.

"I'm surprised at you," said her Grace. "And I'm sure it's a bad compliment to Anne after all the years she has worn your picture in a locket."

"Anne's the best girl in the world except one, and she nearly lost her kingdom for me."

"Her kingdom?"

"Yes: she's Lady Daly, but she's also Queen Amaua of Aloa. It's the purest race in the islands of the Pacific and she's a lovely creature. Civilized too; there's an old Portuguese Mission in Aloa and they have been Christians since the days of Francis Xavier."

"Does your grandmother know?"

"Not yet; she won't be able to resist Amaua and she can take no exception on the ground of birth. Amaua's pedigree knocks ours into a cocked hat."

The Duchess just stopped herself from suggesting that Sir Brian's scrape was a scrape indeed. After all he seemed so beamingly happy about it now he was sure that Anne's affections were not involved. Why should it not be that he had really done as well for himself as he believed?

"Have you brought your bride home?" she asked.

"No. As a matter of fact there's a law of the country against the queen leaving it. Besides she isn't a bride. We've been married six years. There is a boy. And I'm a sort of king-consort. When I've settled up Gran's affairs I'm bound to go back."

"Upon my word, your Majesty," said the Duchess grimly; "I think those six years are rather against you. Still it may have been providential. Supposing we say nothing about the length of time to Anne."

"I'm sorry,"—his countenance fell. "I couldn't get away before. I was helping to re-organize the kingdom. And, I say, ma'am, don't call me 'Your Majesty,' please. It sounds as though you were making fun of me."

"Which I'm not likely to do, seeing you have given me your confidence," said the Duchess, handsomely. "Well, I'd better unlock the door. Luckily no one has been at it or I shouldn't have had a shred of character left as soon as the story had reached Matilda Packington. I'll tell you what. Just step out here and smoke some of the green fly off the roses,"—she had unlocked the door while she was speaking, and she now indicated another door leading into a conservatory,—"and I'll find Anne and break things to her. She'll tell

your grandmother that she has a queen for a grand-daughter-in-law. But I'll never trust blue eyes again."

Sir Brian stared.

"Nan always got me out of scrapes. And I say—you're no end kind to me, Duchess."

She pushed him through the conservatory door, and closing it upon him went to look for Anne in her own room.

As a matter of fact she was not there. When she went away leaving the Duchess and Sir Brian together she had gone back to the library where she had left John Corbett. She must tell him that her cousin had returned, believing her true to him. The one intolerable, unthinkable thing would be that the two men should meet before John Corbett knew. The fear that any moment might bring him to the drawing-room put the other fear out of sight; yet she had to turn aside into a quiet room for a few minutes to recover herself before she could face him.

He looked up smiling as she came in.

"The Duchess did not keep you long," he said. "I was just coming to speak to her and ask for a cup of tea. Am I too late?"

She did not take the seat he offered. She stood beside him with her head bent, her color coming and going. He thought she trembled a little, and he began to wonder.

"What is it?" he asked gently. "Has anything happened? Any bad news?"

"Good news," she said, her head sinking lower. "My cousin Brian has come home. He is in the drawing-room talking to the Duchess."

"Your cousin Brian? The long-lost cousin? How glad old Madam will be! Let me welcome him."

"Gran would never believe he was dead. She would never let me believe it. Lately I have been thinking that he was dead or at least would never return."

"What is he to you?" John Corbett asked sharply. "I mean beyond the fact that he is your cousin."

She began to tremble violently. Could this be Anne who had always been so proud?

"I want to tell you. You must hear it from no one but me," she began.

Suddenly the door opened, and the Duchess rushed in.

"My dearest Anne," she said, "I have the strangest news to impart to you. That erratic young man, your cousin, has been confiding in me, and I have promised that you shall intercede with Madam Daly for him. He is not only a married man, but he is the king-consort of a reigning queen in one of the Pacific Islands. What will Madam Daly say?"

She was watching Anne shrewdly.

"If she shrieks or faints or turns white," she said to herself, "I shall never forgive myself. It is a bold stroke. Pray Heaven I came at the right moment!"

For a second all sorts of conflicting emotions were visible in Anne's face. Then it cleared up, and she smiled.

"Poor Brian," she said. "It is exactly like him. I must get him out of it with Gran. But . . . . . a black queen!"

"Not black, my dear, brown. A Christian with a long pedigree, and beautiful. I believe your cousin meditates carrying Madam back with him to make acquaintance with his wife and her great grandson."

"Ah, there is a baby." Anne's face softened still more. "I will do what I can with Gran. She will forgive Brian even this. She has always forgiven him. But it will take time, this time."

"Let me come and welcome your cousin," said John Corbett, speaking for the first time.

"I will bring him to you, Anne," said the Duchess with great presence of mind. "I sent him into the conservatory from the drawing-room lest other visitors should come."

(To be continued.)

LA COLONIE, SHOWING PRIVATE HOUSE.

A PARISIAN BROOK FARM.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

"I think it a great improvement on the New England Brook Farm. Here one has all the pleasures of association and none of the hardships. Men and women, unaccustomed to manual labor do not take to it kindly." "Then George Ripley, Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne, might have carried out their ideals of a community life had they not attempted farming, cooking, and general housework?" "That is my belief. Like many reformers they attempted too much. Think of a woman with a brain like Margaret Fuller's, washing dishes! It's all well enough for a few days, but dish-washing does not supply intellectual food, and we children of the twentieth century suffer from intellectual starvation almost as much as from physical. No, transcendentalism and dish-washing were not compatible."

"I thought you such an advocate of manual work, of the arts and crafts!"

"I am, but there's all the difference in the world between an occupation for the hands that employs the brain and one that leaves it idle. It's the mechanical routine requiring no thought that starves the spirit. But you must visit La Colonie and judge for yourself. You say that Mlle. J. has invited you. Take my advice and accept her invitation. I can assure you that your experience will prove delightful."

I took my friend's advice, and one bright, crisp morning I stepped aboard the train for La Perry, the nearest station to La Colonie. As French railroads supply no conductors, strangers are more than likely to miss their objective point, and for the last half hour of the trip I popped my head out of the window of my small compartment at every stop; calling to the nearest passer-by to inform me if it were La Perry. Finally a good-natured woman, whose duty it was to flag the trains, told me to descend at the second station beyond. Here I was picked up by a rumbling little stage, which then

DOWN BY THE POND.

proceeded on its leisurely way through the world-famous forest of Rambouillet to La Colonie, some ten miles distant. Here and there the tall pines and massive oaks had been cleared away, leaving space for tiny villages whose turf-thatched roofs gleamed in the sunshine, or to fields of waving, undulating grain which the peasants were busily cutting. Men and women worked side by side. With an extra flourish and crack of his whip our driver would turn his horses into the farm-yard and deposit bundles, letters, or newspapers on the doorsteps. The capacity of that small stage for stowing away parcels excited my curiosity to such a degree that when the driver finally produced a large barrel from under the seat I climbed down to examine the vehicle's construction, while he trundled the cask across the road and dumped it into a neighboring cellar. If not rapid, our progress was most interesting and two hours had passed pleasantly when we reached La Colonie.

Three maids came forward to assist my descent and Jean, the man of all work, carried off my bag. In a moment my charming hostess appeared and conducted me to her apartment. The halls were not carpeted and the large dining room, through which we passed, was almost dreary in its severe simplicity. A long wooden table, surrounded by the plainest of dining chairs, gave it the appearance of a country hotel; but the room into which my friend led me was homelike and comfortable. A tiny open stove sent forth cheerful sounds from a crackling wood-fire and beautiful rugs and hangings added to the sense of warmth and easiness. I sank gratefully into the depths of an old-fashioned arm-chair, while my friend explained that this was her private guest room and all the furnishings her own.

"We are very independent here. Each member is absolute master in his own domain. We are limited to two rooms in

this building, but can have more if we live in one of the small houses, which you may have noticed as you drove through our grounds. Everything is carried on in a strictly business-like manner. That is why there is so little friction among our associates. We have no rules that curtail individual liberty, but matters of expense or laws respecting the infringement of others' rights are explicitly laid down. We are exactly as independent as though we were in a small hotel, but the expense is not nearly so great, and we possess the advantage of congenial society, no one being admitted to our community who is not known and approved of by all our members. According to our statutes, to be elected, it is necessary to obtain but two-thirds of the votes, but naturally we prefer to have those join who are congenial to all our associates. Applicants are usually our friends, yet their names must be posted in our dining room and notice given when they are to visit La Colonie, one of our rules being that all who desire membership must share our community life for at least fifteen days and become personally acquainted with each of our household. When the vote is finally taken it is by secret ballot, that there may be no offense given in case one's friends are blackballed. Even after election a member can be ejected, but this requires an elaborate process on the part of the whole society and would only be done in an extreme case. Generally we are the best of friends and enjoy each other immensely.

"For those of us who are no longer young and have no family ties, this social life is a great boon. Yet several of our most enthusiastic members are married. They occupy the small private houses, of which we have four, where they can be as secluded as they wish, only meeting our members at meal times. Any as-

AFTERNOON TEA. SOME OF THE MEMBERS.

sociate is free to erect such a home, which at his death becomes the property of La Colonie. Whoever wishes to cultivate a garden may select a plot of ground and raise flowers or vegetables to his heart's content. No one dreams of intruding—only once you have taken a garden you are required to keep it in good order, or else resign it altogether. Our life is very simple, our aim being to permit each individual to be happy in his own way. The entrance fee is but ten dollars, and a deposit of twenty dollars must be made as a guarantee for incidental expenses. This is returned if one leaves the society. The regular expenses, such as taxes or repairs, are divided once a year, between all the members. Each pays fourteen dollars a year for one room, whether he occupies it or not, but he is charged only for the meals which he actually consumes. That is, an account is kept of the number of meals each takes, and when the general housekeeping expenses are made up, at the end of the month, he pays in proportion. For example, if I have been here ten days and you only five—your share of the expense is but half as much as mine. If we wish to order extra dishes, we pay for them, also for our wine. We have a large wine cellar and buy our pet brand, mark it with our name, and give the account to the servant who keeps the keys, and who is held responsible for every bottle. Two dollars a month is charged for service. If we have a meal in our room it is five cents extra. Of course we pay for the meals of our guests and are responsible for whatever they may order, but everything is given us at cost so that our expenses are always much less than they would be in the cheapest pension. For instance, we pay but three cents a quart for milk, if we wish it in the afternoon or at night. We always buy the very best of everything. Our table is not an extravagant one, but it is good.

"One of the ladies on the house committee attends to the purchasing. No one is *required* to do any work, but those who signify their willingness to superintend household affairs are elected to serve for a year. There are always seven on this committee. The first lady on the list attends to the housekeeping; if she is absent the second takes her place. The men who are elected look after the vegetable garden and out-door repairs. That is, they superintend the workmen, for we do none of the actual work ourselves, except the mending of the household linen, which the ladies willingly undertake. I am the housekeeper at present. Each morning I order the meals, consult with the cook as to what must be purchased and write down whatever she may have spent the day before. But we must go down, it is nearly twelve, and I want to present you to some of our members before déjeuner." She opened a tiny closet, took out a small tea service, and we descended.

The long table was laid for fifteen and looked more cheerful than when bare, though the dishes were of the simplest.

"We are limited to thirty members, and a number are away. Although few of us are young, no one being admitted who is not of age, we all like to travel and gather in new ideas. We would become quite rusty and bore each other horribly did we not keep in touch with the outside world. La Colonie is really only our summer house. Very few of us remain for the winter, though the house is kept open and we always have a merry crowd for the Christmas holidays. We also begin our summer early and end it late, taking in April and November.—Here comes Monsieur M. He has been working in his garden where he spends most of his time when not writing. Perhaps you have read some of his books?"

A tall, handsome man entered. We were presented but had no time for conversation, as he was followed by several

CELEBRATING THEIR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

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A FAVORITE GAME AT LA COLONIE.

others who came cordially forward to welcome me to La Colonie. "I fear you will find our life here very primitive, after the luxuries of America," said a courtly old gentleman. "But we are not all raised in the lap of luxury, Monsieur." "No? Why I thought all Americans were wealthy," he laughed. "I fear you have been reading the imaginative descriptions of foreigners who have seen as little of our American home-life as some of *our* people have seen who write about French customs," I laughingly replied, whereupon followed an animated discussion as to the relative merits of French and American writers.

Meanwhile déjeuner was announced. One of the gentlemen carved the excellent roast mutton provided by our housekeeper. Everything was well cooked and nicely served but there was an absolute lack of formality. In the middle of déjeuner Monsieur M. disappeared. After a few moments he returned, carrying a small kettle in which he had been heating some kind of pudding. "I like it hot, but not too hot," he explained, "and must, therefore, put it on the stove myself. Won't you all try a little? I assure you it is very good." "If they will drink some of my cider," said his neighbor, "I consent." "Wait until I make my tea," exclaimed a pretty little woman, starting for the kitchen. Meanwhile our conversation was embracing every phase of American life, especially our marvelous commercial development in which all were deeply interested. With true French courtesy they generously praised our progress, our democratic institutions and methods of education. "But, there is one thing in your country which perhaps you will tell us about—that is divorce. When we read your papers it seems as though there could be no happy marriages, so frequent are the divorces. In spite of this, I am told, Americans are much opposed to our system of 'arranging' marriages between young people. Surely your experience proves that parents are the best judges of what characters will prove congenial. That foolish girls and boys understand little of life's responsibilities seems emphasized by your many divorces."

"There are not so many as you think, Monsieur. I fear that here you judge us by our newspapers, which is as unjust to Americans as it would be to the French should we judge you by your sensational novels."

"Quite right, quite right," exclaimed a number of voices. "There is nothing so misleading to foreigners as our romances of home life. Our novelists portray only the dramatic exceptions."

And our talk drifted back to French literature. Many members of La Colonie are writers or artists; others have been teachers, and all are interested in the intellectual side of life. During the past two hundred years the private salons of Paris have sedulously cultivated the art of conversation. Congenial men and women have formed little groups, meeting regularly in some friend's salon, to

discuss theories of art, of letters, of life. Card-playing, games of any kind are but little indulged in throughout France, nor are the French people, like the Germans, content to listen hour after hour to interpretations of Bach, Beethoven, or Chopin. Brilliant conversation is for them the very breath of life, and nothing is cultivated which interferes with it. Doubtless it was in one of these gatherings, more than fifty years ago, that a few congenial friends, discussing Fourier's theories, became interested in a communi-

THE DUCHESS D'UZES LANDING HER STAG.

ty life and resolved to attempt to carry out some of his ideas. They did not, however, believe it practical to adopt his methods regarding the division of manual labor.

They wished to be free to carry on their intellectual work, but thought it reasonable that through co-operation the cares of life could be lessened and the joys increased. They decided to purchase his deserted Phalanstere and strive to realize some of his hopes regarding the advantages of association. The enthusiastic celebration of the society's fiftieth anniversary proves the success of their undertaking.

The main building of the Phalanstere, once threatened with destruction, now echoes to the sound of gay voices and happy laughter. While the Utopian dreams of Charles Fourier can never be wholly realized, La Colonie and many other co-operative associations in Europe owe much of their success to his teachings. Like the promoters of Brook Farm, Fourier strove to carry out ideas that were not suited to this practical world. Born in 1772, he received an excellent education in the college of Besançon. During the Revolution he lost his money and was employed as a clerk in Paris. Here he became impressed with the enormous waste of economic force on the part of the poor, and their oppression by the rich. He was convinced that individual effort wasted itself in competition and that co-operation was to be the saver of the human race. All society must be divided into phalanges or departments of about sixteen hundred persons who should live a community life, mutually

assisting each other. Thus none would be compelled to labor beyond his strength nor to perform tasks for which he was unsuited. Work regarded as menial or degrading could be so portioned out that each would enjoy his task. Nature has fashioned the world in such a manner that each kind of labor is agreeable to some one, the main thing being to find the individual to whom the special work appeals.

Fourier finally succeeded in converting to his views a number of wealthy men. They purchased a large tract of land in the forest of Rambouillet, built the house now occupied by La Colonie, and exported from Paris one hundred and fifty men, women and children belonging to the laboring class. All was now ready for the practical test of Fourier's theories. He believed that a new epoch in social development was about to be ushered in, and his enthusiastic followers devoted their time and fortunes to furthering his scheme. Agriculture was to be the colony's chief occupation, though trades of various sorts were to be followed by those best adapted to each particular industry. All gain was to be divided among the laborers who doubtless dreamed of what, to them, would be fabulous wealth. Unfortunately there was no means of transporting their products to Paris. Instead of a surplus the support of the community made such heavy demands on the purses of the promoters that they were soon bankrupt. The non-success of this experiment was due to Fourier's lack of practical ability, yet he was not discouraged, and to the end of his life hoped that other wealthy men would come to his assistance and begin for mankind an era of peace, plenty, and happiness. Though he died in poverty, unable to carry out any of his theories, the success of many small communities in France is doubtless due to him, and proves the possibility of co-operation where property is held in common and each labors for the good of the whole.

La Colonie is not founded on this principle. It is more like a club, whose

GATHERING FOR THE HUNT, FOREST OF RAMBOUILLET.

members share expenses and thus profit by the economy made possible through joint proprietorship. Some are wealthy, owning beautiful homes in Paris and the country, but they prefer this simple life because they have what the French so highly prize, intellectual association. They also have more freedom than would be possible in their own homes where dinners and receptions must be given and guests entertained. They live in Paris during "the season" and come for rest and quiet to their beloved Colonie, sure of finding congenial spirits with whom to discuss life's problems.

"We have quite a little library," said my friend, as we finally left the dining room and entered the salon. "But each one keeps the books he loves in his own room or passes them around among his special cronies. Our salon is more cheerful when the open fire is lighted. At present we live out of doors during the day and only have a fire evenings. Madame D. wants us to join her for afternoon tea in one of our favorite lounging places. But first we must have a walk through our little corner of la Forêt. We think our trees more stately and our walks more beautiful than those of any other part of the Forest. You shall judge if I am right. We can inspect the kitchen, servants' quarters, and vegetable garden, en route, and also pay a visit to Monsieur M. He will be digging in his pet playground. I am glad you are fond of walking as our grounds are quite extensive and I want to show you the lake, which we consider very picturesque. Our gentlemen are fond of fishing and are wonderfully patient in waiting for bites! I fear the pond is more ornamental than practical."

A small rustic bridge led us to a pretty garden, cultivated by another lover of flowers. He stopped working as he saw us approach and courteously invited us to pick some of his lovely roses. Our ramble lasted more than an hour and we reached the rendezvous for afternoon tea to find our hostess and her friends awaiting us. The ladies had their fancy work, which did not prevent their joining in the sprightly talk that flew back and forth as we sipped our tea under the beautiful forest trees. One dear old gentleman, wearing the tiny ribbon of the Legion of Honor, insisted on passing me everything on the tea table, declaring that it was a gentleman's pleasure and privilege to wait upon ladies. The absolute freedom accorded the men at La Colonie does not lessen their chivalrous attention to the women with whom they are on terms of good comradery. "Of course you ride a wheel?" said my friend, next morning. "We are all devoted wheelmen and are making up a party to ride over to the Buttes de Rochfort, the rendezvous given by Madame la Duchess d'Uzés to those who are to join her in the hunt. We want to see them start and then ride to Houdan for the market. It will interest you, as the peasants for miles around bring their chickens to this market. Houdan chickens are famous over all Europe. As we return we may be fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the hunters pursuing their game."

But when we reached the Lac de la Tour that afternoon, we found only a group of disconsolate horsemen who told us their deer had escaped. "Jumped in the water and disappeared just as I was about to shoot," exclaimed a pretty young woman. Suddenly there was a shout. We all rushed to the side of the lake where the enterprising duchess was tugging and pulling at the great creature, striving to drag him ashore. When she saw the stag take to the water, she hastily dismounted, jumped into a small boat, and commanded one of her men to row after him. Throwing a noose over his head she shouted to her companions for help.

"The Duchess d'Uzés is a true sportswoman as well as society leader," said Mademoiselle J. "No woman in France is more talked of to-day because of her advocacy of the persecuted religieuses, whom she has assisted in every way possible. When King Edward was in Paris she was invited to dine with him but was obliged to send her excuses, saying that she was compelled to appear in Court that day to answer to the charge of harboring three homeless women who had been driven from their convent. It is against the law for three Sisters to live under one roof. She is deeply interested in your American ideas concerning the education of girls and believes so firmly in the freedom you accord them that she tries to introduce some of your customs in France. Last year she invited twenty young ladies to dinner, asking each to express her preference as to the man who should escort her to the table! Mothers were permitted to accompany their daughters only as far as the dressing room and to call for them when the feast was ended. To invite unmarried women to a dinner party is very unusual in Paris, but it is unheard of to ask them without their chaperons. Yet such is the power of her social position that sixteen out of the twenty mammas consented and sixteen excited girls happily complied with the singular request of the duchess. For the first time in the history of aristocratic society girls were queens at a dinner, instead of being compelled to yield all honors to their married sisters. But see—the peasants are dragging the stag ashore—Let us—"

Wild yells and shouts interrupted our conversation. The hunters dashed past us, and we followed them to Gambaiseuil, a small hamlet in the eastern part of the forest, arriving just in time to see a beautiful stag run lightly up the thatched roof of a peasant-cottage. In his flight he had probably mistaken the green, mossy covering for a sloping hillside and was now afraid to jump down. We left the hunters devising ways and means of persuading him to descend.

"President Loubet often comes for the hunt. The old château of Rambouillet has recently been fitted up to receive him and his guests. If you have never visited this historic palace we will ride over there to-morrow. There are many interesting excursions in this dear old forest. That is one great attraction of La Colonie; being in the very heart of these woods we can ride miles in every direction, sure of everywhere finding something of historic interest."

The following day a jolly party rode over to the Château where a polite attendant rehearsed the numberless vicissitudes of the sovereigns who had sought the protection of this feudal castle. Truly "the gate of Rambouillet is the funeral arch beneath which have passed the dynasties of France." Henry Third fled hither when Paris was barricaded during the Civil War. Marie Louise, carrying in her arms the infant King of Rome, sought refuge in the Château as the allies entered Paris. Napoleon, fleeing from Malmaison, after his second abdication, spent his first night of exile here, on his way to Rochfort, whence he hoped to escape to America. Charles the Tenth formally resigned his throne in this palace, and when the Duchess d'Angoulême escaped with the dauphin, disguised as peasants, it was to Rambouillet that they came for shelter. But what I found most interesting was the tiny chamber where Francis the First died. Many flights of winding, narrow stairs led us to dizzy heights in the old stone tower, where a suite of barren rooms, evidently intended for servants' quarters, opened before us. It was to the most isolated, most forlorn of these that the monarch who had created the magnificent court-life of Fon-

tainebleau was hastily conveyed by his frightened attendants, in 1547, alarming symptoms proclaiming his disease contagious. As he lay dying, deserted by his courtiers, his son, who was to succeed him as Henry Second, awaited with Diana of Poitiers the joyous tidings of his father's death. The most luxurious, pleasure-loving monarch of his age, he who had founded the first school of French art and the college of France, who was himself a verse-maker and admirer of all sensuous beauty, passed out of life unattended and unmourned. Gazing from the little window across the thousands of acres enclosed in the Château's stately park I was impressed by the futility of worldly glory and when we descended through the magnificent banquet halls and rooms of the main palace, the very air seemed tainted with the crimes of that ancient royalty. The simplicity of La Colonie, the high spiritual life of its members, appealed to me more strongly because of my brief glimpse into the enervating, luxurious life of the old monarchs of France.

The most delightful holidays must end and after a week of fascinating experiences it was with sincere regret that I heard the distant horn of the stage driver on the morning of my departure. My new-made friends accompanied me to an opening in the forest through which the clumsy little omnibus must pass. My charming hostess waited beside me with her arms full of flowers which she had gathered for me from her own garden. It was a pleasant picture to carry away of this ideal little community which I afterwards christened A Parisian Brook Farm.

RONDEL.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Of small account we'll one day hold
The things for which we strive and strain,
The things that both the young and old
Deem lightly won by toil and pain.

On that day thought of fame or gold
Or pleasures brief shall be a bane.
Of small account we'll one day hold
The things for which we strive and strain,

A priceless value, worth untold
Kind words and actions shall attain,
And myriad angels shall behold
That tears of penance were not vain.
Of small account we'll one day hold
The things for which we strive and strain,

MY EXPERIENCE OF FOLK SONG COLLECTING.

BY EDITH WHEELER.

I feel sure that I am only giving expression to a thought which must have occurred at some time or other to many when I say that most men and women are "vagabonds" at heart.

This characteristic, inherited from our nomadic ancestors, is present in very many of us and crops up in most unexpected places and at most unexpected times. It is present in the scion of aristocracy who goes off to shoot big game in the Rocky Mountains, in the scientist who pierces into the wildest parts of hitherto undiscovered country, in the traveler who allows his primitive yearnings to be restrained by the civilizing influence of "Cook's Personally Conducted Tours," as well as in the poor emigrant who leaves his home, eager to be over the hill and over the ocean. But it is a trait that few of us are honest enough to recognize, and so we are wont to speak of the glories of sport, the benefits which may accrue to science, the health-giving properties of a tour abroad, and the material gain which the new countries are ready to shower upon all comers. If we were quite honest with ourselves we would know it was none of these things that influenced us to roam; it was the old undeniable and irresistible spirit of the "vagabond."

There is a great fascination about the long white road stretching for miles in front of us, leading we know not where, and more fascination still in the little side-roads up the hills, over the bogs and past the cabins.

"The Grand Road from the mountains goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart."

It was in some such revival of this inherited spirit that I took up some years ago, the "hobby" which is the subject of this article. It was not so much the study itself that I was enamored of at the time as the fact that it gave me an opportunity I had longed for,—the opportunity of being a thoroughly respectable vagabond. I must tell you how I first got an impetus to take up a subject that has been a source of the keenest delight to me ever since.

The "Feis Ceoil" was being held for the first time in Belfast and I went one morning early to hear some illustrations of what they called on the programme "Unpublished Irish Airs."

Three thorough old vagabonds (pipers) were seated on the platform and one was droning out the most excruciating sounds on a most excruciating instrument, while the judges strained their ears and tore their hair endeavoring to find "something resembling an air."

"What are you playing?" asked one of the judges.

"The Old Woman rocking the cradle," rejoined the piper with confidence. Wheeze, wheeze, shriek, stop, blow, gurgle, puff puff, went on the old battered pipes, which were quite incapable of playing any tune. But it did not seem so to the piper by any means, for his imagination supplied what was deficient in the instrument. The tune, as he played it, was lost to me, but what of the name? It was there and I felt that the melody could be found somewhere, somehow. Only the name, but it spoke volumes—"The Old Woman," the "Shan Van Vocht," poor Ireland rocking the cradle of the future; or perhaps in a more homely sense "the old woman"—the grandmother rocking the cradle and nursing her memories. "Even if I cannot collect

the melodies," I thought, "I can at least collect the titles of airs which may be ultimately discovered."

I have a long list of the names of melodies written down for me by the old piper, "Philip Goodman," of Castle Blaney, and when I go away on my rambles I take it along. I find it most useful in giving a suggestion and in helping a singer to remember a song. I had asked Philip Goodman to give me one of the oldest airs he could think of, and he replied "'The White Horse of Adam,' that's old enough, ma'am dear, isn't it?" It was —I have not yet found it, and fear I never shall. One old inhabitant told me when I asked him for it that he had heard of King William on a white horse, but he never did hear tell of Adam having one. I may tell you that the pipers who now compete at the "Feis" have much better instruments and with the aid of the kindly phonograph it is quite possible to record the melodies they play.

My next find was in a manuscript book of a friend, some lovely old melodies written in the dainty penmanship of a bygone day. I could imagine some girl in her short-waisted frock tinkling on the harpsichord the quaint "I am asleep and don't waken me" which I since found recorded by Joyce, and a queer halting old melody called "The Yellow Lame Beggar," in which I found a very striking resemblance to Joyce's air "The Mountains High."

Then there was a "Ploughman's Whistle," which I heard someone whistling outside my window here in the city one night some months ago, an old lamentation air, and some others. I think of all the tunes in this little set most tenderly, for they were the first treasures I found.

The same year I was staying in Bundoran, County Donegal. It was at the height of the bicycle craze, and so I went more often along the high-roads and into the towns and villages than into the byeways off the beaten track. Often in some town, on market day, I heard the ballad singers singing their topical songs, from the latest broadsheet to the air of some well known "Come-all-ye." But ballads such as these are not interesting to the collector, and neither should they be interesting to the idler in the market. Who writes them? I do not know. Who prints them? I should like to know. Their themes are by no means elevating, and their language anything but refined. I wish some enterprising missionary would give attention to the suppression of such vehicles of immorality, and perhaps in the suppression of the vice they might turn to the cure and place in the hands of our people the beautiful and cultured ballad literature of their native land. There are numberless ballads which have no copyright penalties attached to them which could be printed for very little, and sold by the million, and I feel sure it would be a good investment in every way. In the multitude of these street ballads I came across one or two in the old style. There was "Brennan on the Moor," an old and deservedly appreciated favorite, with which I am sure all of you are more or less familiar. It is the story of the young highwayman "Willie Brennan," who lived on the Livart Mountains.

"A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day.
He never robbed a poor man upon the King's highway,
But what he'd taken from the rich he gave to them had less.
And always did divide with the widow in distress."

It is no wonder that the sympathy of the by-stander goes out to this philanthropic outlaw, nor is it strange that when we come to the end of the tale that tears are ready to fall.

"Farewell unto my darling wife and to my children three,
Likewise my aged father—he may shed tears for me,

And to my loving mother who tore her
grey locks and cried
'Oh, I wish Willie Brennan in your cradle
you had died.'"

Another curious specimen which I picked up there is called "The Old Man in the Wood." It is an Irish version of the well-known "John Grumlie." I had always been under the impression that "John Grumlie" was one of the Burns ballads, but I find on looking it up that it is supposed to be a version of the older ballad "The Wife of Auchtermuchtey," so here we are with three ballads, two Scotch and one Irish, all very much alike. The "Old Man in the Wood" begins so:

"There was an old man, that lived in a wood
As you may plainly see,
He said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
'If that be the case,' the old woman said
'If this you will allow,
To-morrow you stay at home in my stead
And I'll go drive the plough.'"

Then the ballad goes on to tell all the mishaps that attended John in his character of housewife and how when he went to milk the cow:

"Tidy whenched and 'Tidy' haunched
And 'Tidy' broke his nose,
And 'Tidy' gave him such a kick
The blood ran down to his toes.

"And it's 'Oh Tidy' and 'Woa Tidy'
And 'Tidy do stand still.'
If ever again I milk a cow
It'll be sore again my will."

One of my most interesting encounters was in Ballyshannon. We were having tea in a bread-shop when a cornet-player struck up a lovely version of "The Dear Irish Boy," and I made up my mind I must try to get it written down. However, I had not much trouble about that. The player was quite able for it himself, and calmly wrote down the whole tune for me as well as any musician could have done. He said his name was "Cloyne" and that he had been educated by the Jesuits, but I believe I was right in coming to the conclusion that he was not Irish at all, that his name was "Klein" and that the "Vater-land" was responsible for his musical education. I forgave him, however, for pandering to my national sentiment, for he had really become enamored of the Irish melodies and had several beautiful airs written down in his note book including "The Roisin Dubh" and "The Lake of Coolfin." He came up to the hotel next day to play some tunes for me, but the visit was not very satisfactory; he encountered some fellow countrymen in the shape of the German waiters, and he was anxious to be gone before they revealed to me (little thinking that I already knew) the terrible secret of his nationality.

I came home from Bundoran to play hostess to a friend who had also been indulging in this hobby of folk-song collecting, but more from the musical aspect of the question than the literary side, in which I had been engaged. She talked a lot about "gapped scales" and "Dorian and Phygian modes" which was rather lost upon me. Then one day, in an inspired moment, she told me that she felt sure I had a "treasure" in the kitchen. I was not quite so sure of this as she was, but we were looking at things from a different standpoint. The cook did turn out, however, to be a treasure store of old melodies and of old words too, so I had to smile while meals failed to appear and "the treasure" warbled happily all the songs she had ever learnt or heard of. Moral. Do not entertain people who run hobbies! However, I could not very well complain about it, for "the treasure's" memory of the words of old ballads was equally wonderful, and I have dozens in my note book which were repeated to me by her.

There are very few ballads which I have collected, in the English language, which can be said to be entirely suitable to be sung just as they are, but most of

them have a character of their own, and have in them the essence of a good lyric, and with some revision would become suitable. Burns early recognized this point about the Scotch ballads, and it was revision work of this sort which made his fame as a song writer. In some cases he shortened the old country ballad into four or five verses, without detracting from the tale; in others he simply took the idea of the song and wrote a completely new ballad upon it; in some we have two or three verses of the old ballad, and the remainder added.

Among the ballads recited by this girl is one which seems to be pretty well known in the old hand-loom districts of Ulster. It is called "The Jolly Weaver" and runs thus:

"In comes the jolly weaver to weave the orange and the blue,
To weave a sink on Morney's loom which none of all the rest could do.
His shuttles went so quim and merrily flew from hand to hand,
His jacks they took a trimlin' 'Why don't you shift your temples, man?'
Ti-de-i-de-do-e-dan
Said old Morney Gibberland."

I am not very well up in the mechanism of the hand-loom, but I believe that the words "sink," "temple," "jacks," are all technical terms. The word "quim" I have ascertained to be used as an equivalent for neatly or tidily. One certainly comes across words which are long out of use in some of these ballads. In a song called "The Deserter," which this girl also related to me she told me how the deserter, when running away from the guard, "hid himself in a *pulka* deep with green grass growing round it." I believe that the word "pulka" is an old form meaning "a well." In recording a ballad from hearsay it is very easy to make a mistake, as the reciter often repeats a peculiar word in such a convincing way that one feels bound to record it, and tries to fix a derivation afterwards. This same girl told me that a certain butcher lad "took a florac to the town for to have some fun." "Florac?" I questioned? "Oh, yes, most certainly;" so I inwardly decided it was an Irish coin of some sort or other, till another narrator announced, in repeating the same ballad, that "he took a frolic to the town" and I saw at once how she had made a mistake.

The ballads of Ulster are particularly interesting, showing as they do the Scotch character of the Ulster plantation, and also some of the previous English plantations, and so we find ballads as Scotch in their character as:

"My daddie is a cankert carle
He'll no twine in his gear,
My minnie is a scaulding wife
Hauds a' the hoose asteer
But let them say or let them do,
It's a ane to me
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's waiting on me."

Or again, the ballad may be as English as "The Brown Bride and Fair Eleanour," of which a version is recorded in the Percy ballads.

"'What ails you? what ails you? fair Ellen,' he said,
'You look so pale and wan,
Once you had red rosy cheeks
But now your color's gone.'"

Side by side we find them in the memory of the Ulster descendants of the settlers.

To return to other scenes of action I must mention Rosapenna, County Donegal, and that patient little maid, "Mary Sweeny," who used to come to my room every evening after dinner and recite all the ballads she ever knew while I tinkled down the melodies on my toy piano and took down the words. She gave me quite a number. There was "The Dark-Eyed Gipsy," which seems to be an old ballad form of the story of Browning's "Flight of the Duchess."

"Saddle me my best black steed,
Saddle quick and speedy O,
He rode to the banks of the sweet waterside
And there he found his lady O.
Why did you leave your houses and lands
And why did you leave your money O?
And why did you leave your two pretty babes
To go with the dark eyed gipsy O?

Mary Sweeny was only able to give me a part of this interesting ballad, but I have been fortunate in being able to obtain the whole of it from Ann Carter, a native of Galway, at present in Mrs. Arthur Hutton's home in Belfast.

In speaking of Rosapenna and the people who assisted me there, I must not forget that prince of car-drivers, Mr. Michael Devlin, D.C., otherwise "Mickey." I confided to him the object of my search, and he became as keenly interested as I was, scouring the country to secure singers for me. A friend accompanied me that year who had other objects of interest in view, and I can see "Mickey" driving us past the little cabins and taking us in to see friends, his face one broad grin of amusement.

He would go up to the door, rap with his big whip, and say "Good morrow, Mrs. Laverty. There's them here that wants ould candlesticks, ould pots and pans, ould spinning wheels an' reels an' some ould songs thrown in." "Och, go along with ye, Mickey, ye needn't be makin' fun av us!" "It's God's truth," Mickey would solemnly affirm; "That's what they're after." With ready friendliness we would be offered a seat, have a chat, and generally not go empty-handed away. The "metallic pass" had to be most diplomatically arranged, but "Mickey" was ready for that too; he knew the children and would call them round and the equivalent would be offered for "sweets," though "Mickey" assured us the money would be wasted in no such way.

"Mickey" told us he had been made a "D.C." or "District Councillor" because he had the gift of the gab, but I should think it was also because he had a kind heart, and I feel sure the poor people did not suffer because he could use only his tongue in their defence at the Board of Guardians, and not his pen.

He gave me a ballad, "The Irish Girl," which I have found, in many different forms, all over Ireland. "Mickey" was most particular about the ballads he would give me, always leaving out any "swear-words" or things that might injure my tender Protestant conscience. I was very much amused to hear him stop short in the middle of a song because a "holy well" was mentioned, and he feared it might not be just to my taste. I must say I thought it exceedingly nice of him to consider my feelings, or what he thought my feelings would be on the subject. We left Rosapenna with many regrets. The people in the district are fresh and unspoiled, friendly and charming in their manners. Long may they remain just as they are!

From Rosapenna to Greenore is a rush across country, and to very different surroundings, but each place has its own merits and attractions. I do not consider Greenore a good centre for this work; it is too far away from all the places where "folk songs" might be expected, and I found it too expensive to run my hobby there, as it meant expensive car hire to reach a point of interest, such as the hills above Omeath. Carlingford was near, and a pretty little spot, but I took fright at the charge they made for old china. I feared they would put an equally prohibitive price on their time, though it did not seem particularly valuable to them.

There was one interesting car-driver at Greenore who had been to sea in his youth, and had a lot of sailors' chanteys, some of which he gave me. He also had a remarkable gift of playing an accompaniment to his songs, on the side of a

door. I could not attempt to illustrate how it was done, but will try to explain it. He moistened his finger and rubbed it on the door till he produced a sound such as we have heard made on the rim of a tumbler; then he proceeded to get the noise thus produced into the rhythm of his song, and the effect was really anything but unmusical. I feel sure the trick would be a most paying one in a music hall.

My next holiday was spent in Mount Charles, County Donegal, where as the guests of Mr. Suemas MacManus, my sister, Mrs. Milligan Fox, and I had a most delightful time. He had looked up all the singers in the district, and had everything planned for us, so that no time was lost in starting to work. We used to set off in the morning to places near and places far, and always came back well rewarded for our journey. I have the remembrance of a pleasant evening round a turf fire, when Mr. Goligher, our host, sang song after song in the Irish language. I regret that I am unable to take down the Irish words, but I find that the schoolmaster in the district is usually most willing to assist, and can help to give a literal translation. This visit to Mount Charles will always rank as one of the brightest spots in my rambling life. What a quaint little place it is with its single "white, hill-climbing street!" And then the great mount rising up at the end of it, giving one a perfect glimpse of the wide sea and coast line round and the peak of Ben Bulbeen in the background. It was a question of being entertained here all the time. We drove miles into the country every day, and picked up songs in the schoolhouses and by the roadside and in the hay-fields, and came back in the evenings to find that the villagers were all coming into "so and so's" house, where we had to go through a musical programme for their benefit. I got a reputation as a hand-reader, and I had girls coming in from miles around, all anxious to know their future. Some were waiting for the prophetess even before she got down to breakfast.

We certainly felt that we were being shadowed by the "Royal Irish" for the first few days that we were there. Perhaps they thought my little musical instrument a suspicious-looking parcel, but after some time they evidently made up their minds that we were perfectly harmless, and left us alone.

The whole country is full of music and unrecorded verse in the Irish language. The memory of the people is wonderful, and their aptitude in understanding simile and obscure thought very striking. I see that Fiona MacLeod draws attention to this very point in a paper in the "Fortnightly Review," on "The Four Winds of Erinn," Ethna Carbery's book. I can recall a scene in a hay-field about twelve miles from the town of Donegal which will illustrate this fact. Two young lads lay on the grass, endeavoring to put the Irish into English for me. The question turned on a point as to whether the wheel mentioned in a certain poem was in direct homely language the "spinning wheel" or whether the poet meant "the wheel of his mind" revolving on certain things. The two lads had quite a dispute about it. Just think of it!

It was near Mount Charles that Mr. MacManus discovered the Ossianic poem, "Ossian's Vision in Hell," which is a missing link in that cycle of saga. Mr. MacManus has written me the story of how he found it. "It was in one of the most remote parts of the mountain, and the very furtherest habitation in this part, that I came upon a bed-ridden old man, who lay in a miserable 'craw,' built of some sods against the wall of his evicted cottage. You could only enter this craw on your hands and knees. A hole in the roof served both as chimney and to give light. I had an interpreter. I found the

old man full of ancient stories, songs, and Ossianic laoidhs. The incident of this ballad was part of an Ossianic laoidh. I, with the interpreter, sat upon the roof and made notes as he went along, speaking up to us from his bed within. It was wonderful, the delight that it gave him to find a stranger appreciating these, his old songs and stories; and one of the old bards could not have recited more impressively, or with more enthusiastic fire and force, than the poor, sick old man did, within his 'craw.' He forgot his illness, his age, and his miserable surroundings, and was, himself, for the time, a poet, living and moving and acclaiming in the days of old. The place where I got the ballad is about seven miles from Mount Charles, and at the head of a glen which runs under Carnoween Mountain.

"The man's name was James MacDavid; but he was scarcely known by his proper name. It is by his nickname he is best known, the 'buckadeen,' which means 'the little goat.' I daresay he got his name when, in his young days, he sprang about the rocks on the mountain-side. He hardly knew a word of English." As Mr. Gwynne remarks the only parallel which could be found for this would be to find an English peasant reciting from the works of Chaucer.

I have come to the end of my wanderings for the present, but year by year I hope to roam a little, and add to my collection of ballad literature. Even if it does not result in much that is practical or useful to the many, it is nevertheless a taste that brings one into communion with one's fellow-countrymen, in a perfectly homely and natural way. The cottage of the Irishman is his castle quite as much so as is the Englishman's, but it is a castle whose door is ever open, and whose lord is ever ready to stretch a hand in friendly welcome and hospitality. A welcome that is honest and sincere when it says:

"Come in the evening or come in the morning
Come when you're looked for or come without warning."

It is here by the fireside that the tales of Erin are told. It is here by the fire that the songs of Erin are sung. It is here, by the fire, that one learns to appreciate the kindly sympathetic hearts of the Irish people.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

In a mission which we preached in Kilmainham Wood, which, if I remember right, is in the County of Meath, on the borders of County Cavan, there was a hill which was usually called Fox Hill, because all those who dwelt there bore the name of Fox, and were more or less nearly related to one another. There were few parts of Ireland in which I did not meet with Catholics of my own name, and they always claimed to be relatives of mine. The residents of Fox Hill waited on the pastor of the parish and asked him to arrange with me so that on those evenings when I was not preaching I could visit their houses, to the number of nearly a dozen. This I gladly consented to do, especially when I heard that many of them were either too old or too infirm to come to the mission in the chapel. There seemed to be but few of the rising generation amongst them, at least I met with few. A fine private car came to fetch me to my destination. In the first house to which I was taken, a well-built, commodious farm-house containing every convenience and many luxuries, I was received at the door by a well-preserved gentleman of the old school, dressed in clothes which were in fashion half a century ago. After welcoming me he conducted me into a drawing room, where I was introduced to two aged ladies, his sisters. They were dressed like their brother in a very antiquated style, in which I specially noticed the high waist, nearly up to their shoulders. Their dresses had long trains, and were evidently of a rich material. After hearing their confessions and those of three or four servants, I was pressed to partake of some refreshments, and offered a handsome honorarium. That same evening I was taken to two other families, where I was received in a precisely similar manner. It took four evenings to get through all the claims made upon me by my good namesakes of Fox Hill. County Cavan is the home of the O'Reillys. They say there were sixteen bishops of that name ruling in succession over one diocese. The Smiths, too, were very numerous, but their real name was also O'Reilly. When the English got possession of all County Dublin, of Ossory, and other counties in the neighborhood which they dubbed "within the Pale" they forced the natives to change their names, for the most part Anglicizing them. Thus the O'Reillys had to call themselves Smiths, and O'Shaugnessy, Shanahan, and other names of that nature all became Fox. By degrees, here and there, some of these families are returning to their original nomenclature.

While in this part we had a narrow escape from a serious accident. The parish priest, whose residence was at some distance from his chapel, found some kind of accommodation for us in a dilapidated hotel. Not a door in the house would close, nor could a window be opened, but this latter fault did not matter so much as may panes of glass were broken. There was one large room on the ground floor in which we all met for dinner. We noticed that there was a very bad smell, and we thought we could hear rats splashing about in water beneath our feet. So when a piece of flooring fell through into the water, we got a long pole and found that there was fully five feet of stagnant water in the pool beneath us. The priests had it cleared out and the floor strengthened before any of us would venture there again.

We will pay one more visit to Dublin, where I have a few more memorials to gather together. I was well acquainted with a family who were related by mar-

riage to Mr. Charles Russell, who was in later years Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England. It was there I met Rosa Mulholland, Lady Russell's sister, and the rest of her talented and pious family. I called there one evening and was immediately saluted with the words, "O here is Father Fox! He will take a hand." It seems they were making up three parties for whist and one player was wanted. Though fond of the game I never considered myself a first-rate player, whereas Mr. Russell had the reputation of being one of the best whist players in the kingdom, as he was facile princeps in almost everything else. Finding that I was destined to be Mr. Russell's opponent, I tried to excuse myself by saying that I did not know how to play very well, but I had to submit. I do not remember who was my other opponent. Mrs. Mulholland was my partner and we had several rubbers, in every one of which we were the victors. Mr. Russell was not over-pleased and said "I would not have minded if you had not told us that you did not know how to play well." I saw that he was a little piqued, but it did not interfere with our being the best of friends in after years, for when I lived either at Tower Hill or Kilburn, and the Russells in Harley Street, I often made their place a house call, or half-way house in going from one to another of our abodes, and had many another game with Sir Charles and other members of his family.

Amongst my most intimate friends were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan was one of the recalcitrant Nationalist members of Parliament, and, like all the rest of these patriotic men, he was sentenced to some months in jail. Complaints were made to the Government that too many visitors were allowed to visit him, and more particularly too many priests. So orders were issued that no one was to be allowed admittance into Mr. Sullivan's cell without a written order from those members of the City Council who were placed over the jails and other places of detention. But I had the right to visit the prison to see any juvenile criminal under detention there, to judge whether I would accept him for the reformatory or not,—and as the governor was a friend of mine, and, though an Orangeman, an admirer of Mr. Sullivan, I had merely to say, "Can I see Mr. Sullivan?" when I was shown into a room adjoining his cell. There we could converse together without interruption. I was thus the medium of intercommunication between Mrs. A. M. Sullivan and her husband, and was the first to inform him that he was the father of a fine boy, who was christened Douglas after that eccentric admirer of Mr. Sullivan, the Marchioness of Queensbury, Lord Archibald Douglas' mother.

The pious and zealous founder of the Sisters of Faith, Miss Aylward, was another of my special friends. She was convicted of contempt of court and of kidnapping a little child who, in spite of all justice, was to be confided to some Protestant relatives, and to be educated in their religion. A friend of this excellent lady managed to conceal the poor little child when Miss Aylward was taken to Grangegorman prison. I then took charge of the child myself and had it conveyed to the cottage of a poor woman who lived opposite to us at Inchicore. She had been accustomed thus to care for children from time to time, so I knew her to be trustworthy. I confided the little one to her during the three months that its rescuer was detained in jail, and, though search was being made in all directions for it, no one suspected that the child playing about her door on the high road out of Dublin was the little lamb that had been snatched from the fangs of the wolf. At the request of the Archbishop of Dublin I organized a staff of about eight or ten priests, and we used to go to the prison in turns to say Mass

in Miss Aylward's cell during her incarceration. It may be here asked who were the moving spirits in the work of robbing lambs from the fold of Christ, and handing them over to the clutches of the enemy? They were chiefly members of a family named Smiley. As far as I can remember at this distance of time,—for although I often came into collision with one or another of them, I never had the honor (?) of their personal acquaintance, —there was a parson Smiley, a doctor Smiley, and a lawyer Smiley, and at least one if not two misses but I was always given to understand that the chief mischief-maker, the main-spring which guided the actions of this family was the old lady, the mother of them all. There was an infamous institution in Dublin under the special patronage of this Smiley family, which went by the euphonious name of the Bird's Nest. No child of Protestant parents would be admitted into this home of iniquity. There was a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the hall, and when the poor children were taken out to walk they were expected to spit on this image of their Immaculate Mother, when passing in front of it. I succeeded in rescuing two of the inmates and they told me that when the children first arrived there as prisoners most of them had faith enough to refuse paying this insult, but that they soon became as bad as the rest, and were the readiest to insult a priest if they happened to meet him in their walks. I may safely say that the Smiley family from the devout parson to the astute lawyer and the empirical doctor, up to the old woman whom I regarded as the chief mischief-maker, all regarded me with intense hatred, and I may add that I had but little love for them.

There were at one time in Dublin many poor women who were known as Crimean widows. Several of these had little families of children, and nearly all of them were Catholics. A society had been established under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy in Baggot Street to provide employment for these widowed mothers. I was informed of one mother who had four helpless little children. Their father was a Catholic, and they had been baptized in his belief, but their mother was only a nominal Catholic and had never received any sacraments but baptism. The day after I had entered her name on the books of the Sisters of Mercy Society some of the Smiley family called on her, and induced her by promises of higher support to become a member of their society. When it came to my turn to visit her, for I wished to impart some religious instruction to her, I found that they had entrapped her. I reasoned with her for a while, and finally succeeded in bringing her back to her fealty to the religion of her husband. She then showed me a Bible, two Testaments, and some infamous tracts against the Catholic Church and her creed, of the Maria Monk type. Inside the cover of each one of these were written the names of the widow herself, or of her children, not one of whom could read, with the subjoined words, "a gift" from this, that, or the other of the Smiley family. I asked her if she would give them to me, and I would give her a Catholic Bible, and two Catholic Testaments instead of them, together with some pictures for the children. This she gladly agreed to do, so I took the books and tracts with me, and not wishing to lose time I went to Dublin, and purchased what I required. I then wrote the widow's name on each, specifying that it was a gift from me, and on my way home I left everything with her, except the gifts she had received from the Smiley family. On the following day I received a letter from the Smiley lawyer threatening me with legal proceedings if I did not, without delay, return what I had stolen from the widow, as being the property of these Smileys. I took the Bible and Testaments to our own legal advisers, who saw at once that there was no case against me on account of the writing within the

cover of each book. After that I heard nothing more from the Smileys.

One of my dearest friends in Dublin was that holy man and splendid orator, Father Tom Burke. We often met at the dinner table in one or another of the presbyteries, as we were invited to preach, the one in the forenoon and the other in the evening, for some of the numerous and excellent charities of Dublin.* A certain showman had been exhibiting two dogs that had been highly trained and could perform a great many clever tricks. So he had the streets placarded with enormous posters at the head of which were the words in large letters, conspicuous enough from the opposite side of the street, "Two Wonderful Dogs." Then came the name of a Catholic church followed by the names of the Rev. Thomas Burke, O.P., and the Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., as the two preachers for the occasion. Any one in the world who would stop to read the announcement would say that we were the two "Wonderful Dogs," for the poster on which the sermons were announced was smaller than that of the dogs, but was pasted in the middle of it, with the announcement below that admission for adults was one shilling and for children sixpence. This gave great amusement to many in Dublin, but to no one more than Father Burke himself. When I was returning to Dublin a few years later on, from Westport and Clifden, I was informed in the hotel in Galway that Father Burke was in town, and was stopping in the house of his sister, and I went to call on him. Though he had gone to bed after his journey from Dublin he told his sister that he would like to see me. There was no mistaking then that the end was approaching fast. In fact I never saw him but once after that. It was at the solemn opening of the magnificent Church of the Holy Rosary in London with its sixteen chapels and altars.

I had been removed from Ireland and was living in London, and Father Burke had been invited to preach both in the morning and the evening. There were hundreds of Dominican Fathers present from all parts of the world, and the clergy, regular and secular, were also present in great numbers. When I saw Father Tom entering into the pulpit I hardly recognized him. His voice was at first so weak that it was scarcely audible, but after a while he revived and continued until the end in somewhat of his old style of eloquence. When the Mass was over we were all requested to go into the yard outside to be photographed. The Dominicans were arranged on one side, and all the other clergy were facing them. The photographer being some time arranging his machine I crossed the space between the two bodies of the clergy to speak to my old friend. It was for the last time. First of all he said to me, "To think that we should meet here in this great Babylon." I then asked him how he was, and he replied that he was just dying on his feet and he begged me to pray for him. I was not present at his evening discourse, but I was told that his voice seemed a little stronger than it had been at the High Mass in the forenoon. On the following day he returned to Dublin and went straight out to Tallaght, the novitiate of the Dominicans. He retired to his bed and was very ill, suffering intensely from cancer in the stomach. Two days later while he was still in bed a deputation came out from Dublin to see him. A popular preacher had promised to plead the cause of some orphans, but from one cause or another had failed to keep his word. Whom else should they ask but

*It is a remarkable fact that there is scarcely a Sunday in the year on which there is not a charity sermon preached in one church or another in Dublin. Sometimes there are even two on the same day, and they are all well supported. When we unite with this fact that other of the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the Quarant Ore, it is safe to assert that there is not a place in the world where true charity is more perfectly manifested than Dublin.

Father Burke? To whom else should they appeal but to him who had so often and so eloquently pleaded for the widow and the orphan. They found him in bed, it is true, but they were not aware how ill he really was. He could not refuse them, so he got up, dressed himself, and returned to Dublin with them. After that he went back to Tallaght and to his bed there. Within a few hours his Master came to call him, and we who knew him and loved him cannot believe that he had many Purgatorial pains to endure. No indeed, the lover of holy joy, the strict disciplinarian, yet the meekest and mildest of superiors, the firm and faithful master of novices, yet the loving father and guide of them all, the learned disciple of St. Thomas of Aquin, yet the humble teacher of the simple and illiterate, he died in harness as he always longed to do, and although I can say with all reverence "may he rest in peace," yet I firmly believe that the merit of that petition, though it must enhance his glory, will, by the mercy and grace of God, pass on to some other soul who is in need of the suffrages of the faithful.

I strongly advise any of those who may be reading these reminiscences, and who may find themselves within the limits of holy Ireland, not to neglect visiting the ecclesiastical ruins. There is nothing which manifests the imperishable faith and the fervent piety of the children of St. Patrick in former ages more than these venerable relics. Let them, therefore, visit the ruins of Monasterboise, Clonmacnoise, and above all those at the Seven Churches, Glendalough, which is within easy reach of Dublin. These are the works of man inspired by faith and stimulated by charity, and are therefore worthy of our heartfelt admiration, but beautiful as they are—and venerable—what are they to the handiwork of God Himself. Therefore, no one should leave the sod of Ireland without making a pilgrimage to the Giants' Causeway, near Portrush. There will be seen one of the most marvelous freaks of Nature. I have heard that one of those miserable, grasping landlords who have been so many years a curse to Ireland has set up gates and planted guards, so that no one is now able to explore the wonders of the Causeway without contributing something to the income of this lordling. This place, of course, should be public property, and it is to be hoped that before long,—when Ireland shall be enabled to make her own laws and to see that they be kept,—it will be regarded as vandalism to shut the public out of the Giants' Causeway, as it is for some demented adventurer to be digging up the almost sacred soil of Tara in search of the Ark of the Covenant. I would also recommend visitors to Erin to search for the wild beauties of Connemara, to visit the romantically situated town of Westport, from whence they are in sight of Croagh Patrick on which the Apostle of Ireland prayed and fasted, and which will therefore be ever regarded as one of the most sacred spots in the island.

I was engaged in two missions at Ballyhannis. On each occasion I paid a visit to Knock, in County Mayo, where the apparition of the Blessed Virgin was believed to have taken place. I also made a special pilgrimage thither not long before our first mission. The faith of the Irish in the reality of this apparition is unassailable. They as firmly believe in it as others do in Lourdes, Pointmain, or Salette. I myself witnessed what I could not but regard as miraculous. A poor girl had arrived from England on the previous day, (in fact, she was in the same train as myself), who was so crippled that she could move neither hand nor foot, and was otherwise in such a state that her recovery was despaired of. She was assisted by her mother and her aunt to the altar-rails where she sat down while the Stations of the Cross were being made. She suddenly felt herself strong enough to kneel down and even wanted to walk to the spot where others were making the Stations. But her aunt thought

it more prudent to restrain her from this, and satisfied her by taking her into the sacristy that she might go to confession. On the following morning I gave her Holy Communion at my Mass, and the venerable parish priest with whom I breakfasted afterwards told me that the happy girl was completely cured. The following year, while I was hearing confessions at the time of our first mission, there was a general confusion amongst those who were waiting for their turn and in the course of a minute or two the chapel was emptied. On enquiry I found that an Irish-American lady who had visited Knock the previous year, and since then had been completely cured of a malady which had thwarted the skill of the most eminent practitioners in New York, had returned to Knock to render thanks to God and the Blessed Virgin for what she regarded as her miraculous cure. I saw her in the carriage outside the chapel and she was carrying with her a most complicated piece of machinery by means of which she had formerly been able to move a little. This she was taking to Knock to place among the ex votos on the wall where the apparition is believed to have taken place. I saw it there myself when we were giving our return mission at Ballyhannis.

(To be continued.)

THE ONE TRUE BARQUE.

BY THOMAS A. WALSH.

The night is dark and the winds are high,
On the face of the angry deep,
And clouds look wild in the stormy sky,
As tossing in mist they sweep.

We're riding down through this fearful sea,
In our voyage of life and death;
We're riding down to eternity,
Over breakers that roar beneath.

Strange shadows of rocks before us rise,
Through treacherous wave and squall,
And ever anon as the lightning flies,
We hear strange voices call.

To leeward far, where the billows dash,
And the sea in surges swells,
We see dim, shadowy vessels crash,
And we hear the sound of bells.

No barque can live in this awful sea,
Nor ever to port be moored,
Unless it floats from its pennons free,
The banner of Christ, our Lord.

His vessel alone, the one, true Barque,
For twice a thousand years,
Has weathered with ease these wreck-strewn seas,
And glorious still appears.

ST. BRIHGID'S CROSS.STATION ISLAND, LOUGH DERG

SAINT PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

Who in Ireland (especially in the North of Ireland), has not heard of Lough Derg? Lough Derg, where Saint Patrick himself is said to have retired from the world, for the space of nine days, to perform the most rigorous penances. Devout pilgrims flock to it annually from the four winds of Erin, and even from the large cities of England and Scotland; from America, Australia, and even France. As a Christian pilgrimage it occupies a position that is certainly unique in Europe to-day.

Station Island where the pilgrimages are performed is a very small island, less than an English acre in extent. It constitutes one of a group lying in Lough Derg, a fine sheet of water covering an area of some two thousand acres, with a circumference of about thirteen miles. Situated in the wilds of southern Donegal, shut out on all sides by grey, heathy mountains, and wide stretches of marsh and moor, it forms indeed an ideal spot for prayer, fasting, and meditation.

The easiest method of reaching Lough Derg is by train to Pettigo, a station on the Derry and Bundoran line, thence by a daily service of cars to the boat stage, about four miles distant. Leaving the little village of Pettigo the pilgrims pass through a stretch of the Donegal country that is at once pretty and picturesque and wild. The road rises gradually the whole way. Lough Erne lies in the distance, gleaming in the sunshine. The Leitrim hills in their garb of royal purple stand out bold and rugged. The country is

THE PENITENTIAL BEDS

very sparsely inhabited here, but as you approach Lough Derg it is a mountain waste,—miles of blossoming heather and furze and rock-crowned heights.

The pilgrimage opens each year on the first of June and closes on the 15th of August. The cars discharge the pilgrims on the banks of Lough Derg, between which and the Station Island, a distance of a mile, a large ferry-boat plies. The "Mystic Isle," as the Irish poets love to describe it, is now visible. At this distance the island appears crowded with houses. Your eyes cannot discern a vacant spot, but on a nearer approach you find that the houses and church buildings are grouped along the borders leaving an open centre.

The curious, the sight-seer, the globe-trotter, may save himself the trouble of paying the place a visit, as none but those bent on doing penance will be admitted. And rightly so. It would be altogether deplorable if strangers and those who could see no good in the work were to be permitted to witness the public penances of devout people. It would be decidedly embarrassing for the pilgrims.

THE HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

It is believed that Saint Patrick, the first Apostle of Ireland, retired there and subjected himself to a severe term of punishment, in commemoration of which the place is still designated "St. Patrick's Purgatory." Whether the Saint visited the island or not, there can be no doubt at all that it is a shrine of great antiquity. It is rightly called the National Pilgrimage of Ireland. It has an interesting history. As early as 1497, Pope Alexander VI ordered the place to be shut up in consequence of information which reached him concerning its conduct. At that time there was a small, dark cavern, extending under the island, where the devout were in the habit of shutting themselves up for several days in fasting and prayer. The Pope ordered the Prior to have: "the said cave closed up with earth

and stones in order that the mistaken faith of those resorting thither should cease." Another authority gives a different reason, *viz.*, that "it had become an occasion of shameful avarice," whilst in the Annals of Ulster, the Pope's action is ascribed to a doubt that the island "was not the place of the Purgatory which the Lord had shown to St. Patrick." That the cavern was shut up and the pilgrimage abandoned for the time is certain. But only for a short time. The people soon began to revisit the place, and upon the then Archbishop of Armagh urging, in 1522, a strong plea in favor of its being re-opened, the ruling Pontiff recalled the Bull of Alexander, and issued another granting great indulgences to the pilgrims. The use of the ancient cavern was discontinued, however, and the monastery church was substituted for the Purgatorium. It is believed that Saint's Island, lying also in Lough Derg, and not the present Station Island, was the place referred to. The Augustinians had their monastery there, and it is quite probable that the devout performed their penances there, too.

ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the numbers frequenting the pilgrimage were not less than four thousand, but these had risen in 1795 to fif-

teen thousand. Owing to a boating catastrophe in the last mentioned year, when ninety-three people perished, a few hundred yards from the island, the numbers of those frequenting it decreased for some time. At present the number of penitents visiting it annually cannot be short of four thousand. In the past, as indeed in our own days, it has been visited by many distinguished pilgrims, scholars and ecclesiastics from all parts of the world.

That a pilgrimage so remarkable and so unique could have failed to arouse a good deal of religious animosity and feeling would indeed be surprising. In 1620, the the Augustinian priests were driven from Lough Derg and the monastery pulled down. Their banishment was but temporary, however, for in 1632, Sir William Stewart found an abbot and forty friars there. Again in May of that year the Privy Council issued an order directing "the seizure of the Purgatory of St. Patrick for the King." The messengers found "foure hundred and seventy-one persons doing such fooleries (?) as is not to be imagined could be done among Christians." As the seizure of the island was found ineffectual to stop the people resorting hither, a further order was issued to have the place completely destroyed. The messenger writes: "I undermined the Chappel which was well covered with shingles and brought all down together. Then we broke down the Circles and Saints' Beds, which were like so many coal pits, and so pulled down some great Irish houses. . . . The countrie people expected that Saint Patricke would have wrought some miracles." Nor did this dampen the fervent ardor of those who believed in the purgatory. In 1704 it was found necessary to pass an act prohibiting the pilgrimage. . . . "and all and every of the said magistrates are hereby requested to demolish all crosses, pictures and inscriptions that are anywhere publicly set up." (2nd Anne, Cap 60.) This enactment was repealed by the 34 and 35 Vict, Cap 48, of 1871, and from that date till the present the pilgrims have never been obstructed nor interfered with in the pursuit of their devotions.

LANDING.

As the boat approaches the far-famed island the pilgrim will observe great crowds of men and women gathered on the landing stage, awaiting his approach. These are the penitents who are engaged

ON THE WAY TO STATION ISLAND.

in making their second day's devotions. They are all bare-footed and bare-headed. Indeed, the island might well be called the land of the bare-footed men. At first sight the appearance of these heterogeneous crowds, young and old, grave and gay, learned and simple, may excite the pilgrim's amusement, for he has not yet become infected with that real active spirit of piety and devotion which seems to overshadow everything and everyone here. Those on the island receive the new-comers pleasantly and bid them a good-natured welcome.

The new arrivals at once proceed to the Hospice, the boarding establishment owned by the diocesan authorities, or they may go to one of the other seven lodging houses on the island. All who wish to begin their "stations" on the same day of their arrival must have been fasting from the previous evening, otherwise they must wait till next day. As soon as they reach their lodgings they proceed to divest themselves of shoes, caps or hats; then bare-footed and bare-headed they begin their stations.

MAKING THE STATIONS.

If anyone be under the impression that the making of the stations is attended with little hardship or inconvenience he has only to try it to be disillusioned. Sharp stones, pieces of quartz with jagged edges, are strewn everywhere in the way you have to tread; round pebbles lie all about; shelves of rock stand in your way at almost every step. If the season be wet you will have the added difficulty of walking through little piles of mud and pools of water, and of kneeling for long intervals on the wet, sticky clay.

The "station" commences with a visit to St. Patrick's Church, after which you proceed to the rough stone cross called St. Patrick's Cross, where, kneeling, you recite certain prayers. From thence you go to St. Brigid's Cross, making a detour of the church.

And here occurs one of the most memorable and certainly one of the most dramatic incidents in the whole pilgrimage. When the penitent has repeated the prayers he rises to his feet and stands with his back to the cross. Then with outstretched arms, and looking across the lake, he renounces the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Could anything in the worship or ceremonial of any church or creed be finer than this? The man of the world may laugh, but then he has never been there. It is no laughing matter at all with this multitude of sincere souls who stand up one after another to renounce these three enemies of mankind. Look for one instant, ere you hurry on, at the grave, calm faces of the people who thus proclaim their isolation from the world, they are full of love and mystery.

Seven circuits of the church are then made. The gravel and the sharp edges of the projecting rocks sink into your feet, and you find yourself bowing at almost every step. Sometimes your feet get cut, and bleed, but this is the very least concern of the devout penitent. He has come miles, perhaps over seas, in order to mortify his body, and he accepts every new suffering or torture gladly, almost joyously. It is the one place where people are all forgiving, all humble—where all men and women are equal. There are no fine distinctions here. The wealthy business man from the city, and the poor peasant from the bogs beyond the hills have to walk the flints side by side. Since God makes no distinction between the classes (the folk will tell you), why should there be any distinction here. Why indeed?

And now commences the really trying part of the penance. There are six little cairns or circles, called "beds," each distinguished by the name of a saint. The "beds" are situated upon the sloping side of a mound or hill. The penitent

has to make six circuits of each of these, repeating the appointed prayers. This is a task truly purgatorial. The path leads over jagged rocks set in a sloppy soil, to step upon them causes much pain. Nor is this the only trouble. You may find it no easy matter to keep from falling, more especially in time of rain, when the path is slippery and crowded. There are, perhaps, a hundred "doing" the station as well as you. For three intervals of time you are obliged to kneel by the beds, sometimes in the mud, sometimes upon the hard stone. This must be repeated at each of the six other beds.

Then, going down to the edge of the lake, you stand in the water, looking out across the lone hills, and repeat more prayers. Suddenly the dark red water ripples in, kissing your feet and making a crooning song. The lowly-breathed prayers of those about you,—fervent prayers from weary hearts,—inspire you to greater devotion, the rapt, mystical looks on the faces of the penitents, so beautiful and yet so strange, instinctively stir up the best that is in you. Amid a scene like this no one could be irreverent; the very atmosphere is full of awe and love and wonder.

IN "PRISON."

On the evening of the first day, the pilgrim enters "prison." Although the term "prison" is a misnomer, being St. Patrick's Church, the penitent will find the eleven hours between six o'clock and five in the following morning trying enough. The chapel is simple and plain, with a floor of rubble and stone. It has three aisles with galleries. Throughout the long hours of that vigil the place is in semi-darkness, being lighted only by one lamp. The shadows only add to the solemnity and the grandeur of the watch. Light draws the gaze to outward things, the soft darkness by shutting out all distractions leaves the mind and soul to communion.

On the occasion of my visit this year the devotions for the night began by a young priest reciting the Rosary. He made a circuit of the church, in commemoration of Christ's last journey, pausing before little pictures representing the Stations of the Cross which were hung around the walls. At each picture he paused and read a short passage descriptive of the Saviour's sufferings. The effect was very striking and very moving. Some of the people wept. This exercise was followed by a sermon and benediction, and then the vigil proper began.

It is very hard for some people to keep awake for a single night, and many of us had been awake the previous night. The difficulty was infinitely greater here. The people said the appointed prayers in unison, and the hum of voices rising and falling with a regularity that was almost mechanical had the effect of lulling one to sleep. It was really difficult, the regulations notwithstanding, to keep one's eyes open. Nature was too much for a few of the penitents (women), and they slept soundly in their seats. At three o'clock the grey dawn shone faintly through a little window, and at five Mass was celebrated, followed by a short discourse, and then the "prisoners" were free.

Next day they went to confession, and "ran" other stations, and that evening after nine o'clock they were permitted to go to bed for a few hours. They were up at four o'clock, however, and out on their pilgrimage again.

Have you never gone about on your bare feet in the grey of the early morning? Then you know nothing of the feelings of the pilgrims. And yet no one seemed to mind it at all; even then they were kindly and good-natured and obliging.

The station ended on the evening of the third day.

For each of the first two days of the

pilgrimage the penitents get a light meal of bread and tea, without cream; for the third day they maintain a strict fast.

In other days the penances were much more strict and exacting. The pilgrims had to subsist for nine days on a single meal daily consisting of a small portion of bread and water. They rested upon the ground. "At length on the ninth day, having first made a general confession," says an old writer, "and having expiated all the faults of their life, they enter before twilight a subterranean pit, which is called the purgatory, and here they remain four and twenty continuous hours, all the time awake and engaged in prayer, without any refreshment either of food or drink."

Many of the pilgrims still observe the old custom of coming on foot from their homes, often as far as sixty miles.

There is one circumstance connected with these devotions which is certainly remarkable, people seldom or never catch cold on the island. This, considering the nature of the exercise, is a little short of miraculous; also, you never hear anyone complain of hunger.

And year by year the number frequenting this strange pilgrimage is increasing. As one of the poets has it:

"Down to the shore, from North and East,
From Antrim and the Rosses,
Come barefoot pilgrims, men and maids,
Thro' water ways and mosses,
And some from Dublin City, far,
Where sins grow thick as the berries,
From Sligo some, and Castlebar,
Come crossing by the ferrie."

A DAY.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

There shall come a day, a wondrous day,
When the bondsman and the free,
When kings and they who have borne their sway
Shall wait on the same decree;
When boundless power, and far-spread fame,
And the honors dearly bought,
And fair renown, and the praise and blame
Of the world shall be as nought.
The wronged that day for redress shall seek,
Nor seek for it in vain,
And no more shall the proud oppress the meek,
Or the victors conquest gain.
On that day the miser's hoarded gold,
And the wise man's worldly lore,
And wit, and beauty, and titles old
Shall of value be no more.
And the countless trials, and woe and care,
And the ills of poverty,
And the anguish and pain once hard to bear
No more shall remembered be.
Each wrong shall be righted in all men's sight,
And all shall justice find,
When Jesus comes in His power and might
As the judge of all mankind.

BRITISH DISTASTE FOR IRISH GENIUS.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN AND JUDGE JEFFREY.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Not long ago there occurred an amusing scene in a Dublin police court, between a man of genius, an Italian organ-grinder, and a magistrate. The man of genius was Mr. George Moore: the names of the other actors do not matter. Mr. Moore had had the slave of the organ arrested because he refused to move away from the vicinity of his abode at Mr. Moore's order, but continued to shed the soul of music quite unconcernedly. He returned the following day and repeated the serenade. Mr. Moore told the magistrate that he was engaged in literary work of high importance to himself and that Beppo's voluntary tribute did not help to cheer his heavy way, but the contrary. The magistrate decided that Mr. Moore must be left alone for the future; and so the comedy ended.

The incident derives its literary interest, not so much from the fact that the author of "The Untilled Field" played so ridiculous a part for so great a man, but because the house in which he was then lodging was once, and for a long time, the town residence of John Philpot Curran. It is situated in one of the very quietest nooks in Dublin, a short street called Ely-place, and the writer remembers it as a locality where stood the last remnants of the old conveyances called Sedan chairs, the predecessors of the cabs and jingles and jaunting cars, in the city by the Liffey. Curran's house was No. 2, as well as he remembers. Ely-Place is on the north side of St. Stephen's Green.

The part which Curran played in Irish life has been too long forgotten. He was the most brilliant and the most fearless advocate that ever came between Irish rebellion and British vengeance. In these quiet times people have little notion of what nerve it required to stand before a judge and defend a man charged with high treason against the British Crown. Curran did this many a time, in the most noble and courageous way. The incident above related suggested the propriety of recalling the memory of this distinguished son of Ireland, at a time when there is no danger in the profession of an advocate.

No intellectual recreation can afford more harmless pleasure, in conjunction with some profit, than a calm study of the great masters (self-constituted) of modern British criticism. Johnson's analysis of Shakespeare's plays is, perhaps, the most pompously ludicrous of these. In their painstaking didactic pedantry they surpass all other efforts of the same class —unless we except those of the "higher critics" of to-day. Johnson proved conclusively that while a great scholar and prose writer might have an unlimited brain capacity, he may fail in that peculiar instinct of the dramatist which enables him to bestow on his mental creation that variety in life and action which makes a play so different an entertainment from a novel or an essay. Matthew Arnold holds a very exalted niche as a literary critic; yet he is hardly less amusing in his unconscious—or possibly conscious—egotism than the leviathan doctor. He referred to the ballads of Dr. Maginn as productions that gave him "torture;" and he could not read the "Lays of Ancient Rome" he declared, without uttering "a cry of pain." It is well that so fine a sensibility never was subjected to the hor-

rors—so far as we can gather—of "The Groves of Blarney:" "The Iron Maiden of Nuremberg" or "Damien's Bed of Steel" would, doubtless, have been mercy instead. And still another British critic described "The Groves" as one of the greatest compositions of its kind—burlesque sentimental—he had ever found.

Jeffrey is a great name in criticism: it brings us back to the days of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Perhaps it would be more correct to say it was made great because of the terrible scorn it got heaped upon itself through the *Edinburgh*. In later life Jeffrey became a member of the Scotch judicial bench—a position which seemed to have been better adapted to his cold and practical temperament than that of *arbiter elegantiarum*. Amongst the many essays that Jeffrey wrote for the *Edinburgh* one of the most amusing is his review of the life of John Philpot Curran, written by that eminent lawyer's son. The idea of a solemn angular-minded Solon of this kind sitting in judgment on one of the nimblest intellects of any day is delicious. Its anomaly may be illustrated by a little anecdote about Curran and a personage of similar density who used to bore the wits of the Four Courts in old days. The individual, who, like Curran belonged to the Bar, accidentally met the great lawyer one morning, taking his "constitutional" in the vicinity of College-Green. Curran was dressed in a very seedy "cutty" coat—altogether out of the fashion of the day. This the bore at once noticed, and, like most of his tribe, proceeded to show that his politeness was on a par with Curran's garment. "Hallo, Curran," he exclaimed; "that's a very short coat you've got on." Curran, hardly giving him a look, at once replied, "'Twill be long enough before I get another," and turned away, brusquely. The bore stood looking after him, and pondering on the deep meaning of the reply. He pondered over it all the day, and in the evening went to a judge's house to dine. As usual there were several lawyers at table, and to these the bore opened his mind. "I met Curran to-day," he blurted out at the first opportunity, "and he wore the shabbiest coat—a short little old coat—that ever you saw. I asked him why he wore such a short coat, and he said the best thing you ever heard." The company got interested immediately, since Curran's fame as a master of repartee was unrivaled. "Come, tell us: out with it!" all cried. "He said just this: it will be *a very long* time before I get another," said the bore, with all the air of a man of importance and oracular wisdom. There were no decanters hurled at him, but there were some epithets that were more cutting.

Jeffrey, the great master of analytical criticism, is hardly less dense when he essays the task of dissecting Curran and passing judgment on his claims to be considered as an orator.

Here one is tempted to begin with a little of what is properly styled hypercriticism, and note certain glaring lapses in small things on the part of the great reviewer—as, for instance, when writing of Curran's style of eloquence, he says he thinks there are traces of it to be found in Ossian!—and then proceeds: "We would observe too that, though born in Ireland, *neither* Swift nor Goldsmith *were* trained in the Irish school, *or* worked for the Irish market." If italics are used here, where they do not appear in the text, it is but following the precedent set in the text, in other parts where the reviewer thinks he finds some solecism or some absurdity, not so apparent to the reader as to himself. There is much more of real hypercriticism in the process which Jeffrey applied to Curran's best oratorical efforts in order to see how far they agreed with his own standards in forensic eloquence. Here is a good

sample of both process and ideal: He says of a speech before a judge in a certain case wherein another judge (Johnson) was the defendant, "I do not remember ever to have read anything much more absurd than this; the puerility and folly of the classical intrusions are even less offensive than the heap of incongruous metaphors by which the meaning is obscured." Now, here is the portion of the appeal which draws forth this formidable censure with the italics flung in by the censor, and not by the speaker. Curran was arguing upon the construction placed upon a certain statute which bore hardly on his client. He went on to say:

"I am not ignorant that this extraordinary construction has received the sanction of another court, nor of the surprise and dismay with which it smote upon *the general heart* of the Bar. *I am* aware that I may have the mortification of being told, in another country, of that unhappy decision; and I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told of it. But I cherish too the consolatory hope that I shall be able to tell them that I had an old and learned friend, whom I would put above *all the sweepings* of *their Hall*, who was of a different opinion: who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome; who had fed the youthful vigor of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen—and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct, by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples, by dwelling on the *sweet-souled piety of Cimon*, on the anticipated *Christianity of Socrates*, on the *gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondes*—on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity would have been more difficult than to have pushed the sun from its course! I would add that if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment—that his *hesitation* was like the *passing cloud that floats before the morning sun*, and hides it from the view and does so for a moment hide it by *involving the spectator without even approaching the face of the luminary*. And this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and *tenderest* recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those Attic nights and those reflections of the gods which we have spent with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. [Here Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears.] Yes, my good Lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory, I see your *pained and softened fancy* recalling those happy meetings where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the *horizon of the board* became enlarged into the *horizon of man*—where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where my *slenderer and younger taper* imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and *redundant fountain of yours*."

Jeffrey seems to have had his wrath aroused to an unusual pitch by this address. Anything that could move a judge—even an Irish one—to tears seemed shocking to his sense of judicial decorum, no doubt. But those phrases which he has so sedulously branded with the searing iron of his scorn will not strike the more rational reader as very incongruous, as he declares them to be, nor does the charge of mixed metaphor, which he also flings at the speech, seem to apply save toward the end where light is spoken of as being imbibed from a fountain. We may be sure that it was an extempore address, taken down in court by a stenog-

rapher. In the passion and flood of oratory even the greatest of speakers must sometimes fall into something in the way of simile or illustration that would bear correction. Jeffrey recognizes the fact that Curran always spoke impromptu, after meditating on his subject, only making the most trivial notes of suggestion—as in the famous case of Archibald Hamilton Rowan. The notes found regarding this were merely these: "Character of Mr. R.; furnace; rebellion smothered; stalks; redeeming spirit." With such scanty helps to his course he made the most magnificent speech for a defense that stands without a rival to this day. Even Jeffrey concedes that he surpassed himself in that effort.

A curious light is thrown upon the temperament of this celebrated critic by one or two passages in his commentary on Curran in a different character—that of Irish patriot. He notes how the Act of Union of A. D. 1800 filled Curran's mind with incurable despondency as to the fate of his country, and he observes that while he has indulgence for this feeling he cannot sympathize with it. How could he? Was he not a Scotchman and a judge? The Scotch Lords and legislators had anticipated the Irish ones in bartering their Parliamentary trust for money and title, by a century; and that fox who had lost his tail in a trap had no hesitation in recommending the docking process to his brothers as the proper fashion.

One is enabled to form some idea of the quality of Jeffrey's mind from the sentiments he elsewhere expresses touching the Irish rebellion and the atrocities which attended its suppression. He refers to a case, Hevey vs. Major Sirr, wherein Curran, speaking for the plaintiff, made a scathing address denouncing that great brute's methods and those of his "battalion of testimony." This was the speech whose shafts struck home so keenly as to cause a couple of the Hessians in the court-house—for in all such cases in Ireland the custom is to pack the courts with soldiers and policemen in order to keep the public out—to make a movement to attack the intrepid advocate with their halberds. Then it was that Curran achieved his glory as the defender of his profession. He turned to the judicial bench and told the judges that the minions of the Crown might strike him but they never could intimidate. "Contempsi gladios Catilinæ," he went on, in the words of Cicero, "non pertimescam tuos." "I have despised the swords of Catiline's crowd, and I am not going to tremble before yours." Jeffrey refers to the trial as "affording a strong picture of the revolting and atrocious barbarities" which are "necessarily perpetrated" when the solemn tribunals are silenced and inferior agents intrusted with arbitrary power. "Necessarily perpetrated!" What a remarkable phrase for a "censor morum" to use—a man whose sensitiveness is wounded by what he considers to be an inelegance in diction and a mode of address that moves a brother judge to tears! It is no wonder that Sterne wrote that satire of his on the French sentimentalist whom he found weeping over a dead ass, but who had little sympathy for the woes of afflicted humanity.

"He spoke very slow," remarks this rigid critic "and was remarkably scrupulous in the choice of words." Most readers will agree that Curran knew the difference between the propriety of an adjective and an adverb; and if he were scrupulous and "slow" he must have been a better authority on diction and taste than his solemn critic from North Britain. "He was the victim of a constitutional melancholy," it is also said, yet "his wit is said to have been ready and brilliant, and altogether without gall." But Jeffrey selects some specimens of the wit in order to prove that this judgment was wrong, since he brands them as "vulgar and or-

dinary." This instance is selected as a proof of the "vulgarity:" A man of the name of Halfpenny, a witness, was desired by a judge to sit down, in the course of a trial in which Curran was pleading on the opposite side. "I thank your Lordship," he said immediately, "for having nailed that rap to the counter" —in allusion to the practice then prevalent of so fastening fraudulent money called "raps." If happy play upon words be admitted to form a portion of wit, surely nothing could be more removed from vulgarity than this smart utilization of a tempting opportunity. Curran was an inveterate joker. Like Charles the Second and Sir Thomas More he joked even at the point of death. In his last illness he fired off a dismal joke at the doctor. He appeared to cough with difficulty, and when the leech remarked upon this, Curran replied "this is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

For one piece of delicacy at least the critic deserves credit. He makes no reference to the terrible tragedy that threw a pall over Curran's later life. When a parent feels compelled, through political or official fears, to renounce and thrust forth his own daughter, as Curran did when he was Master of the Rolls, because of his child, Sarah's, connection with the young patriot Robert Emmet, the tragedy is more touching than that of Jepthah or Antigone. This was the exquisite doom of him whose lot it was to stand between the vengeance of British law and many of those who had braved that vengeance for the sake of Ireland; and no one, not even O'Connell or the late Isaac Butt, ever played a nobler part in that honorable but dangerous duty. The chapter is one of the saddest of Irish history; and its sadness makes every figure in it sacred—not only to the Irish race, but to all those who believe in the sanctity of suffering, and the beauty of suffering nobly borne.

"SORROW'S CROWN."

BY MARY G. MANAHAN.

Red poppies in the wheat field nod, and all
The gracious meadow rich with yellow corn,
And glorious the clear September morn,
With sunlight quivering through golden haze.
"Tears, idle tears!" the poet sighed—his gaze
On happy autumn fields, his heart bowed down,
O'er days that were no more. O, "sorrow's crown!"
The memory of joys beyond recall!
And yet a balm there is for him who knows
That in the past lie graves of happier things;
He lives again the pleasures he has known.
But like the field where crop was never sown,
Barren the heart where love no mem'ry brings—
More sad the cankered bud than faded rose.

LEGENDS.

BY REV. LUCIEN JOHNSTON.

Beautiful the quaint, old legends
With their strange, half-sad refrain
Sighing like the Autumn's spirit
'Midst the fields of garnered grain.

Calling back the heart, all wearied,
In the present's noon-day glare,
To the dusky land of lazy musing
And of dreaming strangely fair;

To the colored realms of fancy
Wherein witch and beast and knight
Ever wage their mystic struggle
By the moon's enchanted light;

With young lovers idly strolling
Down some fairy haunted dell,
Or an aged anchorite at prayer
In his ivy-covered cell.

Reason asks—unpitying critic
If they're but an empty dream,
Mere revulsion from the present
When its young hopes blasted seem;

Or if they're half-seen, fleeting visions
Of a wondrous after-life
Beckoning on the weary exile
Fainting 'midst his daily strife.

Else, as sated Grecians sighed,
If they're only tender yearning
Backward to a Golden Age
Ne'er to wistful eyes returning.

Know I not, but rest contented
Thus to love their beauty strange,
Let it, if so, be but dreaming;
Ne'er to waking would I change.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(Continued.)

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXIII.

The priest has jurisdiction over the mystical Body of Christ. St. Paul puts it thus: "We are the good odor of Christ unto God in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To one indeed the odor of death unto death, but to the others the odor of life unto life. And for these things who is so sufficient?" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.) Now what can be more terrible than to stand between the living and the dead charged with the priestly office to account for the souls committed to our trust? The Fathers call it an office which angels fear to bear. To be the ruler over a people or general over an army in which the earthly life of men is at stake is a dreadful responsibility. How much more then is a position the effects of which are eternal? What sanctity, what charity, what humility, what patience, what wisdom, what firmness, what equity are sufficient for such a vocation? If the relation in which the priest stands to his Divine Lord in the Holy Mass demands spiritual perfection, certainly the relation of teacher, guide, and judge of men demands the same. The priest is to set the example of perfection in himself and thus aid in forming the souls of men to the same law and likeness. He must needs be himself another Christ.

The titles of this relation are many. Under the Old Law the priests were described in manifold ways. They were described as fishermen, hunters and shepherds of the flock. Under the New Law they are more than this. They are stewards set over God's household. They are ambassadors from God, having a grand commission. They have their credentials from God Himself with express conditions on which to call upon men to reconcile themselves with Him and with a discretion to judge and to decide who fulfil and who do not fulfil the conditions of their commission.

Priests are fellow workers with God in the vineyard of the Church. They are ploughers and sowers and reapers. They have the office of breaking up the fallow ground of the nations and of destroying the roots of unbelief that hinder the work of the plough. They are sowers who cast the seed of the Word of God upon all lands and beside all waters. (Isaias, XII. 15, 16.) They are reapers who go reaping in the midst of a barren and dying world; who shall one day return with joy, bringing their sheaves with them. (Ps. CXXV. 56.) These titles are figurative, and consequently, ideal and pictorial. There are others lying closer to our life and needs.

Priests are fellow builders with God in edifying the Church and rearing the temple of the Holy Ghost upon the foundation which Christ has laid. They are fathers of all who are born again of water and the Holy Ghost: but in a special sense they are fathers of those whom they have baptized. Saint Paul says to the Corinthians: "If you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet not many fathers for in Christ Jesus by the Gospel I have regenerated you." (1 Cor. IV. 15.) This title is the most loving and intelligible to all—old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. The relation of the father and child is universal in the order of nature, and in the order of Grace it becomes a spiritual instinct. The title of father is the dearest, the highest, the most powerful, the most honorable of all the titles of the priest. He may receive from the world many honors, from the schools many academic degrees and from the ec-

clesiastical household many dignities; but none has so deep and so high an honor as father, and none but the spiritual fatherhood will pass into eternity.

Priests are also judges of men. The Jews forbade any man who was not a father to become a judge; for justice must be tempered with compassion. But for the spiritual more than natural compassion is needed. The spiritual judge needs the charity of God, of whom all fatherhood is named. A judge must needs be just, and justice includes mercy. St. Gregory the Great, in explaining the heavenly choirs, says that the thrones are the just in whom God dwells. Our Divine Master said: "Ye that have followed Me when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (St. Matt. XIX, 28.) This was spoken to the Apostles, and consequently, to the episcopate of the Catholic Church who are the spiritual judges of the world. Each bishop in his diocese, surrounded by his priests, judicially binding or loosing the souls of men by the power of the keys, is the judge who is to avert the judgment of the last day.

The priests are finally physicians. In the Old Law they were taught to discern between leprosy and leprosy. As priests of the New Law they are taught to discern between sin and sin. For this office two things above all are necessary—science and charity; the science of God, the science of the saints, the science of knowledge; and charity which will never be silent when there is sickness unto death. St. Paul might well ask "for these things who is sufficient?" To stand in such close relation to the Word made flesh, to be set over souls for whom He shed His Precious Blood, to be charged with their salvation—all this surely demands in the priest a personal sanctity commensurate with the work of guiding souls from sin to penance, and from penance to perfection. And how shall we guide unless we lead the way ourselves? To exercise perfection on others requires that the priest should be in the state of perfection himself. This doctrine of the "border line" may satisfy theologians, but not the great St. Paul who says: "I do not count myself to have apprehended; but one thing I do, forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I press towards the mark to the prize of the supreme vocation of God in Christ Jesus." (Philip. iii. 13, 14.)

II.

The priest is bound to seek interior spiritual perfection. This he must obtain from the great High Priest of Whose priesthood he is a partaker. He is our fountain of sanctity as well as our law of obligation. To the priests of the Old Law He said: "Be holy because I am holy." (Levit. XI. 44, 46.) God demands sanctity in all who approach Him. At the burning bush in Horeb, God commanded Moses to put off the shoes from his feet; for the ground he stood on was holy. (Exod. iii, 5.) An unholy, sinful man, if he seeks the priesthood, seeks it unto death, "for who can dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isaias, XXXIII. 14.) The holiness, the purity and the justice of God are as flames of a furnace in which the pure are still more purified and the impure consumed. For God is a consuming fire. (Heb. XII. 29.) Only those who are filled with a burning desire to be sanctified in soul, body and intellect can stand near Him. On such He perfects the work begun in them when He called them to the holy Priesthood. Isaias, when he saw the Lord of Hosts in His glory was conscious only of his own imperfection before Him. But one of the Seraphim flew with a live coal from the altar and touched his lips and his sin was cleansed. (Isaias. VI. 5.)

The nearer they approach to God, the more they are purified. The sanctity of the spotless Mother by her union with her Divine Son we will not speak of, for she

was sanctified above all other creatures. But we may dwell a few moments on the sanctity of St. John and St. Peter after their call to follow the Redeemer. The conscious unfitness of St. Peter caused him to cry out: "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord." (St. Luke, V. 8.) The miracle of the fishes opened his eyes to the power of Jesus; but it was his sanctity that made him fear to be near Him or in His presence.

The three years in which the Apostles followed our Lord were years of preparation for the priesthood. They had many imperfections which as time wore on were consumed in the sanctity of their Master's presence. They breathed an atmosphere of purity and perfection. Slow to believe, tardy to understand, hasty in speech, earthly in their thought, seeking to be first and contending with each other which should be the greatest, nevertheless, the majesty of their Lord subdued them and His love reigned over them; and day by day their old stubborn wills died in them and the will of Jesus Christ grew in them until it governed them altogether. The work of their purification was always advancing; for the Divine Presence was the refining fire purifying the sons of Levi and refining them as gold or silver that they might offer sacrifices to the Lord in justice. But one of them fell. Judas for three years breathed the same atmosphere of sanctity without being sanctified. What should have been for his salvation became an occasion of his falling, and the life of the priesthood was turned by him into death.

Now the relation of the priest to his divine Master, except the physical presence, is exactly the same as theirs. It is personal, real and continuous. We have a Master in heaven. (Ephes. VI. 9.) Our loyalty to Him rests on consciousness, not on sight, as in this world our allegiance is paid to a ruler whom perhaps we have never seen. St. Peter says of this: "Whom having not seen you love: in whom also now though you see Him not you believe; and believing, I shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorified." (St. Peter, 1, 8.) This is a foretaste of eternal bliss. This is what every priest firmly believes. This is no mere imagination. He is with the priest whereever duty calls him, whether on land or sea—by the bed of the dying, or walking through the streets of our cities, or in highways seeking the scattered sheep of Israel. He is with him at every step and at every moment. The words He spoke in the long ago to His apostles, He speaks to-day to His priests. Our relations differ only in physical appearance. Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem are as real to us as if we had seen them. To those who have faith and knowledge of the Word of God all these things are as real as the scenes that are daily enacted around and about us.

Jesus is always present with His priests and will so continue till the end of time. He is in every living member of His mystical Body as Head of the Church. This is common to all the faithful alike. But the priesthood has another relation as we have already seen. If the priests of the Old Law who carried the sacred vessels were bound to purity and holiness, what is the obligation of the priesthood of the New Law? Under this dispensation the priest bears the Lord Himself. What a trust and confidence! It is the highest pledge of God's love. What a wonderful gift is a vocation to the priesthood. What nobility and sincerity of character is demanded of us. When our Blessed Lord was on earth He did not trust Himself to men, because He knew what was in man. (St. John. 11, 24, 25.) Not so with us. What then ought to be the fidelity, loyalty and devotion of our hearts for the care of the sacramental presence of our Blessed Lord. This divine Presence constitutes the tabernacle, the altar, the sanctuary and the home of the priest. The bush of Horeb burned in the presence of Moses; but the priest and all about him are wrapped up in the radiance and influence

of the Blessed Sacrament entrusted to his charge. We can never lose consciousness of this holy relation. We may not always be in actual advertence to it, but, like the disciples of our Lord who, while they witnessed miracles and performed sacred duties, had other thoughts yet they were conscious of one dominant thought which governed all and continually reminded them of His presence. So it ought to be with us. In the morning, the priest spoke the words of almighty power and for a while he was in contact with the Incarnate Word. Such a consciousness ought to control his life and through the whole day. He will return, before he retires to rest for the night, to this divine Presence, to give an account of his thoughts and actions,—all of which serves to be a wholesome restraint. If the love of a human friend even in his absence will govern and guide us, how much more ought the presence of a Divine Friend control and elevate our life. "O wonderful condescension of divine Goodness," says St. Gregory. "We are not worthy to be servants and we are called friends. What a dignity for men to be friends of God."

There is another sacred relation which will follow us to eternity; namely, the relation between the priest and the souls committed to his charge. This relation may be two-fold, by appointment as pastor of a flock or by the office of confessor. In either case the consequences are eternal. That any man should be charged with the salvation of another is a relation of the Divine Order. By such a law of nature fathers have charge of their children while under age and unable to care for themselves. In a few years their authority is outgrown and comes to an end. It is also at all times limited, for over the conscience of children parents have no authority. But in the supernatural order it is the will of God that the fraternal hatred of Cain should be replaced by the fraternal love of pastors. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is the cry of the world. "I am the Good Shepherd," is the voice of the gentle Jesus laying down for His pastors the rule of their priestly life. The pastor then must answer for his flock with his life. St. Gregory puts it thus: "A pastor has as many souls of his own as he has sheep in his flock." There is, then, a mutual relation of authority and of submission by divine institution. What zeal, self-denial and charity are needed to bear with the shortcomings of the sinful, and waywardness of the good. The shepherd must ever lead his flock or they cannot follow him. He must teach them by word and example. It is the living example that converts, sustains, and sanctifies the hearts of men. St. Paul's words in his Epistle to the Romans (11, 12, 22) are terrible to the priest who is a priest by ordination and not by sanctity. He will be to his people either a model or a byword. What spiritual perfection, what sanctity, what holiness are required for such an office. Here is a beautiful picture of the true priest of God. How different it is from the conception formed in the minds of some well-meaning people. "The sanctity of the priest ought to be a sanctity not common to all but singular in degree. A sanctity which has its conversation in heaven; a sanctity which offers itself as an oblation and sacrifice to God in the odor of sweetness; a sanctity by which the priest becomes a fountain of light, a benediction of merit, and of eternal life to souls; a sanctity which is an example to the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity." (The Little Mirror of the Priest. CVII, p. 250.)

These relations of the priest are so many incentives to aspire towards the highest conformity to our Divine Master and to the closest union with Him. They contain in themselves and impose upon the priest duties and obligations which we shall consider in the following essays.

(To be Continued.)

FOREIGN PLAYS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

For this season, at least, the metropolitan manager has given up the American play, and devoted his talents (monied of course, for he has no other) to exploiting the European playwright. This may be good luck to the latter, but one is not so sure. The motive is bad. Unwilling to risk time or money or thought or experience on uncertainty the metropolitan manager buys the successful product of Europe, and transplants it to our favored land. But transplanting is ticklish business. The advertising is good. The press agent revels in descriptions of Mr. Tralala's sojourn in Europe, his purchase of plays that ran two hundred nights, his dining with Sardou at Marly and Richepin everywhere, and the pathetic remarks of these dramatists on their affection for the people of the United States. He returns home, the plays are put on, the critics chatter like crows, and the dear public, after the first week, takes special care to avoid the plays and to warn its friends from attending.

The metropolis at this moment has seven European plays in the most important theatres. Quite likely, did we not happen to have such men as David Belasco, Henry Savage, and Harrison Fiske near by, all the first-class theatres would be presenting European successes. Fortunately, these gentlemen have enough patriotism and sufficient good sense to patronize the home product. A good play is good no matter what its origin. We are not to be so narrow as to avoid and reject the best that other nations give us. It is the policy of deliberately rejecting the home-made play for the foreign product, good or bad, that is so hateful. At the very beginning of the dramatic season accident and design together have combined to provide a remarkable contrast on the New York stage: a contrast between the best work of foreign and American playwrights.

Israel Zangwill is the author of the *Serio-Comic Governess*, a soap-bubble now glittering nightly for New Yorkers. Zangwill is a Londoner of Jewish blood. His pictures show that all of his Jewishness centres in his face. The characteristic features of his race are there in burlesque prominence. He writes stories of an original quality, hardly brilliant, but interesting and unconventional; and his sarcasm and satire and jest in criticism are very biting. He has three times demonstrated that he cannot write a play. In the *Serio-Comic Governess* the demonstration is most complete; a tenuous, tiresome affair which the leading actress pieces out with patches of her own imitations of other people very cleverly done. How a manager was ever induced to put on the play not even the criminal himself could tell. However, Zangwill is a London literary light. He has just sailed from England to see his play in New York, and the papers have printed the pleasing fact. But if all London emigrated with him for the same purpose not a soul in this city could be induced to sit out the Zangwill drama.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell introduced Sardou's play of *The Sorceress* about the middle of the month. It is a Bernhardt drama, written to give its star an opportunity for her usual convulsions. Mrs. Campbell is not Madame Bernhardt, nor

does she want to be, except in fame. The Sardou drama proved too much for her temperament. The author wrote five acts around a theme and a situation which demanded only three. In his old age, Sardou has gone daft on religion, and seems to think it his mission to denounce the Catholic Church. In his unspeakable and ludicrous *Dante,* which almost destroyed the tour of Sir Henry Irving last year, he had an excommunication scene in the ancient Puritan style, and a few prelates in hell *a la* Luther and Calvin. In the present drama the Inquisition provides the opportunity to rail at the Church, and the chief villain is the great Cardinal Ximenes. As he slandered Dante by making him the enemy of the Church which the poet loved and defended, so he slanders Ximenes by making the greatest statesman, scholar, and priest of his time a common executioner, gloating like a fiend over the suffering and death of the unfortunate. Cardinal Ximenes was a son of the people, who forged his way to the highest pinnacle of power and fame by sheer and exalted merit. He left the world for the quiet of a Franciscan cloister; his piety and learning made the great Queen Isabella select him for her confessor; her appreciation elevated him to the see of Toledo, a position which he steadfastly refused to accept until the Pope, at the prayers of the Queen, commanded him to receive consecration. He was Regent of Spain long enough to smash the power of the nobles over the King, as did Richelieu in France; but more nobly than Richelieu he conferred part of that released power on the people. His labors for learning were the glory of his life; but his piety and his devotion to his country were greater than his glory. He lived and died a holy man. And this decayed dramatist of Paris, this old maker of dramatic machines for coining money, this irreligious bigot—for Sardou never had a hair's weight of religion in him—has the privilege of insulting, slandering, on the New York stage, one of the glories of the human race, with the aid of Mrs. Campbell and under the management of Charles Frohman! And the day of ripe eggs has passed!

Fortunately the play suffers from the senility which of late years has marked the plays of Sardou. It was a failure in Europe, and it will be a failure here. Thus two of the European importations are dramatic and popular failures, decidedly poor in quality, and not agreeable to the public. The third was presented by a capable and reputable actor, Mr. Otis Skinner, under the title of *The Harvester,* and came from the poetic pen of a French writer known to his own people as M. Jean Richepin. No one desires to utter a word against Mr. Skinner, so true a man and so conscientious an artist; but he made a mistake in going to Europe for his play. Mr. Hackett did it and won a fair success in *The Secret of Polichinelle.* The French dramatists can give us ideas and models, but they cannot give us plays. They do not write in our key. With them lechery is amusing, and so far have they forgotten chastity and purity and modesty that often they are unconsciously dirty without intention. *The Harvester* is a nasty play, not in its theme or its language or its intention, but in its very substance. No American playwright would deal with such a theme. It is not even a presentation of French life. To bring it nearer to the American audience the translator and adapter placed the scene in French Canada. He knew as little about France as about Quebec. The local color was really in Noman's Land. The action was slow, the poetry not visible, the incidents lame, and the denouement feeble, and very, very Frenchy. The play will die before the month is out. Mr. Skinner played his part admirably, and found capable support in Lizzie Hudson Collier, who returned to the New York stage looking as youthful as if a decade had not passed since her last appearance.

For a Catholic actress she had a most thankless, a most repulsive part to play, but her talent made the character seem natural and possible. Thus the third of the European plays proved as great a failure as the others, from every point of view.

By this time the whole world has learned that Arthur Pinero is the leading dramatist of England. Charles Frohman is the authority, and he ought to know, as he produces Pinero's plays in America. Of all the fine plays written by Pinero the finest, with the startling title of *Letty,* is now being presented in this city with a homely but clever actor named Faversham in the leading rôle, and a homely but clever girl named Nillson in the title rôle. Mr. Frohman advertises *Letty* as the greatest of all Pinero's great plays. If an unknown dramatist were to be judged upon the merits of *Letty,* his doom would be unspeakable. Its dulness surpasses belief. The greatest actors could not give life to its lines or spirit to its situations. The theme is seduction. England has been of importance in the history of the nations for a thousand years; her forty millions of people at home lead a varied and wonderful life; the subjects for dramatic treatment must be innumerable; and yet the greatest dramatist of his time, for his latest play, could only find that worn-out, tiresome, and mournful theme: a gentleman of wealth plotting the ruin of a poor, friendless, helpless, and refined woman.

It is the vice of the dramatists at present, that they do not understand the life around them. They seem utterly unable to come at its meaning, to discover even one of its thrilling problems. Hence the recurrence of the ancient themes. The greatness of Pinero is quite evident to the critics, but the critics are hounds that will chase a fox or an anise-seed bag with equal enthusiasm, when the manager leads the way. If anything could justify Pinero's use of a stale and painful theme, it would be his method of handling it. Well, there are five acts of construction so simple that Mr. Clyde Fitch, given the scenario, could rattle off the text in a week. The spider and the fly meet in the first act, the fly dodges in the second act, examines the net in the third act, discusses the money arrangement in the fourth act, but flies from the spider's clutches in good time, and in the fifth act is married to a photographer, while the spider falls into a well-earned tuberculosis. Of course Pinero depends largely upon his power of characterization for holding interest. Letty is quite natural but not acceptably clean; her lover is plain villain, rotten to the core; an honest but ridiculous photographer, a gluttonous shop-girl, a lively Jewish merchant, an undertaker, a young clerk, and a dissolute lady of rank are clearly and leisurely portrayed, so that the audience gets well acquainted with them. The entertainment is pleasant but slow. Many people like it. Not a pulse throbs faster. Not a generous thought, or emotion is awakened. A fine dinner would stir one more than this Pinero play.

Pinero's claim to greatness has never been established, never will be established by such stuff as *Letty* and *Iris.* The chatter of the critics pours out like sawdust from the mill, but their stuff is poor foundation for a monument. Their acclaim cannot make a dramatist out of a silk purse or a sow's ear. Pinero's fondness for inelegant and worn-out themes is no sign of genius. His plotless aggregation of characters, generally without life or feeling, and always without conscience, may bring him managers and money, but not true fame. One may venture to say that his greatness is only of the advertisement. His plays have only the one merit, that it pays somebody to advertise them. They cannot be money-makers in America, whatever they may bring in England. Pinero is not an influence, he is simply a fad. As in

the case of Ibsen, not the dramatist but the people whom he interests should be studied. Buddhism is exploded, but the reason why some millions are interested in it since the explosion must be a fascinating problem.

Mr. Henry Miller found an opportunity to present a play called *Joseph Entangled,* from the pen of the English playwright, Henry Arthur Jones; and his effort met with a chorus of praise from the reviewers. What actuates metropolitan reviewers, so that they praise at the same time, and condemn at the same time —no, that's a slip of the pen, they never condemn—is hard to understand. For a long time they have displayed no particular love for Henry Miller, a capable actor and energetic worker; the morning after *Joseph Entangled* had been presented their praise was as vociferous as sincere. Jones is an interesting dramatist, fond of satire, and just as incapable of selecting a vital theme as Pinero himself. Satire is an arrow that can be shot at any mark,

OTIS SKINNER AS THE ROVER IN "THE HARVESTER."

LIZZIE HUDSON COLLIER AS TOINTETTE IN "THE HARVESTER."

as we all know. Yet with the innumerable targets provided by the frightful hypocrisies of human society in our day, what can one think of the dramatist who selects so puerile a theme as that of *Joseph Entangled.* It is not worth the labor of four acts and a presentation, and certainly not worth the space of a description. The tenuity of theme so noticeable in foreign plays is said to be due to the dramatist's knowledge of his audience and his manager. Is this the secret of foreign invasion of the American stage? Plots and plays that give the intellects of manager and audience no trouble, because they tickle without the use of a straw, or have been made like a predigested food? Here's a valuable hint for the coming American dramatist: write for the manager.

Mr. John Drew opened his season with a play by Robert Marshall, drama and

SCENE IN ACT I. OF "THE HARVESTER."

author thoroughly English productions, and enjoyed the usual honor of having his season at the Empire Theatre extended. If it had been anybody else but John Drew that little extension would have been put down as a press-agent's story, which is the euphemism for a printed lie. But New York is fond of the Drew family, and a play with a decent plot and a tithe of interest is sufficient excuse to keep them in town for half a season. The members of the family are not all able to act, although they are all actors; it's the family name, the blood, the tradition, all so entwined with the memories of fifty years, that the stage would not be the stage if the Drews were not in some way connected with it. Who does not know John Drew? Twenty-five years ago he was Daly's white-haired boy. The parts that he played no one plays nowadays with his grace, dash, cleverness. His Charles Surface in the *School for Scandal* and his Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew* gave Ada Rehan all that she could do to maintain her precedence.

When the commercial managers coaxed him from Daly and set him up as a star, they destroyed his career as an artist. Since that time he has played their machine-made plays, the same pattern every year, and he has made fifty thousand dollars a season. What is art compared to such a stream of gold? Better contentment on fifty thousand a year than brilliant achievement on a beggarly income of five hundred a week and pay your own traveling expenses. Art, go hang!

The Duke of Killicrankie is the name of Robert Marshall's play, a pleasant, proper, and harmless sort of entertainment, full of laughs and vacant of ideas. The Duke is a genial modern who genteely abducts the lady in the case, and confines her in his Scotch castle until she learns to love him and agrees to marry him. The story carries the interest of an audience, and the four characters are so beautifully contrasted and so capitally acted that the listener really gets the worth of his money. But the pathos of it, to see John Drew walking through a part which he could play in his sleep, which any graduate of the schools could play, a part which reminds one of a hole in the ground: anyone could fall into it! The parts which Drew has played for twelve years have this relation to the lobster, that no difference, except as to size, seems to exist among them. Poor John!

Here then are six dramas of European manufacture, without an idea, not even one, to give them inspiration and form. Mostly harmless, rarely entertaining, they serve to open the season. As an illustration of the policy of purchasing well-advertised European plays they will prove enlightening. Among them the seventh enjoys the distinction of owning an idea. It is the solid brew in a tankard of which the

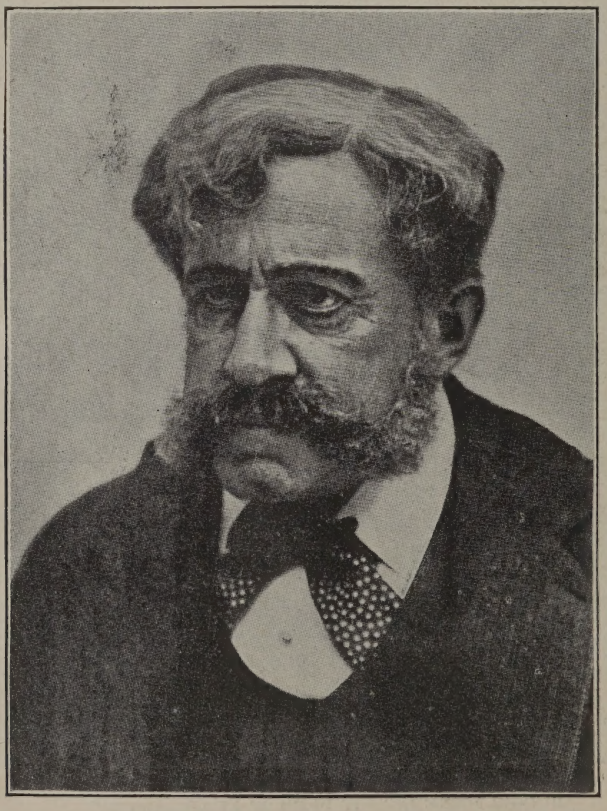
greater part is poetic but unsubstantial froth. *Business is Business,* from the French of Octave Mirbeau, translated by Robert Hichens and played by William H. Crane, is a solid and instructive piece of dramatic work, enjoyed a fine success in Europe, and impressed an American audience deeply, without diverting them. Like John Drew, Mr. Crane has been for years tied to various inanities known as "Crane parts." The only difference among them was the actor's make-up, in which he has had an advantage over Drew. He is permitted to make up as he pleases, while poor John has to display the Drew nose, the Drew eyes, and the Drew moustache to his admirers—in every play. For some wierd reason the managerial mind cast Mr. Crane for the French play, and now the strange spectacle, the rare and delightful spectacle, of a real actor in a real play, in a Syndicate theatre, is nightly presented to the multitude. *Business is Business,* as its title implies, illustrates the life and the heart of the modern financier; life without a heart or conscience. It is a play that the rich men of America will avoid, because it mirrors them to perfection. The leading character is one Isidore Lechat, who has won his way from poverty to wealth and power by fair means and foul, by eating all the dirt that blocked his pathway. He has robbed the rich and the poor alike, beast is written all over him, money is his heaven and his hell. His

DINNER SCENE IN "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE."

The two women are not on speaking terms, and the men's efforts to make things cheerful are very diverting.

daughter detests him, and his son dies from the rankest dissipation, sinking into the hell his father prepared for him. Through the three acts of the play Isidore stalks with the determination of a fiend. Misfortune softens but does not break his malice. He is not the American man of business inasmuch as his evil spirit has no redeeming features. The Standard Oil scamps, portrayed by Mr. Lawson, are genial and generous men in their social relations. Isidore is black to his marrow. Crane plays the part with evident enjoyment. After many years of innocuous desuetude, of stage benevolence, it must be a great relief to him to play the unredeemed villain, to go about making people miserable, and to triumph over every force but love. Some one ought to write a piratical play for Crane and let him revel in gore for a season.

Out of the seven European plays one only displays artistic power, the creative faculty, rising above the level of the inane. The other six are booked for the dust-heap or the stock companies. As a pleasant contrast to this condition four American plays on American life have won the only success worth winning in life: let us call it heart-success, which means fame for artistic work, and gold for the power to touch the hearts of the multitude. *The College Widow* from the lucky pen of George Ade, *Becky Sharp*, from poor, dead Lorimer Stoddard, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch*, by the unknown Mrs. Flexner, and *The Musician*, by Belasco, are the successes of the hour.



WILLIAM H. CRANE AS LECHAT IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

GROUP OF PRIESTS AT THIRD EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS HELD IN NEW YORK.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The third Eucharistic congress held in this country brought together, in New York City, an assembly of eminent churchmen.

Three Archbishops and twelve Bishops, representing fourteen American sees; ten monsignori, several hundred priests, half a hundred or more seminarians and upwards of sixty altar boys and students of Cathedral College, and a representation of the laity which left few seats vacant in the immense Cathedral, were present on Tuesday morning at the opening of the congress. The Most Rev. Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, officiated at the Pontifical Mass on the last day of the congress, and other representative prelates and priests from various parts of the country were present at one or more of the religious exercises or business meetings of the body.

While the religious functions of the congress proper were confined to the Cathedral, each church in the archdiocese had its individual celebration in the form of a triduum of Benedictions preceded by Exposition and Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, with an appropriate instruction. And by these beautiful exercises of piety the faithful throughout the archdiocese have participated in spirit in the more elaborate functions at the Cathedral, all having the same end in view—to glorify our Eucharistic Lord by solemn and profound acts of public homage, and to extend among men the knowledge and love of this sublime mystery of God with us.

At the various sessions instructive and interesting papers were read. The first paper was read by the Rev. R. Nagle, of Malden, Massachusetts, on "Attendance at Mass."

The Very Rev. John J. Frawley, C.SS.R., Brooklyn, read an eloquent and thoughtful paper on "Daily Visits," in which he reviewed the history of devotion to the Eucharist, and quoted from the beautiful tributes to the Blessed Sacrament, paid by Father Faber and other writers.

At the beginning of the congress an Apostolic Brief was received from the Holy Father, commending the zeal of the American churchmen: "Most willingly and most gladly," said His Holiness, "do we approve of this excellent means of eliciting a public manifestation of lively faith and profound piety which must needs draw down from our Lord blessings in abundance."

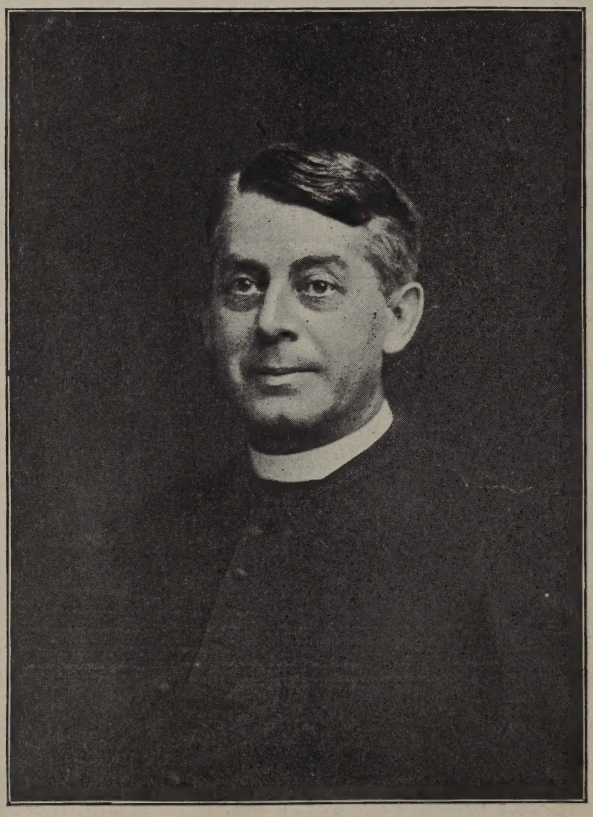
The investiture of the two new monsignori in the Cleveland diocese was an event of deep interest to priests and people. The ceremony took place in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, and was witnessed by more than one hundred priests.

Chancellor Houck and Dr. Moes entered

the sanctuary in black cassocks, followed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Rt. Rev. Msgrs. T. P. Thorpe and F. M. Boff, Rev. Nicholas Pfeil and Rev. Dr. Te Pas, vice rector of the seminary. Rev. Dr. Farrell, of the Cathedral, was master of ceremonies. Seminarians were acolytes.

After the Bishop had vested he addressed the priests who had been raised to the prelatial dignity, and referring to the distinction conferred on them he said: "The honors have been well conferred; he who deserves the crown should wear it. Dr. Moes has been rector of the seminary for thirty-four years. During that time no celebration of any kind has been held. I did what I could on my recent visit to Rome to show my appreciation of the faithful work of the Rev. Dr. Moes and the Rev. Chancellor Houck. I brought them back the honors which are conferred to-night. Thirty-four years rector of the seminary! The most important position in the diocese. It is hard to speak in their presence, but as Bishop I speak in the name of all the priests of the diocese. You will all agree with me that there are none more worthy of reverence than these two priests whom we honor to-night. I have often thanked God that I have had Dr. Moes as rector of the seminary. I have never found any one under his care that has not loved him.

"Father Houck has been chancellor of the diocese for twenty-seven years. He has worthily filled that thankless task, a task that has brought upon him many crosses, as nobody knows better than I. Certainly he has filled every duty faithfully, conscientiously, wisely."



RT. REV. GEORGE F. HOUCK.

At the conclusion of the Bishop's address Rev. Dr Farrell read the papal briefs. The blessing of the purple cassocks by the Bishop followed. The new monsignori then retired to the sacristy and returned clothed in their robes of office, and kneeling at the feet of the Bishop, received the rochette and mantiletta. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by the Bishop, followed.

IRELAND'S OWN BAND.

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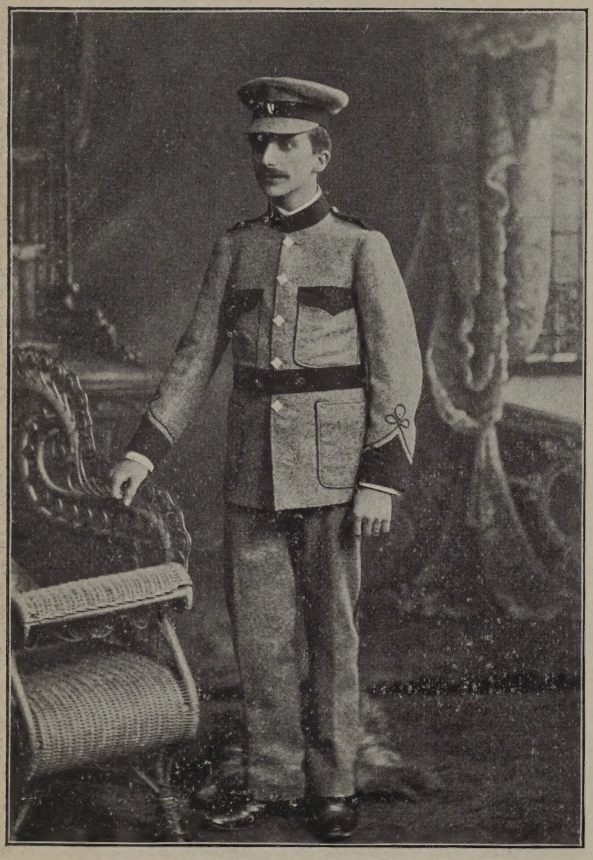


JAMES BRADY.
Secretary Ireland's Own Band.

At the conclusion of the religious exercises adjournment was made to the library and the refectory for refreshments. There were several happy speeches to and by the new monsignori. At the table of honor the Rt. Rev. Bishop was surrounded by the four prelates of the diocese, Rt. Revs. F. M. Boff, T. P. Thorpe, N. A. Moes and G. F. Houck.

The many friends of the newly invested prelates will echo the congratulations of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and join with him in wishing them many years more in the service of the Church.

"Concessionaires' Day" was one of the great special days at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. Among the various features of the day was a magnificent parade in which all the nations and races of people represented at the fair participated, each concession being headed by a large brass band. Some of the musical organizations were very large, that of the Philippine Scouts aggregating more than one hundred musicians. Some of the principal bands of the United States, as well as from foreign countries, were in line.

Ireland was represented by ten jaunting cars beautifully decorated with artificial flowers and flags, drawn by splendid thoroughbreds and filled with the prettiest of colleens. The cars were preceded by Ireland's Own Band, of Dublin, which played Irish music exclusively along the line of march. The Irish section was universally conceded to be the neatest and daintiest portion of the parade, and was greeted by thunders of applause as it passed through the mass of sight-seers.

As the Irish contingent neared the reviewing stand their band struck up an arrangement of the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant." The trim, military appearance of the men and their clean-cut execution of the music brought a storm of cheers and applause from the tens of thousands of spectators who thronged the plaza.

Immediately after the dispersion of the parade, the judges met to decide the winners in the various contests. To Ireland's Own Band was unanimously awarded the first prize of $100.00 in gold for the best appearance and performance of the day.

Ireland's Own was organized in 1884, in York Street, Dublin. Mr. J. Handcock, the president, was one of the founders. In the following year the band took first prize at the Artisans' Exhibition. This victory was the beginning of a long list of notable achievements, and many coveted prizes were carried off, including the All Ireland Championship Cup in 1887 (still in their possession), and the Feis Coeil Challenge Cup, which is now their own property. The All Ireland Cup is valued at $500.00. All the members have won prizes in competitions and some hold five or six medals won in solo playing.

The secretary, Mr. James Brady, made all the arrangements for the very successful American engagement, and had charge of the entire Irish party.

LEO XIII.—THE LAST MEMORY.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

Those were strange summer days in Rome during the illness of Leo XIII., and never-to-be-forgotten by the many who had braved a long sojourn in the heart of the Eternal City. Usually the serenity of a sleeping calm lies over the Piazza of St. Peter's, like a heat-haze. The streets are deserted till the cool of evening, and only the voices of the many fountains continue their active rippling murmur. Now all was changed. Unheeding the heat and blinding sunshine great crowds surrounded the Vatican by day, and when the watches of the night wore on they were still there, sharing the vigil of the group in the chamber where the Holy Father lay. In the dusk of the crowded churches, with the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altars, his children prayed for him, and when that saddest procession passed through the halls of the Vatican accompanying the Great Guest on His last visit to the dying Pontiff, crowds stood out on the Piazza of St. Peter's, watching the windows with anxious eyes.

The equipages of cardinals, ambassadors, and the Roman patriciate thundered incessantly over the stones of the Piazza and a characteristic gathering of cosmopolitan journalists besieged the massive bronze gateway guarded by the impenetrable Swiss. In the evening the official bulletin, giving the state of the venerable invalid, was published by the three consulting physicians. Then the quiet and orderly crowds were allowed to pass the sentinels, and, scaling the staircase of Pius IX., enter the "Cortile di San Damaso," where the precious printed papers were distributed. It was a strange scene inside the Vatican. The staircase usually so silent and deserted in the evening hours was pervaded by a subdued murmur of excitement. Up above in the grand cortile, the entrance proper to the pontifical apartments, where the glass-covered galleries hide the treasures of Raffaelle's art, the atmosphere seemed even more charged with the sense of dim foreboding. Detached groups of prelates, soldiers, or personages belonging to the Vatican, were conversing in hushed tones, as if the echoes of their voices might reach to the quiet chamber, where the sands of life were ebbing so gently to the close. A long line of cardinals' and ambassadors' carriages was drawn up on one side of the cortile, and every moment a figure clad in the scarlet of a prince of the Church appeared in the doorway, to swiftly enter his equipage when people crowded forward, as if to learn the sentence from his impenetrable face. On coming from the Vatican many stepped into St. Peter's for a passing visit. The quiet of its interior seemed strangely peaceful after the excitement without. Something of the calm of eternity dwelt upon its mighty architecture, dim and imposing in the fading light. The gold lamps on the altars and from the Tomb of St. Peter's glimmered out, and a few figures knelt here and there on the marble pavement, praying for the Holy Father. Here amid the marble tombs of his predecessors the oppressive sense of sorrow grew less. But one scarcely dared glance at the niche above the choir-chapel with its nameless sarcophagus, the temporary resting place, till their burial, of all the popes.

Outside in the streets of the city the hoarse shouting of constant special editions of the papers filled the air, and walking along the street, and in the

crowded cars, men, women and children read the bulletins and papers. Everywhere was asked the one unvarying question, "How is the Holy Father now?" Then came the long nights of watching when the great mass of the Basilica and its adjoining palace, beautiful and awe-inspiring in the moonlight, looked even more strangely mysterious with the secret of life and death hidden in its bosom. The great bronze portals were closed on the outside city, though inside a little world was awake and watching. Only the dim lights from the loggie and behind the shutters of the pontifical apartments showed the scene of the silent vigil, where science and loving devotion fought desperately to save the one frail life for whose preservation the whole world was praying.

So the long hot summer days went on, and the longer nights, and every day as watchers in the Piazza saw the chamber windows opened at the dawning a sigh of relief arose that yet another day had come and found the Pontiff living. More strained with every passing hour became the tension on the nerves of the watchers. People started involuntarily at the sound of a passing bell, dreading the deep vibrating note from the bell towers of St. Peter's, which would announce that the Pope had passed away. Incredible seemed this unexpected resistance to the fatal malady, for it had always been thought that Leo XIII. would lay down life's burden almost insensibly at last. It wrung the heart to think that the end of the phenomenally long life should come in sickness, pain, and weariness. Now and again passed a phase for the better when hope seemed to be renewed, for the incredible was expected from Leo XIII. Furthermore, daily renewed, appeared that constant miracle of the wonderful mind so clearly, serenely conscious. While that splendid intelligence burnt so clearly it seemed impossible that the end could be near. It was an old saying in Carpineto, the country of Pope Leo XIII., where his long-lived race has been established for centuries, that no Pecci could die except after a long period of unconsciousness. The whole world followed the history of those last hours characteristic of what his life had been, showing to men in those days of materialism and indifference that the great heroes of the spirit have not yet vanished from the earth.

Leo XIII. had ever been a worker, one of the hardest working men on earth, and he was a worker to the end. In the beginning of his fatal illness, and even after he had received the Viaticum, the Holy Father's one complaint was of the weakness that obliged him to lie there idle "when there was so much to be done." Not the least pathetic of the sayings of the dying Pontiff was that to his faithful secretary. His Holiness had caused some important papers to be brought to him, and attempted to peruse them with his usual painstaking precision. But finding himself unequal to the task, Leo XIII. laid then down gently, saying: "We will finish them tomorrow. Today we are too tired." That brief sentence sounded like a death knell to those who heard it. For the first time in his life the great worker had owned himself "too tired," and from then hope grew less. Almost from the first moment it seemed as if the Holy Father had the intuition of his end. He said but little, but one remembers his greeting to Cardinal Ferrata, "Your Eminence, we are on the threshold of eternity," spoken on the evening after the Viaticum, when the cardinals passed before him, speaking words of consolation and encouragement; also his saying to his doctor on the last morning, "This time we shall not conquer death." Glad of the well-merited rest the Holy Father would willingly have laid down the burden, but in obedience to God's decree, the brave

spirit once more exerted itself, giving to the world the lesson of a faith serene and constant, and a courage amounting to heroism, the courage which endured to the end. It was the courage of a man who from his bed of suffering could say with smiling lips, "Happy infirmity!" as they told him that his illness had had the actual effect of a mission in Rome, awakening piety and devotion.

The bulletins grew daily more laconic as the strength was slowly, hourly ebbing, and Leo XIII., clearly conscious and in full possession of all his mental faculties, lay awaiting the Master's call. Those who assisted him in his last illness relate that the most heart-breaking feature consisted in seeing the Holy Father lie there, apparently inanimate, wasted, worn to emaciation, but with the luminous light of those wonderful eyes unimpaired, magnetic, searching, reading the secret of sorrow and foreboding in the faces that would have hidden it from him. He had taken farewell of all around him, from the highest to the lowest, even of his faithful domestics who had begged to kiss the Holy Father's hand for the last time, and of whom he said, "Let them come to me, my poor children!" They tell that His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, knelt beside the dying Pontiff and begged his pardon for any omission of his duty during his long term of office. But Leo XIII. raised a feeble hand to interrupt him, "No need to speak of pardon, Eminence. Have we not both done our best for God?" What a world of doctrine and teaching was expressed in that simple sentence.

No man ever had more loving service in his last illness than Leo XIII. His nephews were constantly with him, and few such instances of intense personal devotion and self-sacrifice have ever been witnessed than that of the two men, Dr. Lapponi, who loved him as a son, and the faithful personal attendant, Pio Centra. These two men by their superhuman exertions literally kept death at bay, fanning and preserving the feeble spark of life, through eighteen days and nights of sleepless watching. No hand but theirs was allowed to touch the frail body, and the slightest glance of his eyes told them his meaning and desires. When the end came they were as those who had lost part of their lives. . . . "Open the windows wide, Centra, for it may be the last day I shall ever see," said the dying Pontiff on the last morning, when the dawn broke after the sleepless weary night. During his illness sunshine had tired his failing sight, but at the last he asked for light. By evening, when the great heart had spent itself, the longing soul, liberated from human weakness, and young again with the life of the spirit, was looking on the glorious light of the everlasting hills of God. When the end came the cardinals were gathered around him, the pontifical court knelt praying in the antechamber beyond, and the prayers for the dying and the last absolution were given by the Cardinal Penitentiary, in a voice broken with emotion. Instinctively the Pope tried to raise his hand to bless them all, but failed. The laboring breath grew feebler and more intermittent, the lips ceased to move in prayer, but almost to the last the eyelids struggled in the effort to unclose once more. A few short breaths, almost a gentle sigh, and the doctor, himself weeping, announced to those present that Leo XIII. had passed to his reward.

To the multitudes waiting outside in the Piazza and throughout the city the news of the Pontiff's death spread like wild-fire, but they waited in vain for the solemn tolling of the great bell, which it was imagined would announce the tidings. Not till two hours afterwards did its deeply solemn reverberations thrill out over the city. Rome had forgotten that not St. Peter's, but the "Mother and Head

of all the churches in the world," St. John Lateran, the church from which the Pope takes his title as Bishop of Rome, the church where Leo XIII. will sleep his last long rest, is the first to convey to the city the information that its Bishop is no more. Immediately after the death of His Holiness two pontifical messengers were sent to the Chapter of St. John Lateran with the intelligence. Only when the bell tolled from the lofty campanile of the Lateran could the Vatican basilica follow suit with its mournful toll. All Rome must have turned with one impulse towards St. Peter's in that sultry afternoon heat, judging from the crowd assembled there, not realizing, despite the great bells' deep vibrations, that the Prisoner of the Vatican was free at last.

It is said that Nature weeps for no human grief or tragedy, yet Nature harmonized with the universal sorrow and sense of irreparable loss which swept over the Catholic world on that July day of 1903. For that one evening the triumphant reign of a Roman summer suspended its brilliancy. There was no fiery pomp of sunset, a chill air replaced the sultry heat, and clouds, heavy and autumnal, hung over the Vatican, as the swallows wheeled and settled around the eaves.

Till the next day the Pope's body lay on his bed of death in the garments he wore in every-day life. One would like to have seen him thus, for, later, when they carried him to the throne-room, and down into St. Peter's, for the last solemn lying-in-state, the subtle change of death had come over the beloved features, altering them beyond our knowledge.

On Wednesday morning began the solemn lying-in-state in the throne room of the Vatican. In that splendid apartment, where he had so often received in life, Leo XIII held his last reception. The empty throne had been taken away, but under the rich velvet canopy, with the arms of "Lumen in Coelo" embroidered in high relief above him, the Holy Father lay on a crimson velvet couch, his head resting high on crimson cushions. It was indeed a royal audience, held there in that darkened chamber. Around him burned six great candles in solid silver candlesticks, and at the head and foot of the couch stood four motionless figures of the Noble Guard in full uniform, as they had stood beside him when he sat on the throne in life. Beyond them were two of the Participating Chamberlains (prelates) and the Chamberlains of the Cape and Sword, in their costume of velvet and lace, in attendance for the last time, for the office of the chamberlains ceases with a Pope's death.

We had expected a change in the lineaments, the inevitable change of death—but this was so strange and subtle that it seemed unreal. Often on seeing the Holy Father on the throne, at a consistory or jubilee, when in a momentary feeling of weakness he had closed his eyes, one had imagined that thus would the ivory features look in the still majesty of death. Other, however, was the reality of this strange ascetic death-mask, with only a faint resemblance to the face of Leo XIII as we knew and loved it in life. Weeks of sickness had left their sad impression, and death had touched the venerable semblance grimly. The sweet, delicate pallor was gone, replaced by an ashen earthiness; and the deep hollows of the eyes, and the mouth, fallen in with extreme old age, showed the ravages of suffering. He seemed like some mediæval pontiff in this strange unfamiliarity of appearance. They had placed the mozzetta, the crimson velvet cape edged with ermine, over the white soutane, with the beautiful traditional head-dress of the mediæval popes, a crimson velvet cap likewise edged with ermine, on his head. Replacing the ac-

customed white zucchetto, or skull-cap, it completely hid the crown of silvery white hair which in life framed the delicate face as in an aureole. A crucifix lay on the breast, and between the clasped hands was entwined the mother-of-pearl rosary given to the Pope by his sister, in early youth. It had borne the Holy Father company during the last long hours of weariness and pain.

All day long a silent pilgrimage passed before the dead Pontiff, and among the touching scenes enacted the most touching was when the lesser employees and servants of the Vatican with their families were permitted to take their last farewell of the master who had lived so long among them. Many of them had grown old with him, and to one and all His Holiness was an object of reverent personal affection.

With evening came the end of the lying-in-state in the Vatican. Cardinals, prelates, and soldiers assembled, with every member of the papal court, for the last solemn cortege which was to accompany Leo XIII from the Vatican to the greater lying-in-state in St. Peter's, where for three days and nights all Rome was to be admitted to see the Pope for the last time. At seven o'clock, to the tolling of the bell of St. Peter's, the procession started from the throne room. The Noble Guards lifted the body, on the crimson velvet pall, to a portable bier, and twelve chair-bearers carried it through the papal apartments, bearing him where they had so often carried him in the sedan chair to pilgrimages, audiences, and receptions. The hearts of those faithful servants were heavy within them as they bore him into the Sala Clementina, where the magnificent regiment of the Swiss Guard not in attendance on the procession was drawn up in order. Like a piece of wonderful mechanism the splendid troop fell on one knee in salute to the passing Pontiff, the last military honors to the father and sovereign who for the first time failed to return it with hand outstretched in blessing. Slowly the long procession swept through the halls and corridors, over the very route Leo XIII had traversed three weeks before, to his last consistory. Then down the royal staircase to the portico of St. Peter's, opening the procession, came a group of the papal chair-bearers in their crimson brocade liveries, with a broad band of crepe around the arm, then, strange contrast! the black-robed Penitentiaries of the Vatican Basilica with their Rector, in stole and surplice, acting as the officiating priest. Then came the funeral bier, surrounded by its escort of military state, the Noble Guard with their drawn swords, the Swiss with their serrated blades, and the purple-clad mace-bearers with the signs of office reversed. Following them walked the prelates of the pontifical ante-chamber, then the hereditary office-bearers of the Holy See, bearing names of historic note; then another brilliant group of the superior officers of all the armed corps of the Vatican, and finally the long defile of the Sacred College, escorted by their torch-bearers and the Swiss Guards.

Night had fallen over the Vatican in solemn silence and mystery, as the cortege passed through the shadows like a phantom procession, a fleeting vision seen for an instant before it vanished into the darkness of oblivion. "Twilight and evening star, and after that the dark!" The words rose involuntarily to the mind in sight of this last procession of Leo XIII. Only the clash of steel striking on the marble stairway and the low wailing cadence of prayer broke the death-like stillness as the myriad lights, wavering and flickering, came down the slow descent. It was no funeral procession of

to-day or yesterday, this night-scene in the silence of the Vatican. It seemed more the triumphant translation of the relics of some martyred Pontiff, whom they bore to his niche in the Catacombs, while the splendor of the Imperial City went heedlessly on outside. High up above the heads of the followers arose the crimson bier, and on it lay the figure clad in magnificent crimson and gold-embroidered vestments, with a richly burnished gold mitre on the head, and crimson silk gloves covering the hands, the crossed bands of the pallium lying across his breast.

The procession halted before the closed gateway of St. Peter's portico, under the statue of Constantine, where Leo XIII had last come to the closing of the Holy Door. Then the gates were thrown open, and from that moment the custody of the Pope's body passed into the hands of the Vatican Chapter. It was a strangely solemn moment as Leo XIII entered St. Peter's for the last time. We had hoped in Rome to sing a Te Deum in that great basilica for the Holy Father's one hundreth anniversary, but now we had come instead to sing a dirge. "The greatest consolation of his old age was the opening and closing of the Holy Door." So said the Pope's doctor since the death of Leo XIII.

How the Holy Father's wonderful eyes lit up always as he entered St. Peter's! I remember at the closing of the Holy Door, on that bright December day of 1901, as they carried him from the sunlit portico into the misty interior, shimmering with slanting sun rays, he smiled dreamily, as if the compelling beauty of the mighty edifice had struck his mind anew. Now his eyes were closed forever to the earthly beauty, and as the soldiers rendered the last military honors the Pope was borne into the basilica by night, to the sound of tolling bells, and the chant of funeral psalms. They laid him before the Tomb of St. Peter, under the infinite spaces of the Apostle's dome, where in the white electric radiance the mosaic lettering "Tu es Petrus" flashed down on the dead face, while the Vice-Gerent of Rome gave the solemn absolutions at the bier.

The Sovereign Pontiff was placed on the high inclined bier before the altar, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The Noble Guard mounted guard around the catafalque, the lights were extinguished throughout the church, leaving its endless vistas in gloom, and only the glittering radiance of candles streamed out from the pontifical chapel. The Pope was in St. Peter's!

That funeral procession from the Vatican, inaugurating the vigil of watching, was by far the most impressive of all the celebrations, perhaps even more so than the burial in St. Peter's, by night. With a strange sense of desolation one reflected that the pontifical palace was empty. For the *first time for twenty-five years* the Pope was out of the Vatican.

Next day the Cardinal Camerlengo locked and sealed the papal apartments, which are re-opened but not inhabited for some months when a new Pontiff comes into his own. Early on the following morning, even before six o'clock, a dense crowd was waiting outside St. Peter's. Wooden barricades, marking the entrances and exits, were placed from the foot of the steps and through the right side of the church as far as the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, so that the defile of the crowds might be orderly and regulated. All day long, unmindful of the blinding heat, the steady stream of people poured through the doors, into the cool interior. Outside in the colonnades, drawn up in battalions on the steps and lining the portico and the inside of the basilica, a large contingent

of Italian troops, city-guards and gendarmes, was disposed,—almost too ostentatious a display of military force, it seemed to the onlooker, to be placed in custody of the peaceful pilgrimage of the Roman people who passed before their dead Father's feet. There was something garish in it all—the sun's rays beating fiercely, the great beautiful church patrolled by indifferent soldiers, the many-colored dresses, and the perpetual tramp of feet. In the choir chapel where the Vatican Chapter were celebrating the Requiem Mass of the solemn Novendiali (nine days' funeral devotions for a Pontiff) arose a mighty catafalque, crowned with the triple crown, and from the chapel precincts the mournful cadences of the Dies Iræ floated out at intervals over the throbbing of the crowds. But in the Blessed Sacrament chapel, with its shaded curtains and clear, cold, candle radiance, where the still figure of the Pontiff lay with folded hands, under the seven bronze lamps, there was no stir of restlessness; only a royal and pontifical state.

Those closed bronze gratings formed the cordon of the Vatican, and neither curious crowds nor government soldiers passed the barrier. The Pope's own soldiers stood on guard around him, motionless and immovable as their sovereign, part of the great picture which fascinated and subdued the gaze of the eager multitudes. Strange untoward contrast, outside life's tumultuous restlessness, inside the majesty of death! One by one the people passed before him, those who had loved and reverenced him, those who saw his face for the first time, a few perhaps indifferent or even hostile to what the Pontiff represented, but all subdued, if even momentarily, by the spectacle of that unearthly face. Then by another way they passed out of the church to give place to the others swelling the ever-increasing tide of humanity which flowed on so steadily during those three long days of summer heat. Towards late afternoon the church was closed to the general public, and tickets of admission, easily obtainable, were given. Even then the throngs were so great that only at a distance was one permitted to linger a while. It was an effort to accustom one's mind to the idea that this was really Leo XIII. We had come to see the Holy Father, yet it seemed as if we looked upon a stranger, for with the light of those marvelous eyes extinguished, the wonderful, all-compelling individuality had vanished from the face. It evoked many memories as we gazed long on the features, like and yet so unlike to what they had been in life.

We had seen the Holy Father often, and under many circumstances,— in the pomp and state of St. Peter's, at jubilee or coronation; at Requiem Masses in the Sistine, at his own private Mass or audience. Only on May 24th of 1903 I had the privilege, at the audience of the Altar Work Society, to kneel at the feet of Leo XIII and kiss his ring, while he held my hand long in his, and gave me his blessing. Last of all I saw the Holy Father at his last consistory in the Sala Regia, only three short weeks before his death, when for the first time the "shadow of the coming" dwelt on that memorable face. These personal memories of the greatest of later Pontiffs, must be those of anyone who had the privilege of seeing him often, and who felt for him that singular reverence which his personality always inspired. Nevertheless they came with overpowering sadness here, as one stood by his bier, though this last impression remained shadowy and unfamiliar. Looking upon him thus one realized fully the supreme power of the will and the mighty spirit which had so completely

dominated and vitalized the feeble body. It was a privilege to have witnessed this last solemn lying-in-state, but the mind-picture of those who saw him in both life and death will not be the dead face of the Pontiff, but that of the living personality, the gentle face with its ivory pallor, lighted by the soul light of those transcendental eyes. As we turned at last from the pontifical presence, the rays of the late afternoon sunshine fell slanting on the marble figure of Canova's sublimest master-piece—"The Angel of Death"—on the tomb of Clement XIII, till it stood out from the rest of the monuments like a white vision of Paradise.

On the third day the basilica was closed at mid-day. The lying-in-state was over, and only the funeral ceremony of the burial in St. Peter's remained to be accomplished. At seven in the evening all who were privileged to enter the basilica assembled near the choir chapel. Though the sunshine still lay in a golden glory on the piazza outside, the interior of St. Peter's was wrapped in softest shadows, and only a few light footfalls sounded on the marble pavement. The Sacred College of Cardinals had taken their earthly farewell of the Sovereign Pontiff before any one was admitted into the church, and then had passed through the sacristy into the choir chapel to await the coming of the funeral procession. The bronze gates of the mortuary chapel were still closed; the dead Pontiff, with his motionless escort, lay in a nucleus of light, rendered even more radiant from the darkness around. In the circle of light thrown out from the chapel stood a phalanx of statuesque Swiss Guards, ready to form the royal escort for the Sovereign Pontiff. The Pontifical gendarmes were on guard here and there throughout the church. A great stillness reigned, and those who desired could kneel a few moments by the quiet chapel to pray near the Holy Father's feet. Only a few short moments more in which to impress this closing scene indelibly on our minds, and then the moving lights showed where the Vatican Chapter, with Cardinal Rampolla at their head, defiled towards the Blessed Sacrament chapel. Then the radiance went out of the vacant chapel as they bore Leo XIII through its portals into the nave of the church. The magnificent military escort of his faithful soldiers closed in around the crimson bier, and in the midst of the Vatican Chapter and the members of the papal court the Holy Father appeared high above our heads, in pontifical state. How difficult it was to realize that he was being borne swiftly from us to the grave. Infinitely pathetic was that last passing. The crowds were there, and the homage, as on other occasions, but instead of the thunder of "vivas" the strains of the "Miserere" fell tremulously on the air, and the hands of the Pontiff were raised no more to bless his people as he went. Looking at the still figure of our beloved Holy Father one felt glad for him —with pitiful human pity, even knowing it was but the shell of the mighty spirit which lay before us,—that the five days' funeral pomp was over, and the Pope was passing to his rest. The procession crossed the basilica by the tomb of St. Peter, then approached the choir chapel from behind the arches of the nave. They carried the bier within its precincts, laying it down so that the Pontiff should lie facing the church. Then the great gathering of the hierarchy filed in. The cardinals had already taken their places in the canons' stalls, and the officiating archbishops and prelates stood on the steps of the altar, facing the bier. The prayer for mercy changed into the ringing hope of the antiphon, "In Paradiseme." The three coffins, enclosed one within another, lay before the altar. The

grand funeral liturgy of the Church, chanted over the graves of the highest and the most humble, resounded majestically over the body of the dead Pontiff when the chaplains slowly and reverently lowered it, still on the pall of imperial crimson, into the three coffins.

Then took place the saddest ceremony, the covering of the Pope's face with a white silk veil, by the Pontifical Major-Domo. A thrill of emotion ran through the assembly, an involuntary pause and tightening of the breath like a sob of anguish, as the silken folds hid the face of Leo XIII from earthly view. A prelate who was near the coffin to the end related afterwards that at that last moment the face seemed to have returned again in resemblance to the Holy Father as he looked in life. Another of death's subtle changes had passed over the features. In St. Peter's it had seemed more natural than on the first day in the throne room, and now at the last this change was more marked. Then came the separate covering of the hands, then that of the whole body, save the feet, with a richly-embroidered crimson velvet pall. After the official proclamation by a notary of the act of burial up to this point, a funeral eulogy on the Pontiff was read and afterwards placed in the coffin, in a brass tube, together with the coinage of his long pontificate, in silver, copper, and gold. The members of the Pontifical ante-chamber reverently kissed the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, which were then covered, and the coffin was closed. Four great official seals were placed upon it, those of the Cardinal Camerlengo, the Cardinal Archpriest of St. Peter's, the Pontifical Major-Domo, and the Dean of the Vatican Chapter. Once more the reading of the act of burial was continued, and then with unconcealed emotion the same four dignitaries placed the four seals on the second leaden coffin, with the papal coat-of-arms, *without the keys*, and the simple inscription, "Leo XIII, P. M.," and the dates of birth, pontificate, and death. Finally came the last reading of the burial act and the closing of the third coffin. It was over, and then only came the realization of overwhelming loss and the fact of the "Vacant See."

In an awed silence the great procession that had followed Leo XIII to his burial gathered around the coffin at the foot of the empty niche, to which it was to be hoisted with ropes and pulleys. This last, most painful of all the funeral rites, proved a terrible strain to all present, already overwrought by what had gone before. One wished that it might have been performed in silence and loneliness, when the electric lights were darkened, and the people had gone. Even the closing "Benedictus"—ineffable promise of mercy and peace—rendered by that glorious Giulian choir, whose voices rose sweet and penetrating over the jar of pulleys and the creaking of ropes, scarcely relieved the tension as we watched the heavy coffin, black against the scaffolding, mount slowly upwards to the appointed niche, to be lost at last within its shadows.

Before the people left the church the niche was walled up, and Leo XIII was left to his rest in the temporary resting-place of the Popes.

The life of Leo XIII on earth was over, but the hallowed memory, the glorious life-work, alike remained.

A PORTRAIT AND A PRAYER.

BY MARTINA LAMB.

As Sister Martha conducted Mrs. Preston along the halls leading from the convent parlor to the studio she drew back a little distrustfully when the rough serge of her sleeve came in contact with the visitor's silken gown. Sister Martha was wanting in sensibility where beauty of the flesh was concerned, and the dainty little woman in glittering attire was not exactly to her liking.

Inside the studio Sister Raphael came to meet them and the artist in her rose and bowed down before Mrs. Preston's beauty. Sister Martha might be insensate, but not she; perhaps there was something in that face at which physiognomists might demur, but it was evident that nature herself had there been prodigal in distributing her charms, and Sister Raphael, who was not a physiognomist, was inclined to accept her great mother's credentials without questioning. So she allowed her eyes to revel in the profusion of glories scattered over cheek and brow, without sharing Sister Martha's misgiving.

The stranger had come to the convent to have her portrait painted, and in a few days Sister Raphael was hard at work. Never did she limn a picture with pleasanter anticipation; even while her eyes delighted in its perfection of contour, her fingers were restless to lay in the color, to catch the wonderful tints of the hair, to imprison the blood where it manifested itself in delicate veinings, and to give permanency to the shadows that were so enchanting in their variance.

As the Sister worked the interest which undoubtedly had its origin in Mrs. Preston's uncommon beauty assumed a more personal tone. Some invisible medium of communication seemed to have been erected between them: their intercourse generated a sympathy which penetrated the inner recesses of her heart; and as is often the case when two persons who are to affect each other's lives are brought together, there was before long a feeling of apprehension on both sides, for Mrs. Preston, who used to say that she grew well in any soil because she took root in none, began to feel a strange stirring within her which vaguely warned that a new affection was spreading its young fibrous roots throughout her nature.

When the first few sittings were over she brought her little daughter to the convent and arranged for her to remain there till the picture was finished. It was better for the child and pleasanter too, she said, than living at the hotel with her; besides it would accustom them to being separated, and it was not possible that they should always be together. As the picture progressed, or rather as it failed to progress, Sister Raphael suggested that Adele come into the studio sometimes, hoping that her presence would emphasize some feeling in the mother's face; and, often when the light was growing dim, or she herself was wearied, she would lay aside her brush and watch them. They were alike only as a half-finished study is like a completed one. Adele had her mother's features, but with such a dulness of coloring that the resemblance was nearly lost.

Day after day the Sister labored at her task, but with ruthless persistency. Her model's loveliness evaded her, and in the measure it eluded, it came to fascinate. At night when her tired eyes were closed in slumber, that face mocked her in her dreams; it entered the sacred precincts of the chapel; it even dared to intrude itself between her and her Sacrificial

Love. Remembering Jonah's grief at the withering of his vine she wondered if human vanity was still uppermost within her, that pride could thus seduce her thoughts from God. Sister Raphael was an artist of no mean ability, and her talent had been a source of justifiable pride, for she had rejoiced in her possession not with vainglory but with thankfulness that she had been the instrument of bringing many a dollar into the treasury. She smiled sometimes when people praised her work; to reproduce a human countenance required talent of course, that she did not deny; but to see a face in a vision and to transmit it to the canvas still glowing with celestial light—that alone was inspiration —*that* was art. And always after her patrons had gone away satisfied, she returned with joy to the labor she loved, the painting of the thorn-crowned Head and saintly Madonnas. For the first time her craft seemed to have deserted her; for a while she blinded herself to the truth but at length it became too apparent to be any longer overlooked, so one evening at Benediction when she had been strangely alarmed by the sorrow her failure had excited she resolved to acknowledge her incompetence and trust to Mrs. Preston's generosity.

Somewhat quieted by that decision she left the chapel and returned to the studio only to find Mrs. Preston in her favorite seat near the window. At sight of her her old enthusiasm was enkindled; the artistic instinct clamored for recognition, and the passionate love of beauty even in its physical manifestations which had been the dominant influence of her life before love of spiritual beauty subdued it was for a moment uppermost. She ran to the easel and turned her picture to the light. Her practiced eye roved from one to the other of the faces; though not the same they were still so like in all their accidents, that she could not say in what they differed. It chanced that in that moment she divined what she had not been able to learn from observation, that the woman's beauty was not inimitable so much as inscrutable, but having reached her decision after a painful struggle she was determined not to alter it.

So she acknowledged to Mrs. Preston her inability to obtain a likeness; to her surprise that lady showed little disappointment. She examined the picture very carefully and agreed that it was not perfect.

"But do not be distressed," she added, "other artists have been equally unsuccessful; in fact they tell me I am unpaintable, though I am not. I have had one living likeness drawn but this was made by a painter who knew me well, and understood my nature better than anyone else."

While speaking she had drawn a locket from her bosom; she touched a tiny spring at its side, and gave it opened into the Sister's hands. Two miniatures reposed within—one of herself, the other of a dark, foreign-looking man, presumably an Italian. In her impatience Sister Raphael had thought it long till the case was opened; when it was offered to her she seized it, but a glance was sufficient to convince her that another had succeeded where she had failed. It was a "living likeness." Every ray of feeling that had crossed her model's face during those weeks she was under the Sister's observation seemed to have been concentrated in the pictured expression; it suggested the woman's every mood; merriment, pathos, pride, petulance, all were there, but all so drawn together, all so lost in the semblance of that calm outward beauty which veiled them, that they seemed to mingle as water weds with water, or as shadows lose themselves in each other's darkness. After awhile Sister Raphael glanced carelessly at the opposite picture.

"Why did you not tell me your husband was an artist?" she said. "This is he, I suppose."

It was one of those irrelevant remarks which, meaningless in themselves, may under certain conditions give impetus to ideas which so far transcend the original one as to lose all connection with it. It is doubtful if Mrs. Preston's monosyllabic negative surprised Sister Raphael as much as the Sister's question had astonished Mrs. Preston. But her answer, simple as it was, was uttered in such a way that it roused the Sister's wonder and before that had subsided Mrs. Preston laughed. It was a strange, uneasy laugh and echoing through the quiet room it seemed of a sudden to be filled with meaning. You have seen how a pebble thrown into the glassy surface of a pool becomes a centre from which ripple after ripple sets forth, each bearing within it the element of disturbance; it was only a laugh breaking against the unsuspecting placidity of Sister Raphael's mind but it set in motion waves of suspicion that spread and spread till they had crept into her voice, and betrayed themselves in the tremulousness of the tones pleading for an affirmative reply.

"Perhaps it is your brother?"

"No," Mrs. Preston answered again. "What a curious Sister Raphael you have become."

Something in the woman's manner impelled the Sister to abandon her habitual restraint; as it fell from her she felt a new-born sense of pleasure in following her intuitions, but she felt also something akin to fear; it was the disinclination of a sensitive nature to probe into the secret places of the heart, and it lent a dignity to her curiosity which robbed her words of any semblance of impertinence.

"Tell me who he is," she said.

Mrs. Preston had drawn back into a corner where the shadows were already gathering but from her seat she watched Sister Raphael's eyes. Brown, timid, grieved, they were, and asking to be freed from the doubt which was slowly gathering in them. For awhile she resisted; when she answered it was not so much to the emphatic pleading of the voice as to the silent pleading of the eyes.

"Sister, I am going to follow a strange impulse tonight. We have been friends in a way, have we not? as nearly as opposite natures can be. If I were seeking sympathy from any creature I think I should come first to you. But I am not seeking sympathy, only I have a whimsical desire to tell you my story. I want some one to remind me how wicked I am —a little opposition will strengthen my purpose I think."

Afterwards Sister Raphael used to wonder that this preamble did not frighten her and impel her to forbid any further disclosure; but that night she listened without scruple, seeking rather than repelling the approaching confidence.

"When I came here two months ago for the ostensible purpose of having my portrait painted, my real one was to place Adele in school. I wanted to judge of the house and see that she was comfortably settled, and I thought that could be best accomplished by the plan I adopted; an immediate separation would have been too hard for her. That accounts for my lack of displeasure about the picture which seems to surprise you. You painted me very much better than I am, Sister, and I think not quite so pretty. You have really made but a lovely penitent for all you have exhausted the treasures of your paint box; you have shown a soul sad but tranquil. Your work shall not be lost however. I'll leave it as a memento for Adele; it is best perhaps to let her so think of me. I am satisfied that she will be well cared for here. Tonight I leave for New York; in two weeks I sail for Europe, never to return. Adele will think my absence temporary, but in time Mr. Preston will know of my departure. He will come here no doubt and finding her contented, I think, at least I hope, that he will let her remain. She will miss me for a time

of course. Sister, if you can, be kind to her when I am gone."

"But why do you go? You have given no reason for your departure."

"Why? Because—is not that a woman's reason? But if you wish another—because I love. For five years now I have starved my heart, chained it, beaten it, shut it in a charnel house, but now it shall be free. Do you know what love means, Sister? But yes you must—nothing else could have made you immure yourself in walls of stone—it is the only thing for which a woman gives heart and soul. I have always said it and now I am about to prove it. In a month I shall be with him, Sister, think of it, in four short weeks I shall be with him."

Great waves of pity rising within her swept over Sister Raphael's soul. Everything was carried before them, but when they had passed, her heart leaped alive in the midst of the wreck, leaped and struggled and throbbed with a purpose. Her lips, however, framed only a miserable commonplace.

"Who is he?" she asked, wishing a moment in which to think and knowing in her heart that his identity mattered nothing.

"I met him five years ago when my husband and I, finding life unendurable at home, were seeking distraction in Europe. People thought me a gay, careless creature then; dress and society were my passions, they said; in reality they were but my diversions. One afforded me occupation, the other a momentary escape from myself and a presence that had grown obnoxious. But amid all the glare he alone discovered that I was lonely and miserable; he took me into his heart and strengthened me. But ours was no vulgar love; we made no commonplace avowals and held but a few clandestine meetings; when I was leaving he gave me the picture I had allowed him to paint together with his own; he kept another for himself—that was our only token. He knows that I will go to him when I can. I know that he waits, but his waiting is nearly ended."

Sister Raphael's fugitive senses were returning. She began to comprehend something of the terrible struggle that must have raged in that woman's soul. It was over then; the hordes of darkness had been victorious; an apparent calm had settled on her troubled heart; her eyes looked unblinkingly into the Sister's and her voice gathered smoothness as she proceeded with her story. But in vision Sister Raphael beheld the field where the battle had been waged and lost; she saw where the dead hopes lay thick upon each other and she felt within her a storm of compassion. She reached out her hand and laid it on Mrs. Preston's.

"And is it for this you go? Poor child, your quest is vain. Happiness is not found apart from duty. The violation of your vows will but add unto your misery. You wander farther and farther from Him in Whom rest is found. Poor child," she said, gently stroking the hand she held, "poor, poor child! How foolish are your hopes."

"Do not remonstrate, Sister. I told you I wanted neither sympathy nor counsel. My mind is made up. I am glad you know something of my story. Now I must go."

"I shall not attempt to remonstrate. Remonstrance would no doubt be futile. You must have considered the matter in every light during those years you were dallying with temptation. But I shall pray for you that God may open your blind eyes and help you to banish that blackness from your heart."

Mrs. Preston was slightly impatient.

"God has not been often in my thoughts, Sister. I am like that wicked Onora in Mrs. Browning's poem—I have not thanked God in my weal, nor sought Him in my woe."

"But I have sought Him." Sister Raphael interrupted, "again and again I

have sought Him and found Him and I shall seek Him now for you."

"Do you think that after all these years of struggling I can be deterred by your prayer? Remember, Sister, I yielded inch by inch. I almost feel as if I had fought a good fight—and lost. But now my decision is made, it shall not be altered."

"But it shall." Sister Raphael was astonished at her boldness, but a mighty hope was welling in her heart.

"Suppose we put it to the test, Sister. But before you stake your prayer against my purpose, consider that *love* is on my side."

"There is a love mightier than human love, the love of the Father for His children, the love of the Shepherd for the lambs that stray. It is to this love I shall make my appeal."

Mrs. Preston rose and stood a moment as if uncertain how to proceed. She seemed about to make some protest, but she did not; after a moment's hesitation with a deliberate suddenness she held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Sister, I am half glad and half sorry that I've told you my story, but I would not now untell it if it were in my power. Good-bye, we may meet perhaps —beyond the Styx."

"Good-bye," Sister Raphael answered, and pressed the slender fingers that clasped her own. Never, it seemed to her in all her years of ministration to His helpless and needy ones, had her soul so yearned over any creature. "God help you," she said, and repeated it. Before the echo of her voice had died from the room Mrs. Preston was gone.

Sister Raphael heard her light step in the hall—then all was quiet. It was getting dusk. She gathered her paints and brushes, tidied the room and lowered the blinds; all that was habitual and required no thinking, so while she went about so quietly cleaning her palettes and covering her easels, her thoughts were very similar to those of a general on the eve of battle. She was about to begin a great undertaking; she must marshal her forces; she must take an inventory of her ammunition; she must decide on a plan of campaign—for all the forces of the Evil One would be against her, and to oppose them—the pride of life and the lust of the flesh, she had but a single force—prayer.

During the next two weeks the days had a snail's pace. There was the same rising each morning with renewed hope, but hope always tainted with the certainty that the crisis was nearer, the same round of duties, the same persons all unconscious of her great secret who must be met and talked with, and then the night coming on slowly, and passed very frequently in prayer, to be followed by another dawning which brought nearer the realization of her hopes and fears.

Perhaps the keenest of Sister Raphael's pangs during that weary vigil were her meetings with Adele Preston. The child had become fond of her and in her loneliness she naturally turned for comfort to her mother's friend. She was an affectionate little creature, a veritable chatter-box, whose talk was always of her mamma, her "kind mamma," her "pretty mamma," who had gone on a journey somewhere and would soon return for her. But if Adele's presence pained the Sister it also urged her to greater effort and often when she held the little one in her arms, or laid her face against the child's soft cheek, she breathed a prayer for her happiness whose ardor was never suspected.

Time cannot but pass; neither grief nor joy, fear nor anxiety can stay its inevitable flight. The two weeks were nearly ended; no message had come to Sister Raphael and no word to Adele save a hurriedly written note which contained no suggestion of the truth. Sometimes a demon would whisper to her that prayer was of no avail, that the woman could sin if she desired, and all the celestial host

could not save her, that she had been deceived as to the time of her going, that she was already with her lover. But the good angels hovering round her in those times of trials kept her to her resolution; a remembrance of Mrs. Preston would flash across her mind or a sight of Adele would arouse anew the passion of pity—but oftener is was another Vision she saw, thorn-crowned, weary, bending beneath the cruel weight of the cross, and thirsting for the souls of men.

At last it was the eve of the day on which Mrs. Preston was to sail. Sister Raphael's suspense was almost unbearable; every ringing of the bell sent a tremor through her; every footstep filled her with apprehension. Adele went into the studio during the day, but she had received no message, only as her mamma had not written she supposed she would soon return. Slowly the day wore away. After what seemed to the anxious Sister an interminable period the last of her pupils was gone, and she was alone. She went about putting up her brushes and arranging the room just as she did on that night two weeks before after hearing Mrs. Preston's confession. When all had been carefully done she closed the studio and went out into the hall. The supper bell had rung and the sisters were passing in twos and threes to the refectory, but because of her various duties it was so often necessary for Sister Raphael to absent herself from table, that when she whispered to one of them that she would be late that evening, her doing so occasioned no surprise. When they had gone she took her position in the hall; she longed intensely to enter the chapel and nestle at the altar's foot, but then, any one seeking her might be unable to find her and consideration for others had so long been the rule of her life, that it did not occur to her that for once she might forget it. She knelt where the light from the altar lamp streaming through the stained windows made a beautiful radiance about her; it seemed to calm her troubled soul.

Strong in hope she began her supplication. Never before had she counted her sacrifice or dwelt on her renunciation, but in that solemn hour she went over it all. From the casket in which they had lain for years, she brought forth her memories one by one—the pleasures foregone, the joys declined, the sorrows borne in patience, and with humility but with awful earnestness she laid them at His feet.

And then, dearer still, and far more sacred, she offered to Him her pleasures—the joyful hours she had had, the peace and tenderness she had felt. She recalled the rapture of her bridal day, she thought of the watches she had kept with Him, the delights of morning prayer and twilight dreaming—of these she made a rosary, and over and over, with her spirit's lips she prayed it.

She heard the sisters going out into the garden, supper being over; then she heard the Angelus ring and afterwards the nuns returning to the community room; in a while she knew they would repair to the chapel. Something warned her that her vigil was nearly ended; she seemed to know that the crisis had come—that it was the vital moment in which the victory was to be decided; the strain was becoming intense; beads of perspiration gathered on her forehead; her hands clutched at the rosary at her side. If she should have failed, if that poor tempted soul were already lost—but God could not be so deaf unto her prayer.

She was interrupted by the voice of the portress in the hall below. She was directing someone upstairs! she caught the words "studio" and Sister Raphael. She was tempted to flee from the intruder and seek refuge somewhere where she should not be disturbed; she had almost yielded to the temptation, when another voice arrested her attention. It was Adele Preston's. Was the child seeking

her? What news did she bring? What did she know of that day's happening?

Someone came up the stairs—someone appeared at the end of the hall—then—O, joy beyond expression, beyond belief!—came Adele and Mrs. Preston hand in hand. The mother had aged ten years; a chasmal change appeared in her face; she had for all the world the look of Sister Raphael's portrait.

The Sister advanced to meet them, showing the signs of her vigil, but bearing on her countenance a wondrous joy. Mrs. Preston staggered towards her.

"You have conquered, Sister—I could not go," was all she said.

But Adele was chattering.

"Only think, Sister, mamma was all ready to go away for a long, long time. She did not tell me how long she would be gone because she didn't want me to feel so bad. And at the very last minute she changed her mind, and hurried back to tell us. She knew we would be so glad. Didn't you come without a moment's delay, mamma?"

"No, dear, I waited some moments. I mailed a package to some one in Europe."

"To whom, mamma?"

"To an artist I knew there, Adele. I sent him a miniature I have had for some time, and I wrote a letter to your father telling him you and I would start for home tomorrow."

Sister Raphael hardly heard, but still she comprehended. In her heart was a transport of exultation; she took Mrs. Preston's hand and kissed her white, stricken face, but her thoughts were all the while with her Beloved considering what He had done for her.

THE CHORD.

BY MARTHA MARIE HILDRETH.

Life, Love, and Death, once agreed to harmonize.
Life struck the lyre, and lo! a tone, clear-poised and round!
Quick, sweet Love, her stroke, the noble dominant produced,
And, all along Life's range, a thousand answering tones awoke,
  Dim promise of Eternity.

Last, the touch of Death. She broke the chord of Life and Love
With plaintive minor third, that sang of haunts beyond man's ken,
And melted as it sang, absorbed within that harmony.
Next, Man took up the lyre, and, wond'ring at its weird chord,
  He smiled, and called it mystery.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Aubrey de Vere. A Memoir. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Company. London, New York and Bombay. 1904. $4.60 *net.*

A noble memoir of a noble man. With all the power and grace which belong to his magic pen, Wilfrid Ward in this goodly memoir traces for us the life and literary activity of the high-minded, gentle, patient, spiritual Aubrey de Vere. Few have deserved more than he from the world of letters, few have received less. Only those who really love high thoughts and strong expressions have made him a favorite—to the great mass of readers, his writings are practically unknown. It is for this reason that we are delighted to see this fine piece of biographical writing, for we earnestly hope that it will help to unfold to the world one of the great singers of our language, a man who in the race for fame would, under equal conditions outstrip Wordsworth himself.

Modern poets labor under two great defects, namely, the gloom that hangs over their writings and the sensuous character of their descriptions. From these two blots, Aubrey de Vere is absolutely free. He believes that joy is the mainspring of the highest human endeavor and that sunshine is the noblest influence for mortal inspiration. Great plans are not matured in sorrow, and noble deeds are not wrought in gloom. Aubrey de Vere is essentially the soul of joy. His poetry looks always towards the light, towards the loftiest heights of thought. Not that he avoids touching upon the sorrows of life—for how can a true poet turn absolutely aside from the heart-burnings and the heart-agonies of humanity; but in treating of life's shadows, he does so in a manly, healthful, elevating tone. How nobly he speaks the following:

"Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal sadness. Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting the end."

With searching analysis Wilfrid Ward unfolds to us the power of de Vere's writings and the singular beauty of his exalted character. It is many a long day since we have read so splendid a memoir; and we thank the author for revealing to us the inner life of one of the uplifters of humanity.

A Short Cut to Happiness. By the author of "The Catholic Church from Within." With preface by Rev. B. W. Maturin. St. Louis. Herder. 1904.

In view of the general yearning for happiness—a yearning from which philosophers draw so many conclusions—this book must appeal to all, for who does not prefer rapid transit and short cuts to slow traveling and to devious paths? And what is this short cut? The royal road of self-denial and mortification. In other words, there is no happiness where life is self-centred, where selfishness is dominant. Yet, as the author wisely observes, "it must not be supposed that the love of self always takes the base and ugly form of covetousness or desire for self-advancement. It takes an infinite, a Protean number of forms, so that at times we almost blush at bringing it to book, and admitting, not aloud, but to our inmost selves, that there also was self. . . . . How is this tyrant to be rooted out? To do this effectively, but one thing is required, and that is honesty with ourselves, but this honesty—or, in other words, truthfulness—is probably one of the rarest virtues in man . . . ." "Singular to relate, no lies are commoner than those which a man whispers to his own heart. The reason of this is obvious. Our instinct is to conceal from ourselves facts which, once admitted, would entail sacrifices for which we are neither prepared nor inclined to submit. To shut our eyes to them, to ignore them, is at least to purchase a temporary peace." . . . . How true all this and how necessary is the crushing out of all selfishness and the implanting of generous impulses, if we would have a strong conviction of duty and a vigorous spirituality!

Sequentia Christiana or Elements of the Christian Religion. By Charles B. Dawson, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

Although we have many works which establish the foundations of the Christian religion, yet the present volume marks a new departure in method and in manner of treatment. Father Dawson evidently knows well the trend of modern religious thought and the most effective means by which modern difficulties can be met. His book appeals to the learned and reflecting, and both clergy and educated laity will give it, we feel sure, a wide circulation. It is a pity, we think, that the learned author did not develop at greater length some of his proofs, especially those for the existence of a Supreme Being, and for the endlessness of the pains of Hell. As these points now stand, they may be deemed sufficient by the believer, but they need considerable expansion to produce abiding effect upon a non-believer. The book is otherwise so well-suited for this latter class of inquirers, that we trust another edition will contain a considerable development of the points mentioned. The treatment is so fresh and suggestive that we cannot too warmly congratulate the author upon this distinct addition to our Catholic literature.

The Mirror of True Manhood as Reflected in the Life of St. Joseph. From the French by Rev. John F. Mullany. Preface by Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D.D. New York. Pustet, 1904. Price 75 cents.

Devotion which is purely theoretical is of little avail in a life which is intended by the Creator to be eminently practical, inasmuch as it is but a journey to an appointed end. Hence books which tend to lift our devotion out of the abstract and to make it fruitful in definite work are a boon to all the faithful. Such a work is this charming collection of reflections upon the dignity and life of St. Joseph, now given us in excellent English by the indefatigable Father Mullany to whom Catholic literature is so deeply indebted.

The Immaculate Conception. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D. New York. Benziger Bros. New York. 1904.

Father Lambing has compressed into the smallest possible space the leading points, theological and historical, connected with this marvelous privilege of Our Lady. The booklet would be a consoling souvenir of this Jubilee celebration.

A Short Handbook of Missions. By Eugene Stock. New York. Longmans, Green & Co., 1904.

This is a useful and complete handbook of the various Protestant missions throughout the world. It tells a story of marvelous activity and of broad generosity. A similar handbook for Catholic missionary enterprise is greatly needed.

The Rosary. Scenes and Thoughts. By Rev. F. P. Garesché, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price 50 cents.

The same prayer oft-repeated is apt to become mechanical. Routine is the road to careless and indifferent work. Hence the need of banishing from devotional practices this evil. To do this effectively in the recitation of that favorite devotion, the Rosary, Father Garesché develops for us a series of meditations upon the different mysteries therein recalled. Many, especially young people, are frightened by the word "meditation," because they attach a false meaning to it. Yet as Father Garesché aptly shows, meditation is what school-boys are constantly doing. "What boy has ever been roused and excited by reading *Robinson Crusoe*, or by some Indian border tale without imagining himself in the same or similar scenes, with the thoughts and feelings that he would then have had?" This is nothing less than contemplation. We imagine that the scene is present to us and that we are actual witnesses, if not participants in the incidents belonging thereto. Why not apply this "imagining" to our Lady's Chaplet, and instead of reciting it in a dull, mechanical way, make it a source of pleasant memories and of fruitful reflections.

Catechism of the Instruction of Novices. Catechetically arranged by the Rev. Father Gerard of St. Teresa, D.C. Translated from the French by a Carmelite Nun. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price 85 cents.

It is absolutely necessary that those who are thinking of entering the Religious life should know beforehand what is implied in a step of this nature. How many there are who seeing *from the outside* a convent or a monastery form an entirely false idea of the life led by the inmates! We have heard of individuals applying to superiors of Religious Communities for admission and assigning as their motive the desire to find "*a quiet, easy life.*" It is, consequently, the part of wisdom to inform beforehand all possible candidates that the Religious life is one not of ease but of ceaseless toil, not of freedom from care but of heavy responsi-

bilities. This Catechism of the Instruction of Novices will greatly help to give a clear idea of the nature and obligations of the religious orders and congregations. It should be read by all who intend to embrace the cloistral life. A few chapters, however, ought to be added upon the vows and the duties they entail.

The Land of the Rosary. By Sara H. Dunn. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price $1.10.

Vivid word-paintings of the scenes in which the sacred incidents recalled in the Rosary took place. The subjects are treated from the historical and descriptive, rather than from the dogmatic standpoint, and hence they have all the interest which comes from writings of this nature. We should like to see this book widely circulated among the members of the various Sodalities of Our Lady. It would help to make their piety more reflective, more intellectual, more fervent, and, consequently, more fruitful.

Rome and Reunion. By Spencer Jones. London. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

All Anglicans and all Catholics who are praying for the return of England to the ancestral faith will find this pamphlet suggestive reading. It reminds one of the famous tract XC, both in its accurate statements and in its forceful reasoning.

Welcome! Holy Communion. Before and After. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price $1.00.

Mother Loyola has won enviable distinction as a writer of books which treat of the spiritual life. Her mind is vigorous, her heart is large, her information is accurate, her style is refined and vivid, and her pen is easy—all these qualities combine to give her works a high rank in Catholic devotional literature. Few writers in English have fathomed as she has fathomed the depth of the treasures contained in the Holy Eucharist and the solemn preparation that should be made for a worthy reception of our Lord in Holy Communion. Now many circumstances will determine the nature of our preparation for the visit of a guest—but one disposition will ensure its fitness and its acceptableness in every case. Let him but hear "welcome" from our lips and he will be satisfied. To help us speak this "welcome" reverently and heartfully, tenderly and fervently, is the object of this exquisite book which is full of vigorous thought and of sturdy emotion. It will always be a most acceptable gift to devout souls, but, above all, to those who are serving God in the sanctuary of religion.

How the United States became a Nation. By John Fiske. Boston. Ginn & Co. 1904.

When we survey the broad expanse of our country as it stands to-day, with its unbroken line of populous cities, its continuous stretches of crowded lines of travel, its fine waterways bearing every conceivable kind of ship-craft, its people closely knit together by wise laws and presenting to the world a solid front of splendidly marshalled forces, how little do we realize that there was a time when we were only a third-rate power, inferior in population and wealth to Holland, and about on a level with Portugal or Denmark. What a marvelous story is the record of our transition from weakness to strength, from inferiority to supremacy, from national infancy to the glory and vigor and splendor of national maturity! How grateful we men of the present generation should be to those heroes who sacrificed time, talent, energy and, in many instances life itself in order to ensure us an abiding and honorable existence! Time and time again has danger threatened us. Local jealousy, external aggression, the evils of slavery, the horrors of civil war, have all conspired to wreck us, but, thanks to wise leadership and to the blessing of Heaven, we stand secure. John Fiske traces for us this transition in his usual vivid, inimitable style. He has given us a book, every page of which reads us a useful lesson and gives us entertaining instruction.

Dante. A Drama by the Rev. J. F. O'Conor, S.J. of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia.

The scholarly Father John O'Conor was impelled to write this drama on account of the false interpretation given to the great poet's life by Sardou and Moreau. The writer unfolds to us Dante in his true character, not a half-crazy, unrestrained, tumultuous political adventurer, but a sober-minded citizen, full of noble thoughts and of lofty aspirations. We should like to see all our colleges reproduce this striking piece of dramatic power.

Cor Cordium. By Madame Cecilia. R. T. Washbourne and Company. London. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1904. 55 cents.

This little volume of thoughts on the Sacred Heart, written and compiled by a Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Strathmore, carries the peace of the cloister to the hearts of all who read its contents. On each left hand page the author gives a brief in-

struction on a text, and on the opposite page a poetic selection. The thought conveyed by both is emphasized in the practice assigned for each day. Thus on page 5 the words "Son, give me thy heart," are considered, and on page 6 the exquisite hymn to the Sacred Heart written by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. leads to the practice "Be faithful to the inspirations of God's grace. Give up generously whatever prevents your being wholly His." This dainty little manual will undoubtedly promote the purpose of the author, "To increase in souls that hunger and thirst which nothing outside the Sacred Heart of Jesus can satisfy."

Schücking's Die Drei Freier. Edited by Otto Heller, Professor of the German Language and Literature in Washington University, St. Louis. Boston. Ginn & Co.

All lovers of German literature will welcome this annotated edition of one of Levin Schücking's master-pieces. This production derives its literary-historic significance from the fact that therein are linked together "The Wandering Jew," "The Wild Huntsman," and "The Flying Dutchman." Schücking was undoubtedly moved to do this by the strong similarity of their fates. Keeping to the broad outlines of tradition, the author develops his story with considerable freedom, strongly individualizing each figure, and skillfully contrasting them first in their human and afterwards in their demoniac aspects. The story itself is, consequently, one of thrilling interest and Dr. Heller's introduction and notes make this edition the most useful upon the market.

The Magnetic North. By Elizabeth Robins. Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York. 1904. $1.50.

This remarkable book has a compelling power which forces readers over the trail in imagination as eagerly as the tenants of the Big Chimney pursued their way while the great white silence held the Yukon under its spell.

The Colonel, the Boy, Flynn, Mac, and Potts, are an oddly matched company brought together by force of circumstances. The Colonel is from Kentucky—a great, strong, chivalrous, reverent soul whose response to the sign of salvation at Holy Cross is one of the finest tributes ever paid to the influence of religion on the hearts of men. Mac is a Nova Scotian schoolmaster, Potts a Denver bank clerk, Flynn an Irish-American lawyer from San Francisco, and the Boy, a stalwart man of twenty-two, hails from the Bay State. They build the Big Chimney for headquarters by day, and a smaller camp in which the Trio sleep. Under the stress of life on the Yukon, as the weeks lapse into months, some of the little band reveal ignoble qualities, but the Colonel and the Boy command respect to the end, though at times the latter shocks his reader by his assertive agnosticism. Nevertheless it is he who rouses Mac's bitter opposition by bringing a "Romish" priest into the Big Chimney. The priest is Father Wills from Holy Cross—perhaps the most rational and Catholic priest ever depicted by a Protestant pen. The Colonel is a true Kentuckian and extends hospitality handsomely. He reduces Mac to submission, and the house warming takes place with a Jesuit as the guest of honor. Little Kaviak serves admirably to bring out the good in Mac, whom he persistently calls "Farva," and to whom he attaches himself with dog-like fidelity.

Father Wills has a magnetic personality, and, despite himself, the Boy succumbs to its influence. Though the outcome of their friendship is only suggested, one can readily imagine why he turns back when at last his opportunity to go home is before him. The Mission of Holy Cross is described so vividly that one feels the rush of cold air, the whirling flakes of snow, and the relief of passing into the warm interior with the Colonel and the Boy. The ascetic Brother Paul, the cheery little German Father Superior, and the traveling priest, are outlined in strong, sharp lines that will not be erased. With the same forceful delineation Miss Robins draws the chapel, the school, the convent, and the little shed from which the cow looked out at the Colonel, and into which Sister Winifred hurried with a tin pail to get milk for the foundling, taken in at the Mission the night before.

The chapters dealing with the arrival of the adventurers at the gold fields at Dawson and Minook, the scenes on the arrival of the letter carrier, the gradual opening up of the Arctic spring, and the release of the Yukon from the grasp of winter are instinct with vivid coloring, and breathe the atmosphere of the Arctic region.

Miss Robins' appreciation of Catholic effort is so evident and her testimony to the work of the missionaries so generous and truthful that Catholics will have an added interest in "The Magnetic North," apart from its fascination as a novel.

The Brown Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. New York. 1904. $1.60 *net.*

It must be hard for Andrew Lang to confine his fairies between brown covers, but there was really nothing else to be done, as the brilliant hues have been exhausted. However, the "Brown" binding is the only sombre touch in the make-up and this is relieved as far as possible by a design in

gold showing fairies and elves disporting themselves around a gold girl with a gold book, and a gold hassock on which she will curl up presently and lose herself in the fairy tales.

Some of the tales are told by Red Indian grandmothers to Red Indian children, who never go to school or see pen or ink. They have no lessons except in tracking and catching birds, beasts, fishes, lizards and snakes—all of which they eat. Other stories come from the Kaffirs, and from the brown people in New Caledonia, from Persia, Lapland, India, Brazil, and many parts of Europe. Mr. Lang contends that all people, white, black, or brown, like stories, and that all children like the same stories—whether they go to school and wear pretty clothes or dress in skins of wild beasts and live on crows and serpents.

Mr. Lang gives credit as handsomely as he embellishes his book. He says:

"The tale of 'What the Rose did to the Cypress,' is translated out of a Persian manuscript by Mrs. Beveridge. 'Pivi and Kabo' is translated by the Editor from a French version; 'Asmund and Signy' by Miss Blackley; the Indian stories by Major Campbell, and all the rest told by Mrs. Lang, who does not give them exactly as they are told by all sorts of outlandish natives, but makes them up in the hope that white people will like them, skipping the pieces which they will not like. That is how this Fairy Book was made up for your entertainment."

The illustrations by Henry Ford are superbly printed in colors and add still more to the attractiveness of this volume of fairy lore.

It is safe to say that very little skipping will be done by any juvenile reader who is fortunate enough to own the "Brown Fairy Book."

In the Celtic Past. By Ethna Carbery. Funk, Wagnalls and Company. New York. 1904.

The many friends of the late Ethna Carbery will welcome the appearance in book form of a number of stories published some years ago in various publications. They have the fascination that marked the work of this gifted young Irish writer who was called away all too soon from the work she loved—the adding to and making known the literature of her country. "The Sorrowing of Conal Cearnach" opens the collection. With vivid imagery the writer describes the hero's world-enduring feats, his manly beauty and valor, and all the attributes that had raised him to the champion's place in the court of the Red Branch. A vision in the fire, on the night of his return to Dunseverick, holds him in its thrall. He sees there not the way of glory and renown, but a steep road up which a toiling figure passes to Calvary, and the heart of the chieftain goes out to the Victim, in a compassion more ennobling than all the martial deeds of the Red Branch Knights.

"The Travelling Scholars," "The Pursuit of Diarmiud and Grainne," "The Death of Diarmuid," "The Shearing of the Fairy Fleeces," "The King of Ireland's Death-Place," "How Oisin Convinced Patrick the Cleric," and "The Last Battle of Liach of the Clanna Rury" are other familiar themes, but under the touch of Ethna Carbery's magic pen they acquire a new interest and charm. The book closes with "The Red Whistler" in the Great House within the Rath of the Kings, on the green slope of Tara.

Sue Terry. By Margaret Ryan. M. W. Hazen & Company. New York. 1904.

This story of an adventuress is intended to portray people as they are found in the world. Sue Terry is the head teacher in a young ladies' school, and the innocent victim of her hate is Bessie Stuart, a beautiful, innocent young girl. There are many complicated situations, and often the heroine is in a sad case, but virtue finally triumphs, and in the end Bessie is restored to her lover and friends. Her character is fully vindicated, and the wicked persecutor who had caused so much heart break is compelled to leave Glendale. Speaking of this novel Cardinal Gibbons says: "The author has succeeded in the difficult task of portraying the wickedness of a clever adventuress without adding an iota of glamour to such a career. Bessie Stuart completely wins our sympathies, leaving only feelings of detestation for the intrigante who persecutes her. With no apparent attempt to moralize, Miss Ryan has blended the lesson of a sermon with the fascination of a romance."

Kirsty's Queer Christmas. By Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston. 1904. $1.25.

Mrs. Miller's charming books on bird life have made her name well-known to young readers who will receive with delight her latest work—a collection of Christmas stories. Kirsty's illness gives opportunity for an unique party in grandmother's big kitchen, where a great open fire makes light and cheer. Seated by it the guests tell stories, one after another, of the oddest, happiest, or otherwise most remarkable Christmas each one has had.

These stories of adventure, fun, and heroism are wholesome reading calculated to attract not only the children but grown-up members of the family circle as well.

Catholic Home Annual. Benziger Bros. New York. 25 cents.

The *Annual*, the first herald of the New Year, has many interesting literary features in addition to the calendar information it contains. The cover depicts the scene of Bethlehem and prepares one for the stories and articles and poems paying tribute to the holy season.

Notable events of the year is a useful summary of happenings of importance to Catholics. Many well-known Catholic writers contribute to the *Catholic Home Annual*, and there is a wealth of admirably executed illustrations.

Elementary Wood Working. By Edwin W. Foster. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1904. 80 cents.

The purpose of this book is to re-enforce oral instruction and demonstration in the higher grammar grades and in the first years of the high school. The work is divided into two parts.

Part 1. Describes the tools most used in elementary benchwork.

Part 2. Deals with wood. Beginning with a description of lumbering operations it goes on to explain such natural peculiarities as shrinkage, warping, etc. Then follows a detailed study of the woods and trees of the United States. This is intended to correlate this branch of nature study with shop work, and is planned to come at that period in the student's life when he is in constant contact with the various woods used in construction.

The book is profusely illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing the proper use of tools and the action of their various parts.

The centennial of Robert Emmet's death has called forth numerous additions to the literature suggested by this patriot's career. Mrs. E. M. Griffin Hoey has published a pamphlet giving in verse Robert Emmet's speech from the dock.

QUESTION BOX.

Who was Chillingworth?

William Chillingworth was born at Oxford, England, in October 1602. He received his education at the famous Trinity College of that home of learning and he won for himself great praise as a theologian, a mathematician and a poet. Divinity, however, was his favorite study, and he took a keen interest in the controversies then raging between Father Fisher, a Jesuit, and the Protestant ministers. Deeply impressed by the arguments advanced by the Catholics in support of their cause, he decided to enter the Church and to take up further studies at the well-known College of Douay. His friends, especially Bishop Laud, immediately began to attack him for this step and their influence had the effect of persuading him to return to the Church of England. Taking up the cause of Protestantism, Chillingworth published a book in support thereof. This volume was intended to be an answer to a work of the celebrated Jesuit, Father Edward Knott who in 1643 was appointed Superior of the English province. Although Chillingworth had renounced Catholicism, he seems to have been quite unsettled in mind as to the position of the Anglican Church and he subscribed to the thirty-nine articles only at the persuasion of Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was then promoted to various positions in the national Church, which he served with great earnestness. Devoted to the royal cause, he took part as engineer in the siege at Gloucester in 1643. He was taken prisoner at the capture of Arundel Castle, but owing to his poor health, he was removed to the Bishop's house at Chichester, where he died on January 30, 1643. His complete works are usually published in three volumes. Chillingworth was an able writer and a sharp debater. According to Tillotson he was an incomparable author, the glory of his age and nation; but while awarding him all this praise, we cannot help noticing how deficient he was, at times, in exactness and how superficial he not infrequently was in his ready acceptance of unproved fundamental assertions in matters of religion.

How many of the Apostles were married?

St. Peter is the only Apostle for whose marriage we have direct testimony. He is supposed, however, to have led a celibate life after the call to the Apostolate.

Is Donald MacLeod the author of the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, a Catholic?

Most certainly.

Who was the philosopher Boyle?

Robert Boyle, the seventh son of the great Earl of Cork, was born at Lismore on January 25, 1626. His early studies were made partly at Eton and partly at Stalbridge, Dor-

setshire. Passing to the continent (with his brother Francis) he went from Geneva to Italy, where he thoroughly investigated the writings of Galileo. At the death of his father, in 1644, Robert succeeded to the manor of Stalbridge, which furnished him with the means to prosecute his studies and to travel in search of the company of learned men. Though extremely fond of philosophy and of theology, he was also much given to the experimental sciences. He improved the air pump, made many discoveries in pneumatics, and gave the first hints of a theory of colors. He instituted an annual course of lectures, known as the "Boyle lectures" upon the evidences of Christianity and gave yearly about one thousand pounds to various Protestant missionary schemes. He was a man of deep earnestness and of intense convictions. He died on December 30, 1691.

Will you please give the names of the Secret Societies condemned by the Catholic Church. I know that the Free-Masons are condemned; but were any of the others ever formally condemned as the Free-Masons were? Can one be a member of the Knights of Pythias and receive Holy Communion? Why are these societies placed under the ban?

To answer this query in an adequate manner, we must first determine what is understood by a *secret* society. Now, by this term we do not understand an organization which is known to exist, but the members of which and the places of meeting are not publicly known: but we understand thereby a society with secrets which are not to be divulged even to the highest authority, not even to those to whom the welfare of the community has been entrusted; a society, moreover, having a ritual calling for an oath of *absolute* and *blind obedience* and of *unconditional secrecy*, and prescribing ceremonies of a religious nature for meetings and for funerals. Now secrecy in itself is not a crime. Everyone has a right to protect his own interests and reputation by keeping his private affairs from public scrutiny and interference, but where the matter of secrecy may bode mischief and wrong to a third party or to the community, who will hold that it is unwise to demand the manifestation of the secret? Have not they who direct others the bounden duty to see that they do not associate with any organization, the end of which may injure their true interests? Does not the state in virtue of its office as protector of the citizens require that corporations should make known to competent officials their aims, purposes and constitutions? If a body of men should refuse to make to calm and impartial judges such a manifestation of their aims and motives that a fair verdict might be passed upon them, would there not be reason to conclude that there must be something dark, something sinister, something unhealthy in their designs? Are we afraid of the light when everything will bear investigation? Do we not rather challenge examination, when we are convinced that our work is perfectly honorable? These are the principles upon which men act in daily life and we are wont to regard those who act in a secretive, mysterious way as fosterers of dangerous plans, and plotters of mischief. Frankness, candor, and directness of speech, are the marks of a sincere and well-meaning character.

As the Church is the guide of men in their moral and spiritual life, it is her duty to warn her children against any course that may be prejudicial to their highest interests. Hence she is bound to satisfy herself that apparently harmless organizations are not working secretly for unlawful purposes. She cannot do this unless the means of passing a fair judgment are furnished her. Now this is precisely what secret societies refuse to do. They are not asked to divulge their mission to everyone; they are simply requested to unfold to those in authority their true nature, final aim and the means they propose to adopt in order to carry out their plans. Is this unreasonable? If you say—what business has the Church to meddle in such matters? I must refer you to a consideration of her mission. She must guide men along the ways of righteousness and of personal and of social integrity. This she cannot do unless she possesses the data required to form an equitable decision about men and things. Do we blame a mother because she insists upon knowing the character of the young man who is paying attention to her daughter? An organization the object of which is square and honorable will never refuse a wise investigation of its workings. The Church has never sought for more than this, and upon those bodies which refuse this does she place her ban. This is not saying that she condemns as traitors and unprincipled men all the members of such corporations. We believe that we are not in the wrong, when we assert that the majority of Americans who belong to Secret Societies have never probed into the real character and tendencies of those orders. There are certainly thousands of men who join these organizations merely for the insurance or for the social and political advantages which they are supposed to give.

As to the ban placed upon these societies by the Church, we must observe that the Freemasons are placed on the list of excommunicated corporations, so that any Catholic who becomes an actual member of this order cuts himself by this step from the body of the Church in such wise that the Pope alone can restore him to membership, except at the hour of death when any

priest has power to do so. The reason of this severe action is that the real object aimed at by the leaders of Freemasonry is to destroy all authority that comes from God and all revealed religion. This can be substantiated by citations from the writings of prominent Freemasons. Moreover, their secret oath of obedience, taken as it is without any reserve, is absolutely unlawful, and the symbolism of many of its lodges is grossly blasphemous and insulting to Christianity. It has been well said that a person who promises blind obedience to the commands of a secret society deprives himself of the power to judge whether the act he is urged to perform is good or bad, and he thus absolutely renounces the free exercise of both reason and will. This no man may do. In Religious Orders the vow of obedience is always clearly understood to exclude acts which are contrary to the law of God. The decree of excommunication mentions with the Masons the Carbonari, for similar reasons, since it is an established fact that this latter body is organized for the purpose of opposing lawful civil authority and of overthrowing all government.

In addition to the societies mentioned in this decree, the Holy See, through Cardinal Monaco, sent a letter on August the 20th, 1894, to the Apostolic Delegate in the United States, forbidding Catholics to join the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows and the Sons of Temperance. Theologians, however, agree that these three societies are not condemned under censure, but only because they are wrong in principle and because they are a positive danger alike to Church and to State. Hence since many have joined these bodies in absolutely good faith for the purpose of reaping therefrom legitimate benefits, it is within the power of the Apostolic Delegate to use discretion in enforcing the law, not by the sacrifice of principle, but by tolerating in a special case what the Church cannot sanction. All these cases must be referred to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington with whom the decision rests. A Catholic remaining in any one of these three associations by virtue of such a toleration, would, of course, be allowed to approach the sacraments, but it would be an exception to the rule. In general, no member of a forbidden society can be permitted to receive Holy Communion as long as he persists in disobeying the express commands of the Church. Is not this perfectly fair?

Has a priest any just cause for forbidding a member of the Church to approach the Altar, because he is a member of the A. O. H. or of the K. P.'s.?

With regard to the K.P.'s, this question is answered in the preceding note. The priest is the guardian of the Sacraments, and he is, consequently, bound to dispense them according to the directions of those in authority. He cannot, indeed, act through personal caprice or unworthy motive, but as a great trust has been committed to him, he is bound in conscience to see that the charge thus placed in his hands is faithfully fulfilled. The case of the A. O. H.'s is different from that of the Knights of Pythias. Some years ago there was a slight trouble in Pennsylvania with the Hibernians, but that has blown over and the present standing of that organization may be easily gathered from the fact that they have endowed one of the chairs at the Catholic University and that a prominent Archbishop is their spiritual Director. This is surely proof enough of their good standing.

What is meant by the phrase "as the crow flies?"

It means a straight line, for the crow in flying is not turned from the path by houses, rivers, hills or other obstacles.

Who was called the priest of nature?

Sir Isaac Newton by the poet Campbell.

"Lo Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star."

Which are the seven hills of Rome?

The Palatine, the Capitoline, the Quirinal, the Coelian, the Aventine, the Viminal and the Esquiline.

What is peculiar about the ring worn by the Pope?

It represents St. Peter in his bark, casting his nets into the sea. For this reason it is called the ring of the Fisherman. At the death of a Pope his ring is broken and a new one is made for his successor.

AN INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.

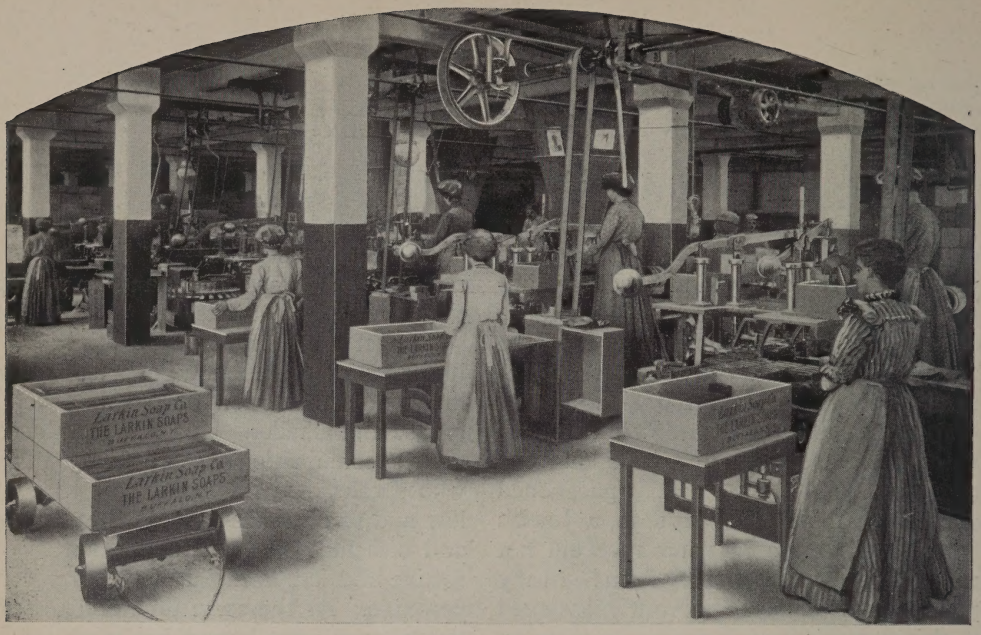
BY JAMES KEATING.

In brief and unenforced readings of the Old Testament the writer, as a youth, was frequently and favorably impressed by the noble ancients' ignorance of soap. Often enough, as you recall, the antique Hebrews washed themselves in running water, but never was the use of soap mentioned. Certain of the more orthodox brethren obviously maintain the tradition even to this day. Questioned once about this silence on soap, a Jewish lady informed me that her race did not use soap because it was unclean! In my youth I would have vigorously assented to that statement since it was the pleasing custom of those who had charge of my ablutions to sportfully cleanse the interior of my mouth with suds, a proceeding that always aroused my active antagonism. It tasted decidedly dirty, horridly unclean. For that reason I greatly respected the old Jew for having nothing to do with soap, and when my Jewish lady rolled her eyes heavenward and exclaimed with a shudder, "It ees unclean!" I intuitively agreed with her.

A very wise man, witty writer and holy priest once exclaimed; "Sacred illusions of youth! How I cherished you and how, like my own bright years, your glory dimmed, faded, was gone! This vale of sober sorrows and second joys has been reached along a path strewn with the relics, the dry marrowless bones of dead dreams!" It is almost profane to quote that beautiful passage to bear out the tale of a lost illusion on the score of soap. But, the awful fact came to me, years since now, that our Hebraic forbears, who gave of their nothing and made us rich and doled out their substance to make us poor, did not ignore soap because it was unclean but because it was not! They had not the most remote idea what soap was and its uses. The nearest they came to it was a sort of lye they obtained from the ashes of plants or perhaps the juice of the plant itself.

In fact a history of soap might be a history of civilization. Soap is, as you know, a combination of oils and acids, grease and alkalies. The first mention of such a combination was made by Pliny, who speaks of a preparation of goat tallow and wood ashes used for beautifying and bleaching the hair, a solution as effective and less harmful than the modern peroxide. At the same time other varieties of soap were known but used chiefly medicinally. Curiously enough, among the ruins of Pompeii is a complete soap boiling establishment together with some soap in a state of perfect preservation. The baths of the ancient Romans, by the way, were rather a "steam" than a bath. But how some North Country housewives would grow green with desire to possess the Pompeian soap that has dried for centuries! Think of a lather coming down from the early days of the Christian era!

But little advance was made in the art of soap making up to the end of the eighteenth century. About that time a gentleman named Bergman employed a solution of soap in alcohol in the investigation of mineral waters. The stately beauties of the court of Louis XIV. washed, when they did wash, in good hard yellow soap, the old-fashioned kind that made your face feel the way an old baked apple looks. Those high heeled beauties did not like the process so they used perfumes instead of baths. It was easier to drown the odor of dirt than to wash it off. Marie de Medici never had, probably, two good baths in her life but she spent billions on pomades and perfumes until to use the words of a worthy Eng-



A STEP IN THE PROCESS.

lishman who viewed the court from afar, "They do smell mingled sweetness and offense. Methinks the lady queen is like a rose bush growing in mouldy ground."

England was little better. In fact up to 1852, the weekly production of soap did not amount to 1600 tons, not a half ounce for every man in the kingdom. It was in the year 1524 that soap was first manufactured in London. Before that time the little in use was made abroad and some little in other parts of England. This latter was quite black and sold for a penny for two pounds but even at that price few were found brave enough to use it.

The present excellence of soap is due to scientific research and until within a few years soap in common use differed little from the old-fashioned yellow soap of acrid memory.

Patient reader, did you ever live in the country and will you ever forget the summer days when soap was made? Do you remember how our mothers and grandmothers and sisters and aunts were wont to don ancient Mother Hubbards and repair to some distance from the house where the black kettle, filled with simmering grease, hung over a log fire? Will memory ever lose the heavy fragrance of the atmosphere on such hazy days, the curious flavor of the food that led us surely and truly to fasting and penitential mood? It smelled and tasted soap for days and some of us used to wonder how anything clean could smell so—breathe the word—rotten! And many a time I have mused on the awful possibilities of a modern soap factory.

A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to visit the home of "The Larkin Idea," —the soap factories of Buffalo. For a long time I debated with myself whether I should go or not but finally, gritting my teeth and muffling my nostrils, I set out on my pilgrimage. It is a theme worthy of a poet's pen, how different is reflection from anticipation on a pilgrimage. I went to the Larkin soap factory to be disgusted, to renew horrid memories; I came away delighted, with an altogether new respect for soap, and pleasant recollections. Whether I had become inbued with "The Larkin Idea" I do not know but I was as

BUYING BY MAIL.

those who came to scoff and left with praise. Soap making had lost its terrors.

That is, really, you know the American gift—to take some elemental process with all its horrors and refine, improve and civilize it until the results are marvels and the work a miracle. Take the Larkin soap as an example. The old-fashioned soaps took the dirt off and dried the skin until it was as wrinkled as a crone's. The modern Larkin soap is more effective, it not only removes the surface dirt but cleans the pores and yet it is so delicately blended that the tenderest skin is unharmed and left as fresh and smooth as a baby's. I wondered how this result was achieved and in reply they took me to their laboratories where a corps of expert chemists are constantly at work experimenting and refining, testing new substances and new combinations, ever developing and improving. Oils are brought from the coast of Africa. A great vault holds vials of precious essences worth triple their weight in gold, a drop of which is so effective as to delicately scent every bar of soap and impart a faint fragrance to the skin of the user. With these oils and precious spices these chemists are constantly at work. One told me that the soaps and perfumes made there were of scientific purity, the cleanest and most sanitary toilet soaps in the world.

Nor is less care used for the commoner or laundry soaps. Out there in Buffalo the chemists guide the making of the cheapest of their soap. The base, the foundation, the body of all soap is of course fats, oils and grease. In the Larkin factories this is impossible. The fats are placed in great receivers where they are thoroughly steamed until all impurities are carried off. This process is performed not only once but many times. The fats are steamed and steamed and steamed until they are pure and clean. After the fat once enters these great vats, whose capacity is enormous,—indeed in this factory they handle more than a quarter million pounds a day—it is never handled again. It passes through pipes to other vats where the lye, brewed in equal

quantities in another part of the factory, is introduced, and commingled the fat and lye pass into the kettles. These latter would be rather unhandy things to have about the house: there are six of them with a capacity each of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds and several stories high, nine of a million pounds capacity each, and two others, they really call these mammoth at Larkin's, which have a capacity of a million and a half pounds, are thirty feet in diameter and forty feet deep, in other words, would accommodate comfortably several Queen Anne cottages! That is the scale on which they do things at Buffalo.

Everything being ready to begin a new batch of soap, valves are opened, and streams of tallow and oil and lye begin to run from various overhead pipes into a kettle. When the latter has been sufficiently filled, steam is turned into coils of pipe in the bottom of the kettle, and the mixture begins to boil; and it is boiled until the expert in charge is satisfied that the whole is thoroughly saponified. That may take a day or more. But there is still lye in the soap, and the lye must be forced out. So salt is thrown into the kettle. This precipitates the lye, which is then drawn off in pipes leading to the glycerine department, where, in the process of making glycerine, the salt is recovered, returned to the salt cellar (literally a cellar here) and used again; the savor of the salt unimpaired.

It is probable that after the first day's boiling the soap-maker finds that he can advantageously add more fat and lye for the purpose of making a larger quantity of soap. So, on the second day, the first day's process is repeated, and perhaps on the third day also, with a still stronger lye. And then, on the fourth and fifth days, the soap must be thoroughly washed to remove the last faint traces of lye. We must now wait four days for the soap to cool sufficiently to draw off, and after that two days are required to "crutch" and "frame" it. Then, after several days in the frame, the soap is ready to be caked, dried, wrapped and boxed.

The processes by which this is accomplished are much too intricate to describe here. The liquid soap passes into coolers and there becomes a bar of soap, rather a large bar, weighing over half a ton. This bar is then sent to a machine which carves and slices it into nice little cakes; then these are spread out on racks for days to dry. Then they are introduced to some more intelligent machines that trim and stamp them, wrap them, label them and box them, I was going to say, for the work these machines do is amazing. At certain stages of the wrapping and boxing, baling and despatching, workmen and workwomen take up the task. But only when the soap is thoroughly dried.

The employees are noticeable for their cheerfulness and cleanliness. I was told the wages paid are in excess of those paid for similar work elsewhere and that the hours of work were less. Certainly all the employees from the army office staff down to the youths who haul the trucks on which the great bars are carried, seemed prosperous and at peace with men and the world.

The army office staff I have noted above is another distinctive feature of the Larkin Idea. That idea, tersely put as "From Factory to Family," has been the life of the Larkin soap factories. It had its origin years ago and during its career of several decades has become one of the greatest business enterprises in the world. The original founders conceived the idea of selling an absolutely pure product direct to the consumers. It was believed that in this way the soaps could be brought to the public at less cost to the public and less cost to the manufacturers. In the course of years, the idea has been developed. All their soaps and perfumes are sold direct to the people, who can thus obtain a perfectly pure and high grade

article at a fair price. Along with this has developed a premium policy by which persons buying in small quantities, say a six months' supply of soap, obtain valuable presents. The point is that these presents really are what they are represented to be, no fake or the usual "give away." I am told one can furnish his house by buying Larkin soap. Cleanliness, godliness and contentment hand in hand! This has all been done in order to reach the people without many middlemen; it saves the company so much money they can afford to sell to the people very cheaply and give them valuable presents besides. The company benefits churches through clubs organized therein; has clubbing arrangements whereby numbers of families can club together to buy soap very cheaply and share in the presents, has organized a junior club in schools, publishes a bright little magazine for its patrons, and so on, and so on. That the people have appreciated this square dealing and business honesty is shown by the popularity among the discerning of these soaps and these methods.

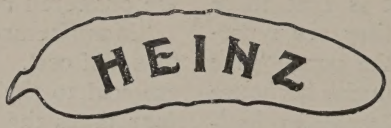
I asked a member of the firm to tell me briefly how all this had been accomplished. He answered me,

"Manufacturers create value; middlemen add cost. Most manufactured goods are sold to the consumer at from two to four times the cost of production. This is because the goods pass through many hands; from the factory to the sales agent, from the sales agent to the wholesaler, from the wholesaler to the retailer, from the retailer to the consumer. Each "middleman" adds his expenses, his losses, his profits, etc.; all this is piled up in the retail price, and must be paid by you!

"The Larkin Idea: Save all cost which adds no value.

"There is no secret, no mystery involved. It's simple honesty and square dealing. We give that to every customer and every customer, every man and woman in this country, likes to be treated honestly and squarely. That's the secret of our success."

YOU KNOW THE



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and other Household Necessities—the Larkin Products. Larkin quality is today a recognized standard of excellence—the result of twenty-nine years of wide and practical experience in combining the best that skill and science can produce.

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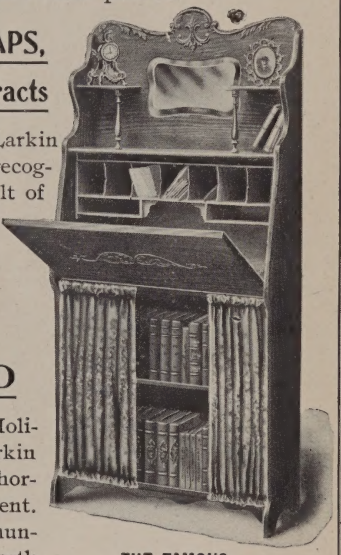
Anyone can easily earn either of these two, or any of a hundred other $10.00 Larkin Premiums, by selling $10.00 worth of Larkin Soaps and other Products to friends and neighbors. Thus many homes are completely furnished without cost.



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Send for Premium List No. 46—Over 600 Premiums.
A complete Larkin Premium List and booklet of Larkin Products will be sent, postpaid, on request.

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IN THE LONG AGO.

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"I did not think to lay Him in a manger chill;
But since 'tis done I know it is His holy will."

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LII. DECEMBER, 1904. No. 6

A Christmas Thought

Every step towards peace—domestic, national, or universal—is a step towards Bethlehem and Him Who came to bring peace to mankind.

James Card. Gibbons.

Pope Pius IX. surrounded by the Cardinals of the Sacred College and the Bishops of the Catholic world, in St. Peter's, Rome, where the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined on the 8th of December, 1854.

OUR LADY IMMACULATE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

What fair visions this jubilee of Our Lady Immaculate brings before us — visions of light without shadow, of whiteness without stain, of beauty without blemish, of glory without taint, of triumph without defeat! We see this in the comforting dogma which the jubilee recalls to the faithful. For what does the Immaculate Conception mean save that the dear Mother of the Redeemer was dowered with the fullness of heavenly grace from the very dawn of her existence, from the moment when the first spark of life tingled in her embryonic form, from the instant that the tiny, undeveloped organism thrilled, under the power of a creative flash, with soul-vitality. With the other members of the human family the darkness of the hereditary entail precedes the brightness of grace and the triumph of redeeming love is not celebrated until the fact of a sad defeat has been acknowledged; but with Our Lady it was far otherwise, for she never, even for an instant, came under the devastating entailment of the primæval fault, she never fell under the sway of the arch-enemy, she was never placed in the thraldom of sin, she never incurred the banishment inflicted upon Adam and his posterity. We behold in her the highest glory of the race, for from the first she was robed, in fullest measure, in sanctity, a sight of joy to God and of consolation to the loyal armies of angels and archangels. Not less was she a source of terror to the spirits of evil who perceived in her the sign of their downfall, the warning that their reign had been effectively checked. Every other child of Adam they could claim, at least in the beginning, and this is true, even of such privileged souls as the prophet Jeremias and the Forerunner John, the gloom of whose ante-natal life was brightened by the sunshine of grace, but the Blessed Virgin alone, from the first pulse of life, appeared most beauti-

Murillo THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

fully adorned with all the treasures of Divine grace. Fitly does the poet Wordsworth speak of her transcendent gifts:

Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman, above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean toss't,
Brighter than Eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancy roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on Heaven's blue coast;
Thy image falls to earth.

In a similar strain, but with more theologic depth, the gentle Father Russell of the *Irish Monthly* breaks into rapturous greeting:

Immaculate. Immaculate.
All sinless, spotless, pure and fair.
That Eden of the Tree of Life
No serpent's slime to stain could dare.
The human Adam erst was formed
Of virgin earth unsoiled, uncursed;
And shall the heavenly Adam be
Less blest, less favored than the first?

The life of the first Mother Eve
In perfect purity began:
Shall she begin with lower grace,
The Mother of the Perfect Man?
Mother of all who truly live,
Of earth redeemed the better Eve—
On Her can sin's dark shadow fall,
Her Father, Son, and Spouse to grieve?

No, not for swiftest lightning-flash
Of time or thought could faintest stain,
Though seen alone by God's pure eye,
On this one chosen heart remain.
For this one heart that throbs with life—
Life's earliest throb which God but hears—
Is the one Heart for which that God
Has waited through the sinful years.

And now it beats, that chosen Heart
To which a God shall cling as child;
The Mother of the all-holy God,
Can she with sin be e'er defiled?
No, not for briefest moment can
The creature, whom God loves so well
That He will soon her Son become,
Be soiled with sin, a slave of hell.

What filial heart but fain would save
Mother beloved from shame and harm?
Would make her perfect, beautiful,
With all that filial heart can charm?—
Would add fresh graces to her mind
And every fault and flaw remove,
That so that dearest one might be
More worthy of all filial love?

Then, what unutterable store
Of graces Mary's soul must fill.
Her Son is God, and with a wish
Can make her whatso'er He will.
Her Son is the Eternal Lord
To Whom nought future is nor past;
He could not let her longed-for dawn
By sin's eclipse be overcast.

But it will be asked, if Our Lady was so singularly favored how can she be said to have been redeemed?

Those who urge this difficulty seem to forget that there is a double redemption; there is the redemption which *saves* a prisoner already in chains, and there is the redemption which hastens, as it were, its saving work, and *prevents* the object of our affection from being enchained; there is the redemption which is a *remedy,* there is the redemption which *preserves.* Like all the rest of mankind the Blessed Virgin was certainly redeemed by the precious blood of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the one Dispenser of Redemption; but her redemption was necessarily unlike that of those who had already contracted the taint of original sin. In these, redemption breaks the chains already forged; in her case redemption prevented the forging of the shackles; in these redemption blots out the stain already made; in her case redemption prevents the formation of any stain; in these the havoc-working entail had passed; in her case grace prevented the transmission of the sin-laden entail. With others redemption is *liberation,* with her redemption was *preservation.* With others grace *cancels* sin, with her grace *conferred immunity* therefrom. But this fitting and wondrous preservation was

wrought solely by the merits of the Redeemer, whose Mother she had been chosen to be. But for the precious blood there could not have been in this guilt-stained world an Immaculate Conception; but for the precious blood there could not have been this glorious vision of flawless beauty in the soul-world. Redeemed, indeed, she was, as redeemed she had to be, but this work of uplifting love was accomplished for her in a more glorious way than for the other descendants of the race. This privilege does not, as ignorance and prejudice have asserted, make her independent of Christ, but rather binds her to Him by a stronger and closer chain. Wonderful favor! But with God all favors are possible. How well Father Russell brings out this important truth:

"For say not, that this privilege
Doth Christ the Conqueror bereave
Of one high trophy—as if all
The lost and outcast race of Eve
Were purchased by His blood, while she
Exempt and unredeemed, apart
Had need of no redeeming tide
To purify her purest heart.

Hold, this were falsest blasphemy.
Her, most and first, did Jesus save,
For his own Mother pouring out
The life-blood which that Mother gave;
Most glorious triumph of the cross,
Redeemed more plenteously than all—
From those outstretched and pierced hands
Her countless gifts and graces fall."

It has sometimes been said, by those outside the Church, that the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception formed an addition to the body of doctrines hitherto held. To understand the position of the Church we must bear in mind that, by the definition of an article of faith, we do not mean that new doctrines are invented, that something begins to be true which was not true before, or that Catholic teaching can change. We hold firmly to the doctrine that the entire body of public revealed dogma was closed with the death of the last Apostle. There can be no addition to the deposit of faith as handed down to us by the members of the Apostolic College. But the truths of revelation are not all contained in the original deposit in the same manner; some are expressed therein in specific and unmistakeable terms; others only vaguely and, as it were, by way of germ. Consequently, while there can be no objective addition to the dogmas of faith, there can be a development from within inasmuch as that which before was obscure may, under the searching wisdom of the Supreme Pontiff and of the Doctors of the Church, become clear, that which was crudely expressed may be accurately and technically defined, that which was but implied in some other truth may be drawn out and explicitly stated. As time goes on, as doubts and difficulties arise, it becomes necessary to determine the boundaries of thought and to adopt those expressions which will prevent all misconception, misrepresentation, or vagueness. For this was the Church instituted to guard and keep the deposit of faith and to explain it to the faithful. Truth changes not; dogmatic facts do not cease to be; what was true when Our Lord preached in the towns and hamlets of the Holy Land is true now and will be true unto the end, but the clearness with which these are perceived will be in proportion to the intensity of the light thrown upon them. The Church only defines doctrine as necessity arises, or as wisdom dictates the advisability of such a course.

Going back through the centuries and pondering over the writings of the many learned and holy men of God who have at one time or another illumined the world, it is surprising to trace the wonderful uniformity in teaching on the Immaculate Conception among Theologians and Doctors of widely different characters and education, living in distant

places and under most diverse circumstances. From the brave St. Andrew we have the following in his profession of faith before the Proconsul Egeus: "Because the first man was created of immaculate earth, it was necessary that the perfect man should be born of an immaculate virgin, through whose means the Son of God might repair that eternal life which had been lost through Adam." As St. Andrew suffered martyrdom in the year 96, his words are a striking proof of the belief of the Apostolic age. Remarkable, too, are the expressions in the Liturgy of St. James: "We greet thee, most holy, most glorious, Mother of God and ever Virgin, Immaculate in every particular, free from every stain of sin-burdened humanity." These terms found an echo in the writings of succeeding authors, who apparently delighted in paraphrasing the sayings of the Apostles. What could be more explicit than the assertion of the gifted Augustine of Hippo: "Except the Holy Virgin, concerning whom the honor of God forbids that mention should be made, when there is question of sin (*all others including the children of baptized persons*), are born in original sin, for we know that to her grace was given to overcome sin in every respect." Saint John of Damascus, that ardent client of Our Lady, cries out: ("In Mary) nature gave way to grace and stood trembling, not daring to proceed. Grace at once produced its fruit, while nature patiently waited." What a clear clarion tone there is in the declaration of St. Bonaventure: "I assert that Our Lady was full of preventing grace in her special sanctification, that is, of preservative grace against the stains of original sin which she would have contracted from the very corruption of human nature, had she not been assisted and preserved by a special gift. For only the Son of the Virgin and His Virgin Mother were free from original sin."

But why multiply quotations? Suffice it to say that from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South there is an unbroken chain of writers, all bearing solemn witness to the truth that the ancestral fault was, by a special intervention of Almighty God, hindered from defiling the soul of the Redeemer's Mother. Even the schismatical Christians of the Orient, who give us the teachings of the early centuries, acknowledge the dignity and prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin with an undoubted conviction of her absolute sinlessness. That among this general chorus of praise some discordant notes are heard is not to be wondered at. Where a point of doctrine is not perfectly clear, men are free to express their individual views, until the dispute is settled by competent authority. The great body of writers was, certainly, in the affirmative, and from all parts of the Christian world there went up a cry through the centuries imploring the Supreme Pontiffs to settle forever the subject under discussion. It seemed, at one time, as though the influential Council of Trent would have rendered this decision, but that glory was reserved for the illustrious and saintly Pius IX, who after prolonged and searching investigations into the teachings of the past and after intense entreaties to the Holy Spirit for enlightment and guidance, gladdened the whole Christian world on the eighth day of December, 1854, by solemnly proclaiming that "the doctrine which holds that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, was, by the singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and in consideration of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, preserved free from all stain of original sin—is a doctrine re-

vealed by God, and therefore most firmly and constantly to be believed by all the faithful."

A soul-like sound, subdued yet strong,
  A whispered music, mystery-rife,
A sound like Eden airs among
  The branches of the Tree of Life—

At first no more than this; at last
  The voice of every land and clime,
It swept o'er Earth, a clarion blast:
  Earth heard, and shook with joy sublime.

Mary, thy triumph was her own.
  In thee she saw her prime restored:
She saw ascend a spotless throne
  For Him, her Saviour, and her Lord.

The Church had spoken. She that dwells
  Sun-clad with beatific light,
From Truth's unvanquished citadels,
  From Sion's Apostolic height,

Had stretched her sceptred hands, and pressed
  The seal of faith, defined and known,
Upon that Truth till then confessed
  By Love's instinctive sense alone.

(De Vere.)

WITH FALLING LEAF.

BY ELIZABETH KELLY.

That once again
Might o'er us bend the skies of world-old blue
Which arched above those vanished harvest lands;
That through the cool red dusk the sleepy rooks
Might drift to cradled nest in sighing pine,
And still the moonlight's aching peace might lie
On stubbled fields and autumn's garnered spoils:
That to us yet the swift October winds—
Nomadic guests from far Arcadian lands—
Might whisper of deep orchards, sun-caressed,
And greenwalled dikelands, seagirt, fog enwrapped . . .
And ah, that just once more,
From incensed gloom of some dim, vine-crowned hill,
Where smoulder low the autumn's altar fires,
Might float that vagrant strain of melody
The earth's white lures had wrung from peasant lute:
The strain of hopeless, yearning tenderness
That wandered sobbing through the silver hush
And wove its cadenced sadness with the night,
Until our groping hearts responsive thrilled
To ancient voices, nascent with the stars;
Until all life was only youth and love,
And we, too, dreamed the old, divine, sad dreams.

"UN CANADIEN ERRANT."

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

When M. Gregoire Rochon and Madame Eugénie, his wife, made up their minds to accept a long-standing invitation from a married niece in the United States, and pay her a visit at her home at Egleston Square, Boston, the decision, when it became known, created not a little stir in the parish. To be sure, this was not the first journey of the old couple beyond the Canadian border; they had already taken advantage of a certain autumn excursion some years previous to go to Manchester, N. H., where they had enjoyed a gala week among expatriated relatives and friends. But when people of such consequence in a community as the Rochons move from their accustomed routine the event cannot remain unnoticed and uncommented upon.

It would be difficult to say how many things M. Rochon was in the township of St. Christophe, where he resided. Had St. Christophe been a city he would, of course, have been its mayor. As it had not attained that dignity he represented in his person about every functionary except the *notaire* and the doctor. He was the constable and the keeper of the pound; he was the sheriff and the auctioneer; he was the surveyor and the church-warden, and last and most important of all, he was the banker in a way, for he kept the *magazin,* the general store, and between the barter of farm produce for groceries and hardware, and the custody of many long-standing accounts, he held in his hands, in the fluctuations of good times and hard, the destiny of a large part of the population. So, when the word went abroad that he and Madame were to set forth upon another *voyage,* St. Christophe became agitated by sympathetic interest. The subject was discussed in the seclusion of snug kitchens, on the way to market, during chance encounters at cross-roads, and most of all in the *magazin* itself, where trade was always enlivened by plenty of conversation. Often, for it was the leisure season of late October, there would be as many as four or even five *charrettes* drawn up before the door at a time, the horses left to chew holes sociably in the old fence while their owners leaned comfortably upon the counter and interviewed the proprietor with unenvious curiosity. All had heard of Boston, two or three had been there in their youthful days, but that other place with the unpronounceable name — Egleston Square— it had a spice of uncertainty about it which strongly enhanced its fascinations.

"It is a part of Boston," M. Rochon would explain, displaying the letter containing his directions. "You get off the steam cars, take the electric cars, ride awhile, change at a certain point, ride another half hour or so and there you are."

It certainly sounded very simple. The audience listened with admiring attention.

"But," he would add impressively; "the electric cars which we take at the railway station are not on the level with the ground. The track is elevated—way up, high, as high as the top of that maple tree out there."

This seemed not so simple. The audience began to be awed. To fly along city streets at the altitude described did not strike them as an agreeable mode of traveling. They thought also of stout Madame Rochon and wondered how she would like it. No one, however, ventured to express any doubt as to M. Rochon's

ability to pilot himself and his wife, or any number of persons for that matter, with perfect ease and safety through the most difficult mazes of foreign highways, whether the cars therein were high in the air, deep in the ground, or merely upon the surface of the earth. Such a doubt would have seemed the height of presumption and disrespect.

It was not until the trip had been commented upon for a good three weeks, and was finally only four days distant (the Rochons did nothing hurriedly) that the first shadow of this nature fell upon the minds of St. Christophe.

It was cast, it is true, by that incorrigible creature, young Joe Lafleur, who must have his joke whatever might be the time or circumstance; but it left an impression, nevertheless, as the shadows of even such inconsequential people sometimes do.

On the fourth day before the long anticipated departure, Joe made his appearance in the village street, driving his half-broken colt recklessly, as was his wont, and singing at the top of his voice, as was another of his lively methods of heralding his approach. As he drew up with a flourish before the store, no one within at first paid any heed to the nature of his vocal effort, for there was, in fact, nothing about Joe or his numerous songs which could be in the least a novelty to any of them; but the persistency with which he lingered over the simple act of alighting, for the purpose as it seemed of voicing a serenade, at length drew the attention of the group within the building to his vocal efforts.

It was evident that Joe had been awaiting this moment for he began his ditty again with renewed vigor:

"Un Canadien errant
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers."

He had jumped down by this time from the cart and was opening the door.

"Si tu vois mon pays
Mon pays malheureuse
Va dire à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'euse."

The door closed with a bang and Joe made his way to the counter.

"Plongé dans la douleur,
Loin de mes chers parents,
J'ai passé dans les pleurs
Bien de triste moments."

M. Rochon laughed. "Oh, I know well enough, you rascal," he cried as the singer came to a stop.

"I know well enough why you are giving us that song. You want to frighten me because I am going to take a little vacation. You want to make me think that I will be lonesome in that strange place, that I'll cry for the *magazin* and St. Christophe."

Joe regarded the speaker in affected surprise.

"You going away again Grandpère Rochon?" he asked innocently. "Don't do that my friend, you are too old. Stay at home and tend the store and make some more money."

"Too old, am I?" cried M. Rochon. "Isn't that like his impudence! I hope you will be able to look out for yourself as well when you are my age. As for the money, I can afford this expense, and I'm not going to think once about the store. It will be here all right when I come back ready to bring me in a few more good dollars."

The jester sighed. "But Grandpère," he said dolefully, "supposing you never come back. How will you be able to find this—what do you call it—this Egleston Square? You are going to get lost, that's what you are going to do."

The elder man smiled in a superior manner. Producing the letter he read for the hundredth time the instructions contained in its pages. As he finished, those present looked at Joe triumphantly. Would he now pretend even in sport that the father of St. Christophe did not know what he was about—that he was setting off blindly like a child on this bold expedition?

The scoffer, however, remained unimpressed.

"The elevated cars!" he exclaimed. "That's just the danger. Do you know what it is like, riding in those cars? It is whisk, slam, bang, off; here there, everywhere, nowhere. You can't find yourself and no one else can find you. And, suppose they jump off the track! As for me not all the nieces in the United States would tempt me to risk myself in them. And you Grandpère, don't get into them or you'll regret it."

But M. Rochon refused to be dismayed.

"You are right, my son," he exclaimed with irony, "take good care of yourself, don't give St. Christophe a chance of losing you. Let Old Rochon run the risk, he is not so valuable and nobody will miss him if he never comes back."

II.

It was a lively delegation of townspeople augmented by some friends from Montreal that accompanied the Rochons to the Windsor Station in that city on the evening of their departure to bid them *bon voyage*. There was much hilarity among them as they assisted the couple to purchase their tickets, manage their luggage and finally establish themselves in the proper car.

The Rochons were well fitted out for the journey. As the November days were bringing with them a touch of winter weather, M. Rochon had donned his long coat of raccoon fur and his fur cap. His wife was also wrapped in her stout winter garments and thus attired neither cared any more for the north winds that might blow than for so many spring zephyrs. Monsieur carried the large gripsack and Madame clung to her own private hamper in which, besides the lunch to be eaten on the way, were packed sundry choice pats of butter, squares of golden honey, and bottles of strawberry *confiture*, all intended for the delectation of the city niece.

By the time these valuables had been stored away the bell began to sound its warning for visitors to depart, and with many embraces and a few tears the friends tore themselves apart, and the trip for the two old people was really begun.

As long as the lights of the city could be seen, the Rochons peered eagerly through the windows, noting with affection each familiar station and landmark, and keeping in view even the dim outline of the mountain stretching black and mysterious against the starry sky. Then, lights and shapes began to disappear, a deep rumble, and the roar of water told them they were crossing the St. Lawrence, and in a few minutes more, the river and the city lay behind them and a dark and unguessed land before.

For a moment a sensation of desolation and homesickness took possession of them, but this feeling soon gave way to pleasant anticipations of the morrow. After awhile the hamper was brought out and its contents sampled and then, the claims of the midnight making themselves felt, arrangements for the few hours' slumber were made, and sleep in spite of unaccustomed surroundings came shortly to visit them.

Early dawn was looking in at the windows before they awoke suddenly to gaze upon a new world.

And surely it was a new world! In their own northern country they had left winter, sullen and fierce; here it was still

golden autumn, the most glorious of Indian summers. As they entered the big cities on the Merrimac River the noise and bustle of early traffic, and the feverish rush of hurrying wage-earners greeted them bewilderingly. The whistles of the great mills shrieked their morning call; the big clocks clanged the hour; crowds filled the sidewalks; and into the car in which they sat poured also scores of travelers bound like themselves for Boston.

When finally they arrived at the long-talked-of city and steamed into the great Union Station, so long and high and wide that its vast dimensions filled them at once with wonder and dismay, it was to behold that great building in all the excitement of the busiest hour of the morning. Suburban wage-earners, — men, women, boys, girls flocked in throngs from the constantly arriving trains and hurried with the speed of long familiarity down the vast platforms, right and left through banging doors, into the street to make the swiftest speed possible to the scene of their labors.

To Monsieur and Madame Rochon, dropped into the midst of this confusion, it seemed as if some public celebration must be taking place to which the population for many miles around was hurrying. They could scarcely believe that this was an unvarying daily program, and that people were accustomed to move at this rate of speed during a whole lifetime. There was no time for them to linger and speculate, however. If they wished to reach the end of their journey, an end now apparently so close at hand, it was evident they must follow the example set before them, so in the wake of the throng they made their way through the building, and gained the sidewalk where they paused to consider the next step.

The wide spaces outside the railway station showed the same animation as those within and for a moment a little feeling of dismay crept into M. Rochon's stout heart, making him ask himself if, after all, there were difficulties at times to be encountered upon pleasure excursions. But with the thought appeared immediately a picture of the mischievous face that had mocked at him back in St. Christophe, and his boldness returned. He repeated the well memorized story: "Take the elevated cars at the Union Station and change"—yes, he had the whole lesson, and the time was now at hand to show its value. Where should he find the elevated cars? He gazed about in uncertainty and then he heard a mighty rush and roar, a thundering rumble that shook the ground on which they stood and looking a short distance down the street he saw approaching at a rapid rate upon a high iron bridge, a long train of cars. The train stopped at a tower-like building which he now perceived was a station, and then from its great altitude suddenly swooped down and buried itself in the bowels of the earth. Madame Rochon, who had also watched this proceeding, gasped.

"Must we go that way?" she whispered. The height, the noise, the velocity took her breath away even from her safety point of firm ground, but M. Rochon rose to the occasion. He thought again of his young friend Joe, and his many aspersions and knew that the time had arrived to disprove them.

"That is the way," he said with decision. "Come, we may as well start."

As the greater number of the people leaving the railway station were in search of the same means of transportation it was no difficult matter to find the shortest route to their lofty objective point. Firmly grasping their heavy bags they placed themselves once more in the stream and were borne across the street, up a twisted flight of stairs and deposited upon a platform at the very edge of an unprotected row of rails. Scarcely had they drawn

breath from these exertions when again the sound of thunder was heard, and a long train dashed into their faces with the fury of destruction. Gates opened and clanged, guards shouted, passengers flung themselves on board and before M. Rochon could realize what had happened, off it had whizzed again like the wind.

No less than three times in rapid succession was this scene enacted, and meanwhile the Rochons had been banged and jostled and tramped on by the angry horde whose path they impeded. Young girls with summer white shirt-waists bulging from their jackets tumbled against M. Rochon's fur coat, and recovering themselves retired tittering, and making audible remarks about polar bears. Young men collided with Madame's hamper and passed on with angry glances and no word of apology. It was plain they must make an attempt to find the car for Egleston Square. When the next train arrived M. Rochon stepped up to the guard as he opened the gate. Monsieur could speak good English. He spoke it now.

"We wish, sir," he began politely, "to find the"—"Subway to Park Street," shouted the young man; "Subway to Park."

A dozen forms dashed through the gate, it closed again, and the gentlemanly questioner remained standing in the same spot.

His second attempt was made with less politeness and less assurance. He was beginning to feel very warm. The sun was high in the heavens and the furs which had proved such a friendly comfort the day before were now an intolerable weight. Madame also looked faint and weary and fear was plainly written on her pale countenance. As the moment arrived for another appeal he drew a long breath and chose his words carefully.

"We wish to go to Egleston Square," he said trying to hold the guard with his eye.

But if the guard heard him he made no sign. M. Rochon might as well have been thin air so completely did he ignore his presence.

"This train for—." He sang his long list of stations in a high pitched refrain ending with "Step lively now, *step* lively."

The Rochons did not "step lively," for the simple reason that they did not step at all. The whirr of names which had fallen upon his ear had conveyed no more meaning to M. Rochon's dazed brain, than so many words in the Iroquois tongue. Whether that turning point from which they were to proceed to the residence of their relation had been enumerated or not, he could not determine. But like time and the tide nothing connected with this system of rapid transit was disposed to wait. While he deliberated, the young man and his song disappeared and once more he found himself left behind.

But this sort of thing could not go on forever. It was necessary to act whatever the consequences. An expression of grim determination settled upon M. Rochon's warm countenance. He clutched Madame firmly with one hand and tightened his hold upon the gripsack with the other.

"We take the next train that comes," he said sternly.

And they did. The conductor pulled them in front and the crowd pushed them in the rear and thus unceremoniously they tumbled into the car and into seats.

Then began a ride of which M. Rochon never speaks, and which Madame refers to only in secret and with bated breath and paling face.

Did the course include Dudley Street, where they were to change for their destination? Not for worlds would Monsieur ask the hated question. It was his intention to get out at the end of the route, and once on the level of the ground

to proceed in the quietest way possible to that unlucky spot. But there was no end. First they dashed into the subway's inky tunnel whose reverberating noise and blinding darkness filled them with fear and confusion. After a period in this region they were borne aloft again and whirled through a maze of streets on a level with second story windows. The ride beneath the surface of the earth had been unpleasant enough, but this experience was still more terrifying. The words of young Joe flashed through their minds "Suppose the cars jump off the track!" It certainly seemed that there was nothing to prevent them from leaving the narrow rail and plunging into the street below. Now and then pauses occurred in the mad progress through mid air during which people got on or off the car, but the Rochons never thought of stirring. Where they were or where they might be going was no longer a matter of importance. If the train ever finally came to a stop they would get off, but to attempt a descent while traveling at such a speed was not to be thought of. Whatever safety there might be seemed to lie in desperate clinging to the seat.

How many times the Rochons made the circuit of the especial train which they had happened to take, how many times they were cast back and forth between the Union Station and the opposite end of the line will never be known. The honey in Madame's hamper had time to mingle in friendly companionship with the strawberry preserve, the butter to be churned a second time before the conductor at last investigated their case and gave them directions where to alight.

Once upon the sidewalk M. Rochon was not long in finding a public conveyance drawn by a commonplace horse. To the driver of the conveyance he gave for the last time the address of the niece at Egleston Square. The ride was a long one and when it came to an end M. Rochon discovered that its cost was four dollars and a half. The driver on perceiving that the five-dollar bill handed him was Canadian said that he would be obliged to keep the other fifty cents for discount. But the Rochons did not mind. What was five dollars compared to safety and the knowledge that they had really arrived.

Some weeks later there was a little celebration at the home of M. Rochon at St. Christophe to celebrate the arrival of himself and his worthy wife at their old home. Everyone had a dozen questions to ask. In fact although he had so much to tell, M. Rochon found it impossible to answer every enquiry put to him. There was one especially which he cast aside slightingly as unworthy consideration amid loftier topics.

"But that elevated railway, M. Rochon, is it pleasant and easy to travel upon? You didn't get lost, did you?"

All present paused expectantly for the reply. But M. Rochon waved his hand contemptuously.

"It is much the same as I expected—very high, and the cars go fast, but you do not get lost, you arrive finally."

As he dismissed the subject thus easily, he happened to catch the eyes of Joe Lafleur fixed on him steadily, and in their depths—but no, surely M. Rochon did not find in their depths a certain impish knowledge. How could Joe guess his secret!

THE IRISH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

II.

DR. WILLIAM STOKES.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., M.D.

Very closely associated with the name of Robert Graves in all that made the Irish School of Medicine influential for good, about the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, is that of William Stokes. Stokes' work on Diseases of the Chest and, later in life, his treatise on Diseases of the Heart and Aorta stamp him as one of the great physicians of all time. His name is assured of immortality in medicine, because with the well-known Scotch physician, Cheyne, who came to Dublin late in the second decade of the nineteenth century, his name is associated in the term most commonly used for a form of breathing, having special diagnostic and prognostic significance in certain serious diseases, and which is known as Cheyne-Stokes respiration. Even more interesting, however, than Stokes the physician, is as we shall see, Stokes the man, and all that he stood for in his generation in Dublin, during a long life.

William Stokes was of a family that had long been distinguished in Dublin for scholarship. While his ancestors came originally from England, five generations occupied more or less prominent positions in the public life of Ireland and they had lived in Dublin for more than one hundred and fifty years before Stokes began to be prominent in Irish medicine. His father, Whitley Stokes, had been a scholar and Senior Fellow of Trinity College and was prominent in the scientific, political, and literary circles of the Irish capital at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. He had been a member of the United Irishmen, but fearing that the revolutionary principles that were being propagated would only bring about an ineffectual rebellion, he separated himself from them, though years after when the United Irishmen came under the ban of the English government his previous connection with them cost him suspension from his fellowship. Later on, however, Whitley Stokes became the Regius Professor of the Practice of Medicine at Trinity College, a chair which he held until succeeded by his son, William, the subject of this sketch, in the early forties of the nineteenth century. Something of the character of the man can be judged from the fact that, though he was a distinguished physician and interested in every branch of science, taking an active part in the foundation of Trinity College Botanical Gardens, and being one of the founders of the Zoological Garden, in Phœnix Park, he was also the author of a prize essay in reply to Tom Paine's Age of Reason, which was then attracting so much attention.

Our William Stokes was the second son of Whitley Stokes, and was born in Dublin in 1804. Like many another distinguished investigator in science, he was not looked upon as a bright student as a boy, and indeed could be prevailed upon to interest himself only very slightly in what is usually considered to be absolutely necessary fundamental work in education. He had a great love for poetry and romance, which indeed he carried with him all his life. The Scottish Border Ballads were his favorite reading, and he spent days in committing them to memory. Almost needless to say his apparent in-

dolence and disinclination to any steady methodical system of study were as his son, the late Sir William Stokes, records in his biography of his father, sources of real concern to his parents, and caused his mother specially much anxious thought. One day while reading his favorite author, Sir Walter Scott, he fell asleep—to be awakened shortly after by some warm drops falling on his face. He started up to find his mother bending over him. It was her tears that had awakened him. Stung with remorse at having been the cause of so much sorrow to the mother whom he loved very dearly, his nature underwent an immediate and salutary change, and the dreamy, indolent boy became thereafter the ardent and enthusiastic student.

Stokes amply made up for any neglect of study there might have been in his boyhood days as soon as he entered upon the medical course to which he felt called. Here he came to be looked upon as one of the most ardent and painstaking of students.

His preliminary medical studies were begun in Dublin at the Meath Hospital. Chemistry he learned in the laboratory of Trinity College and anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons. After spending several years thus he went to Glasgow where for two years more he was occupied mainly at chemistry in the laboratory of Professor Thompson. Like most of the young Irishmen of his time, he next proceeded to Edinburgh in order to complete his education in clinical medicine and if possible obtain his medical degree from that famous institution. It was at Edinburgh, under the magnetic influence of that great teacher, Allison, that Stokes began to develop the rare powers of original observation which at an early age placed him in the front rank of the best medical men of the time.

It is interesting to note that before he left Edinburgh he published his first medical work, a treatise on the use of the stethoscope, which was undoubtedly the means of bringing that instrument—and with it Laennec's fruitful system of physical diagnosis by means of auscultation—to the general notice of the English-speaking medical profession. Even after all that has been written on the subject, it remains a very valuable little book. It was dedicated to the famous Cullen, who had already published a series of cases which had been illustrated by the use of the stethoscope and to whom Stokes probably owed the idea of the need for a formal little treatise on the subject. It is typical of the slow adoption of medical novelties that more than ten years afterwards, old time, though distinguished, physicians not infrequently made fun of Stokes for spending so much time in the study of cases with the stethoscope, since they were apt to consider it as little more than a toy. Stokes, however, intensely practical in his way, realized the value of the instrument, and as the result of his teaching it soon began to be more generally used, thus introducing that exact knowledge of diseases of the chest, which can only be obtained by means of this little instrument and the methods of auscultation which are associated with it.

Immediately after graduation, Stokes settled down in his native city to practise. In 1826, when Stokes was only twenty-two, Dublin was visited by one of those epidemics of typhus fever which were so common in the first half of the nineteenth century, and which consisted evidently, at least to a great degree, of what we now call typhoid fever, but intermixed with many cases of the real dread typhus. The mortality in such epidemics, as we have reason to know from statistics here in New York, was always

over twenty-five per cent. and often reached far above fifty per cent. The manner of contagion was unknown, only it was very well understood that those much in contact with the patients were likely to contract the disease. Among the poorer classes in Dublin the fever raged with virulence, but young Stokes devoted himself to the care of patients almost to an extent that taxed his physical powers of endurance, devoting himself especially to the poorer classes. He did not contract the fever during the height of the epidemic in 1826, but he did in 1827, when it recurred, but fortunately he suffered in a mild form.

Another epidemic disease, Asiatic Cholera, the danger from which has been almost entirely removed by the progress of modern medicine in modern times, followed not long after. It showed itself in Dublin, when Stokes was about twenty-five. He it was who recognized the first case of the disease, and sounded the note of warning that probably saved many lives by calling attention to the danger that was just beginning. Once more he devoted himself to the care of the patients and, as with regard to typhus fever, wrote an account of his experiences, which is in itself a valuable medical document that shows the powers of observation of the young medical man.

Stokes spent himself in labor for the poor, and his deep interest in their welfare led him to sacrifice much time in order to organize medical charities for his unfortunate countrymen during the sad years of that awful fifth decade of the nineteenth century. His interest in this matter of organization led him also to realize how much might be accomplished by public hygiene and efficient government sanitation. He recognized too how much would be accomplished along these lines if men were given proper training, to make them specialists in these subjects. To Stokes then, almost more than to any other man, is due the development of public sanitation as a special science, and its organization for the proper safeguarding of public hygiene.

His efforts, especially with regard to the physicians of Ireland, who so nobly sacrificed, not unfrequently at the expense of other practice, their time, health, and often even their lives, in order to aid their stricken countrymen, form one of the best monuments to his tender sympathy and his goodness of heart as a man. His testimony before the Parliamentary Committee was at this time of the utmost value in securing due recognition of their services.

In 1843, when the Medical Charities Bill was brought forward, Stokes and Cusack united in the effort to procure for these devoted men an amelioration of the conditions under which they labored. They repaired to London to give evidence on the subject before the House of Commons. Both these friends had had to deplore the loss of many of their dearest and most promising pupils, who, after a short experience of country practice, had fallen victims to fever, contracted in the discharge of their duties. They pleaded that in all justice the remuneration for attendance on fever hospitals and dispensaries should be fixed at a liberal scale, and that some provision ought to be made for the widows and children of gentlemen who had lost their lives in the public service. They collected statistics which proved that during a period of twenty-five years the mortality of the medical practitioners of Ireland was twenty-four per cent., while in most instances the cause of death was typhus fever. They showed that, on the authority of Inspector-General Marshall, the comparative mortality of combatant offi-

cers in the army was less than half that, amounting to only ten and a quarter per cent. It was little to be wondered at that William Stokes should say, in answer to the chairman's question regarding the existence of any special risk to the medical officer in Ireland: "Such a number of my pupils have been cut off by typhus fever as to make me feel very uneasy when any of them take a dispensary office in Ireland. I look upon it almost as going into battle." Again he observes: "The medical practitioners in Ireland are placed in a position very different from, and far more serious, than that of their brethren in Great Britain. . . . The Irish physician is often exposed to contagion in its most concentrated force when himself under the influences of cold, wet, fatigue, and hunger, as he labors among the poor, passing from hovel to hovel in wild and thinly-populated but extensive districts. He has often to ride for many hours in the worst weather, and at night, enduring great fatigue, while himself a prey to mental as well as physical suffering, for if we add to such labor the injurious influence which the knowledge of danger must have on the system of a man feeling that he is struck down by the disease under which he has seen so many sink, and tortured by the thought of leaving a young family unprovided for, we can understand how it happens that the country is so often deprived by death of so many of its best-educated and most devoted servants."

Perhaps the most interesting phases of Stokes' purely medical work during the first part of his career is his treatment of the subject of consumption. When not quite thirty-three he wrote a treatise on the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the chest. His familiarity with the work of Graves and of Auenbrugger gave him command of all the modern methods of physical diagnosis, so that he was able to study tuberculosis to the best possible advantage and with the least possible chance of too favorable judgment with regard to its cure. Notwithstanding the accuracy of his knowledge, however, he insisted that the disease was curable and that the important point with regard to it was the recognition of it as early as possible, in order that the patient might be given the best chance for life.

At that time most physicians considered tuberculosis to be an hereditary disease, without any idea of its being possibly contagious, and this idea of heredity seemed to set the stamp of inevitable fatality on the heads of victims of the disease. To announce the curability of tuberculosis then was to run counter to all the medical traditions of the time, and Stokes in doing so must have had in support of his teaching many observations of patients who had been cured notwithstanding the fact that they were assured sufferers from this supposedly fatal disease. We know at the present time that Stokes was surely correct in his judgment in this matter, and realize too that his method of treatment, which included abundant feeding and long hours each day in the outdoor air, constitutes the best elements of the modern treatment of tuberculosis.

While Stokes felt deeply for the Irish people, and the conditions under which they were laboring, he had very little active sympathy with any of the movements for their relief. He was a man of early middle life when O'Connell's agitation began, but he took no part in the movement. Later on, when his personal friend, Isaac Butt, was engaged in his great political work for Ireland, Stokes tried to dissuade him from it, feeling that the arousing of the people only led to a tighter riveting of their chains. He re-

alized, however, all the iniquity of the union of the Irish and English parliaments and a favorite story of his was told with regard to one of the members of the Irish Parliament who sold themselves to England. This member, finding that he was unnoticed in the distribution of rewards, after the passage of the Union, though eighteen of his fellow members were raised to the peerage, waited on the Secretary of State and in an injured tone complained of having been neglected. The Secretary answered in the blandest manner: "The government, sir, is most anxious to do all it can to assist those who supported it. What is the object of your ambition?"

"Make me aqual to the rest of the blackguards," was the prompt reply of this conscientious legislator.

Stokes used to add: "History does not tell if his quite reasonable request was granted."

In the midst of Stokes' sympathy for his compatriots there was always a counter-current of reactionary feeling as if he feared that Celtic enthusiasm for reform would over-step the mark and bring evils in its train, even more than the good it might entail. The following letter to a friend, as representing one phase of this feeling on the part of a true-hearted Irishman seems worth reproducing, because it suggests thoughts with regard to the present movement that warn of possible dangers from the commercial spirit that must be avoided at all hazards, if Irishmen are to retain the influence their idealism has ever given them in whatever part of the world they might be:

"October 27, 1836.—You will be sorry to hear that I have been for two days down to Connemara, to see poor Macnamara. He is dying. Oh! what a tragedy it will be! We expect him up to town this week. I never saw the glorious Lough Corrib look so beautiful. I was entertained by Miss Blake; she is a perfect specimen of the old Irish aristocracy. Tall, distinguished, elegantly-formed, with dark hair and exquisitely fair complexion; she looked, as she stood in her tapestried hall, a lady of romance; her youth, her mourning dress, her classic head, and the symbols of her loved religion all combined to form a picture not easily to be forgotten. The castle, grey and worn, stands on a green platform over the clear and rapid river through which the whole waters of Lough Mask and Lough Corrib rush to the sea. It reverses Byron's simile, 'All green and wildly fresh without,' etc., etc. You will say I am raving; but in truth a little time will level these ancient castles, and their highborn and honorable inhabitants and the feelings which their communion creates, and then 'utility' will have its reign, and 'common sense,' laughing at the past and the beautiful, will build factories with the remains of history, make money, and die."

Dr. Stokes' interest in Irish historical matters can be best judged from the fact that towards the close of his life, when he was extremely busy with his practice and medical work of many kinds, he took the time to write a life of his friend, George Petrie, the distinguished Irish antiquary. It will be recalled by those who are interested in Irish antiquities that Petrie's work eminently deserved this tribute and Stokes' life is worthy of Petrie's merit. Dr. Stokes' daughter Margaret, as the result of association with Petrie and her father's interest in Irish antiquities became a deep student of the same subject and wrote the little volume "Early Christian Art in Ireland," which has come to be the standard handbook on this subject for those who want

sure and definite information, yet are not specializing in antiquities.

On March 17, 1874, as a recognition of his interest in Irish antiquities, Stokes was nominated to the presidency of the Royal Irish Academy. "It was a new departure for the members of that society," says Stokes' biographer, "which is mainly representative of literature and abstract science, to choose a physician as their head, but it was felt that the time had now come when medicine had obtained, owing to the labors of Stokes and others, such a position in the estimation of literary and scientific men that the election of the Regius Professor of that art in Trinity College (to the presidency of the Royal Irish Academy), would be welcomed by the majority." Certainly no member of the medical profession could have been found more deserving of the tribute because of all that he had done for Irish medicine, and besides his broad sympathetic liberal interest in Irish antiquities eminently fitted him for this honorable position.

When Stokes death was announced at the beginning of January, 1878, the medical world felt that it had lost one of its most representative men. For some years before his death many honors had come, all unsought, to this worthy protagonist of Irish medicine. He had been made a member of the Prussian Order of Merit, and an honorary Fellow of many scientific societies on the Continent. He had received the rare distinction of the degree of LL.D. from Cambridge, and had been similarly honored by many other universities. Perhaps the honor that Stokes himself would have appreciated most came after his death, when the country people who had learned to know and love him asked to be allowed to carry his remains from Carrig Breac to the church of St. Fintan — the "grassy churchyard grave" where he was to be laid beside his beloved wife and children. They laid him in the same grave and beneath the same stone with her who was the beloved companion of his life and on whose tomb he had engraved these words:

"When the ear heard her, then it blessed her,
When the eye saw her it rejoiced,
When the poor and suffering came unto her
They were comforted."

Surely a union like theirs was not destined to be but passing.

Stokes' beautiful domestic affection was but another index of one of the most beautifully rounded types of man that ever lived. The affective side of his being, profoundly tender, deeply sympathetic, thoughtful always of others first, and humanly devoted to the poor and the helpless above all others, was typical of the best side of the Irish character. For this even more than for all he did for practical medicine (yet the absence of his work would make a large lacuna in nineteenth century medical progress) the race may well be proud of him. His example still lives to animate his professional brethren, one of whom said of him:

"Those who have seen Dr. Stokes at the bedside of the sick know how gentle, how refined, how kindly was his bearing towards the patient. Amid all the ardor of clinical observation and research he never for one moment forgot the sufferer before him—no thoughtless word from his lips, no rough or unkind action ever ruffled the calm confidence reposed in him by those who sought his skill and care. In many eloquent lectures delivered in the Meath Hospital he inculcated those Christian lessons of charity and thoughtfulness; and so by precept and example he strove to teach the duties of a true and God-fearing physician."

FATHER FERRAND AND A GROUP OF STUDENTS.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS IN JAPAN.

BY THE REV. JAMES ANTHONY WALSH.

A few weeks ago a missionary passed through Boston on the way from France to his adopted country, Japan. His stay was short, and comparatively few among the thousands of Catholics in and around the city caught even a glimpse of him; yet Father Claudius Ferrand, for such was his name (a Frenchman like most Catholic missionaries) was an interesting figure, and the story of his work is well worth telling. He is far away now and probably will never see these shores again, but the blessed Christmas-tide will find this good man where his heart was during his long and weary travels,—among the students of Japan. It is fourteen years since Father Ferrand left the famous Seminary for Foreign Missions in Paris. During nine years he labored in the Diocese of Nagasaki, Japan, and was then sent to the great city of Tokio to take up his special work for students, to whom his incessant toil is given. Though still a young man, the habits of the country of his adoption have told upon his physique, and the apostolic priest is already bent as if with age.

SCHOOLS IN JAPAN.

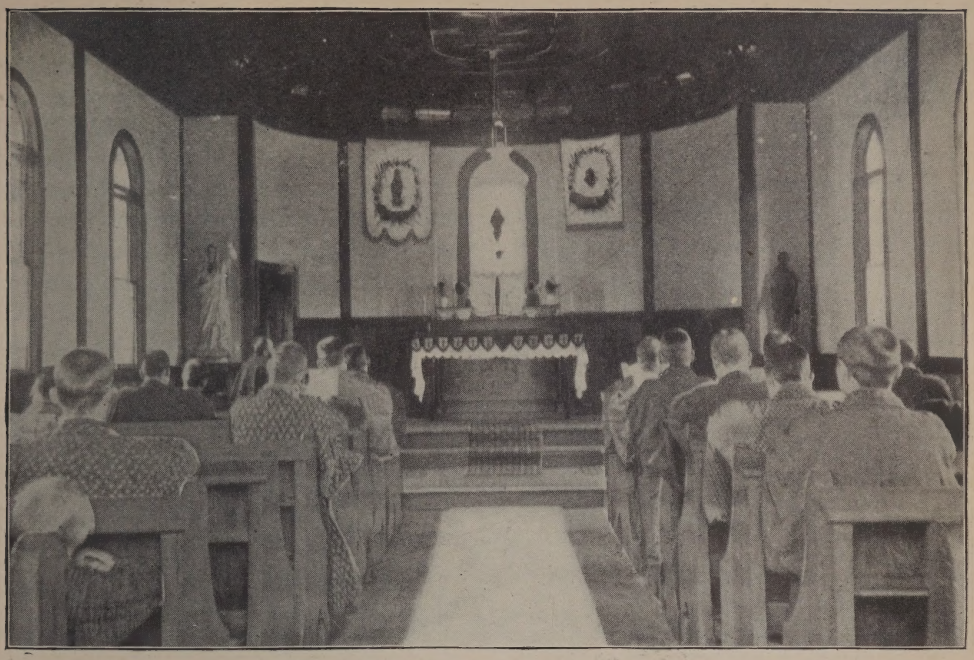
To-day in Japan every village has its primary school and every city its gram-

mar and normal schools. In this little empire where modern education dates only from the year 1868, there are now seven higher institutions of learning, with two imperial universities and one free university. In all, Japan counts 28,404 schools with from four to five millions of students, seventy-nine per cent of whom are male. The students in the higher grades attend classes from eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon. There are no dormitories connected with the colleges and universities, so that the young men must find lodging and board in private houses, usually in what are called Geshikuyas, or students' boarding houses, where they pay from six to eight yens a month,—three to four dollars. These Geshikuyas vary in size and accommodate from twenty to thirty, or even forty students at a time. The sole aim of the proprietors is profit, and all that is asked of a student is to make prompt and regular payments and to avoid setting the house on fire. Outside these conditions, the student is free to work, sleep, or do whatever pleases his fancy. As a result, precocious passions are often developed through the influence of dangerous companions; and many a youth in Japan has had his moral faculties blighted, robust health ruined, and his soul corrupted during his school life.

FATHER FERRAND'S IDEA.

Father Ferrand has been trying single-handed and almost without resources to counteract these conditions. He believes that the hope of converting Japan to Catholicity lies not so much in the conversion of the poorer or middle classes, as with the educated, especially students. If education makes these students atheists, the masses of the people will likewise become atheistic. If, on

CHAPEL OF NAZARETH. EXTERIOR.



CHAPEL OF NAZARETH. INTERIOR VIEW.

the other hand, the students are trained to a Catholic faith, the people can be easily led into the Church. The duty of the Catholic missionary then, as Father Ferrand sees it, is to save Japanese youth from the fatal tide of error and sin. To do this, Father Ferrand realizes, that it would undoubtedly be most desirable to establish Catholic colleges and universities, but this is out of the question. However, with comparatively little expense, save the initial cost of land and buildings, and with a small number of missionary priests, allowing one to each house, Geshikuyas could be maintained in the vicinity of all colleges and universities in Japan, and would draw large numbers of Japanese youth to the true faith of Christ. Such, in brief, is the great idea which Father Ferrand is striving to realize.

BEGINNING THE WORK.

The work of establishing a Catholic Geshikuya was started in 1899, with the official approbation of the Archbishop of Tokio. The chief difficulty was the total lack of funds, because the mission of Tokio is one of the poorest in the world. Father Ferrand rented a small house in the city and from the beginning many students expressed a desire to place themselves under his care, but he was obliged to refuse most of them. Encouraged, however, by the promising field, Father Ferrand went to Europe to gather funds, returning towards the end of the year 1902, with enough money to buy a piece of land and erect the first Catholic Geshikuya in Japan. The house is about ninety feet long and thirty feet wide, one story in height, and is capable of lodging forty students. It was solemnly blessed in the beginning of Christmas week 1902, being called "Nazareth," and was placed under the patronage of the Holy Family. Later a generous gift made possible the erection of a small chapel, which was built by the side of the Geshikuya in Tokio, and a second chapel was started about eighteen miles from Tokio, in the city of Kanazawa,

the seat of a higher college and many secondary schools.

PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

"Nazareth" in Tokio, then, is two years old the coming Christmas-tide, and during this period sixty-two young Japanese students have received therein the grace of conversion and the priceless advantages of a solid Christian training. The good name of "Nazareth" is spreading gradually through Tokio, and during the past year *one hundred and twenty-five students have been refused for lack of accommodation.* This is the reason why Father Ferrand recently visited France and Canada, and his journey was successful to the extent of enabling him to secure sufficient funds to erect another Geshikuya. His present ambition is to establish at least six of these houses in Tokio and chapels in the various cities of Japan which possess schools of higher instruction. He also desires to secure the services of a certain number of serious Japanese, well instructed and more or less detached from the material concerns of life, who, under the direction of the missionaries, would consecrate all their time and talent to the welfare of students; and, for the benefit of poor students endowed with exceptional qualities of mind and heart, he is striving to secure a few burses. Already the New York Seminary at Dunwoodie has promised Father Ferrand sixty dollars a year for five years in order to make up one of these burses.

MORNING TOILET AT THE "GESHIKUYA."

DAILY LIFE IN THE CATHOLIC GESHIKUYA.

The students rise at six o'clock. At six-twenty, morning prayers are said in the chapel, recited in turn by the Catholic students. From six-thirty to

seven is devoted to study. At seven o'clock breakfast is served, after which each student departs for his particular college. The students return in the afternoon and continue studies up to half-past four, during which time instructions preparatory to baptism, confession, and first communion, are given. Six o'clock is the supper hour, followed by recreation. At a quarter after seven o'clock the students go back to their attend Mass at the parochial church and Benediction at "Nazareth."

Every morning and night special prayers are recited for the benefactors of the house, and these prayers rising from Japanese hearts so long accustomed to the worship of idols, must surely be pleasing to God. They will win back graces for those in whose favor they are offered and for the students themselves.

STUDENTS AT RECREATION. A FENCING BOUT

rooms for study, or follow courses in French and English. At half past eight evening prayers are said, at the close of which a short homily is given on some Gospel text, and on Friday the beads are recited. At nine o'clock the students are free to continue study, or to retire for the night. At ten o'clock all must be in bed. Saturday and Sunday evenings there are conferences on the Catholic religion from half-past seven until nine o'clock, and every Sunday the students

RELIGIOUS CONFERENCES AT "NAZARETH."

In these conferences the great principles of Catholic philosophy and theology are explained with order and precision. Father Ferrand assures us, that, as a result, prejudices and errors, learned at the schools, gradually disappear, doubts vanish, the student's mind becomes enlightened, and grace finds easy access to his soul. The seeds of noble character, devotedness, and generosity, implanted by nature in the Japanese youth develop

wonderfully at the Geshikuya. Habits of prayer and Catholic practice are gradually formed, and the day inevitably arrives when the student who had entered, a pagan, expresses his desire to become a catechumen. Thus at "Nazareth" a choice generation of Christian soldiers is being prepared for the battle of life. These young men will soon finish their university course and enter into the activities of the city, each to follow his own calling; and it is Father Ferrand's firm conviction that, like new apostles, they will propagate widely the faith which they have received. By word and pen they will defend the doctrines of the Church and enlighten the friends and companions of their future life, so that public opinion will be gradually formed in favor of the Catholic religion.

A CHOP-STICK MEAL AT NAZARETH.

CHRISTMAS AT "NAZARETH."

The feast-days of the Christian year are always days of joy at "Nazareth" and the students, pagan as well as Christian, look forward eagerly to the approach of Christmas.

On the vigil of the feast, confessions are heard from two P. M. until six. Then follows a conference on the feast with a sermon to the catechumens who are about to receive baptism. When the ceremony of baptism has been performed there is a general illumination of the house and chapel with lanterns and lamps, while a procession is formed in the court-yard. Then the students, chanting in Japanese, carry the statue of the Infant Saviour to the crib which they have already constructed in the chapel.

Many young pagans, friends of the "Nazareth" students, assist at these ceremonies, and all take supper together after the procession.

After supper comes the departure for the parish church, about fifteen minutes' walk away, each student carrying with

AFTER STUDY AT NAZARETH.

him a lantern. Arrived at the church, students and parishioners join in an entertainment which is held in a hall nearby, while the Fathers are hearing confessions.

In the hall a theatrical production on some religious subject is presented; this is followed by singing and sleight-of-hand exhibitions, ending with a great *tombola* (a game of chance common in Japan).

At eleven-thirty P. M. all enter the church which has been brightly decorated and lighted with candles and lanterns. Then after a canticle has been sung, the sermon on the feast is preached. Exactly at midnight Solemn High Mass begins, during which a general communion takes place. A Low Mass of thanksgiving follows and the students return to "Nazareth," where they assist at a third Mass, celebrated by Father Ferrand. They recite the Rosary during this Mass, and as soon as it is over the *réveillon* takes place,—a little repast which is always very gay and animated.

At length comes sleep. It is about three o'clock in the morning and everybody goes to lie down. The hour of rising is quite free. The students may rest, if they choose, until ten o'clock. The remainder of the day is spent quietly, and in the evening, after Vespers, some private theatricals are given at "Nazareth" by the students and the feast closes with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

THE RIPENED HARVEST.

Certainly the picture which Father Ferrand presents must make us feel with him that the time is opportune for many conversions in the student body of Japan, and for consequent success among the masses of the people.

But to achieve such results Catholic Geshikuyas must be spread over the land. What is one single Catholic institution of this kind, whose capacity is limited to forty students, in a large city like Tokio, where to-day more than fifty thousand young men attend the higher and secondary schools?

When we consider the vast amount of money poured annually from Protestant treasuries in England and America into

the hands of their representatives in Japan, we cannot help feeling a little envious, and expressing the wish that some among our wealthy Catholics in the United States would occasionally benefit such a work as this. A generous person who, either alone or with the help of others, would found a Catholic Geshikuya in Tokio, or in any other city of Japan, would thereby become, before God, the immediate cause, not only of the salvation of numerous young people who would be taught under its roof to know and love Christ, but also of countless souls who later would be led into the Faith through the influence of its alumni. A Geshikuya thus established would receive the name of the founder's patron saint, and accounts of the work would be forwarded regularly to the founder. But the Church of Christ seems destined to rely almost entirely upon the mite offerings of the poor for its great works, and in this there is doubtless a supreme advantage, since many are blessed instead of few, and the charity of many brings more glory to God than the charity of one. Nevertheless, the rich of this world should realize that they are stewards of earthly goods, not absolute possessors, and in the final account it will profit them much to have made spiritual investments for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

Readers of DONAHOE'S will be always glad, we trust, to learn about the development of Father Ferrand's great work in Japan, and those who had the privilege of meeting him during his stay in Boston will extend to him through these pages, which will soon be read at Nazareth, a Christmas greeting. Already he has brought many students to Bethlehem,—the *House of Living Bread,* and has nourished them with the Body of Christ. We believe that their stay at "Nazareth" will bear lasting fruit in these young souls. May the spirit of the Christ-Child, whose life they study in this holy house, inflame them with the fire of an apostolic zeal, which will spread from end to end of the little island empire where Catholic faith once possessed a million souls, and on whose soil Catholic blood has been so gloriously shed. "The blood

LAWN TENNIS AT THE CATHOLIC "GESHIKUYA."

of martyrs is the seed of Christians." We do not believe with some that the Blessed Christ has visited Japan once and for all. We would rather express the confidence that *because* of the blood which has been shed for Christ by Japanese themselves, the flower of Christian truth will yet appear on every hillside in their land. The broken hearts of a conquered people, or (admitting the event of victory) the bruised and bleeding body of a nation afflicted by war, will prove a fertile soil for the development of Christian faith.

The information given in this article was supplied by Father Ferrand in an attractive booklet which has been translated from the French by members of the Propagation of the Faith Academia at St. John's Seminary, Brighton.

Father Walsh, the writer of the article, is the Boston Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

This Society, which was founded in France in 1822, is the main support of all Catholic Foreign Missions. It gathers its income, (about $1,250,000 annually) through the help of *Promoters* who form, among their friends, bands of ten members, each contributing five cents monthly and a short daily prayer.

In Boston alone there are about 6,000 Promoters, representing nearly every parish in the Archdiocese.

Occasionally special donations are made for the benefit of some particular mission, such as Father Ferrand's.

During the latter's stay in Boston, Father Walsh arranged the details of a stereopticon lecture, which, repeated in several places, yielded the good missionary a substantial return. Before Christmas it is Father Walsh's intention to forward to Father Ferrand other offerings which have since reached the Diocesan Office, and he will gladly enclose a gift, however small, from those among our readers to whom this movement especially appeals.

Any who are thus interested may address the Director, or call on him at his office opposite the Cathedral Residence, 75 Union Park Street, Boston.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

Angel of mystery, on noiseless pinions,
Shut from my vision the dwellings of men,
Lead me with speed to that far lonely country,
Let Bethlehem's village arise on my ken.

Not in the glory of heavenly lights flashing—
And ministering angels with white wings outspread,—
And stately kings bending in dumb adoration
While joyous hosannas float far over-head,

But show me the stable that stands on the hillside,
A pitiful shelter for beasts of the field,
Where the young mother bends o'er her shivering baby,
That she strives in her bosom from cold winds to shield.

Oh Baby; Oh Mother; I grope through the darkness,
And weeping I kneel in the straw by thy side—
Let my cold heart dissolve in a fountain of pity,
As I dream by the manger on Christmas tide.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued).

Anne would have followed her, but John Corbett laid his hand on hers and kept her. The door closed behind the Duchess' ample back.

"Do you know that you frightened me?" he said with quiet intensity. "I shall not be so frightened again. Let your cousin wait a moment. Anne, will you accept me and this house where the woman I loved in my boyhood was once mistress?"

"Miss Angel?" she said, turning to him. There were tears in her eyes.

"You know about her?"

"The Duchess told me. I shall not have the great love of your life, but I would not push out Miss Angel if I could."

"You will have no cause to complain," he said.

"Now let me tell you," she said. "I have been engaged to my Cousin Brian all those years. But lately I have known that if he were to return I should have to break the engagement. The only thing that troubled me was that it was near Gran's heart. She had grown wonderfully fond of you, but I did not know how she would take it that you should push out Brian."

"Sir Brian's queen must make up to her for your mésalliance," he said, smiling down at her.

She looked up at him with the most lovely humility.

"It is you who exalt me," she said.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Lady of Counsel.

Mrs. Reuben Armytage's usual sweet placidity was disturbed. She was not happy for her Willie, who, in these latter days, went about with a little pucker in his brow, and a curious trouble and gloom in the depths of his velvety eyes. His color was shifting too on his downy cheek. Mrs. Reuben had had a boy who died of consumption at sixteen. A resemblance between Willie's face and David's, when he began to sicken, stabbed the mother's heart.

She guessed that there was something wrong about Willie's love-affairs; but the boy had offered her no confidence, and she was too wise a woman to force it. When the time came, she said to herself, Willie would tell her everything. He had never had secrets from his mother. Meanwhile she prayed a good deal, yet the peace of her eyes was clouded.

At last the time came. One day when the children were all abroad enjoying themselves,—she had supposed Willie to be with the rest,—he came quietly into that little plainly furnished room where so many wounds had been healed, so many aches comforted, so much counsel given, so many prayers said.

"I had a headache, mother," he said, in explanation of his presence, "and so I let the others go without me. Perhaps, too, I wanted to be with you. It is quite a long time since I have had you to myself, little mother."

"A headache!" she repeated. "Has my boy a headache? Sit you down here, Willie dear, and I'll see what I have that is good for headaches."

She pushed him gently into a deep arm-chair, and took out her keys, turning them over till she found the key of the little medicine chest full of homeopathic preparations with which she was accustomed to treat their childish ailments.

"No, no," he said, smiling, "I don't want your little pilules, mother. I think

your hand on my hair would ease the headache more than anything you could give me."

He flung himself on the carpet by her chair, and rested his head against her knees. She placed her soft, cool hands on his forehead, and smoothed back his curls.

"Thy forehead throbs, son," she said, reverting unconsciously to her Quaker speech. "What ails thee, child?"

He answered nothing for a little while, but closed his eyes as though he felt it luxuriously pleasant to be where he was.

"There is no one like you, mother," he said, after a little while. "You never bother."

"Don't I, son? I fret when things are not going well with the children."

He reached back to kiss her hand.

"Everything goes well with us while we have you," he said.

"Yet you are troubled, Willie?"

"You have discovered it," he said with a start. "I thought I had kept it to myself."

"It would be strange if I did not know when things were wrong with my Willie. Is it Angela?"

"Angela is an angel. It is myself."

"Thyself. What is wrong with thee, Willie?"

He suddenly put away her tender hand and scrambled to his feet. Standing there before the fireplace he frowned on the ground, his eyes moody under their lids. She watched him anxiously. She was a woman who lived in her children.

"It is myself," he repeated. "Mother, I do not know what to do."

"Tell me," she implored, her fond, faithful eyes resting upon him. "Tell me, and light will come to us. We will ask for it together."

He came over then and stood by her chair.

"You know," he said, "how it has always been with me and Angela. I never thought of any one else,—did I?—during all the time we were growing up together."

"Never. Nor she of anyone but you."

"I thought so; I hoped so; now mother, I almost pray that it is not so, for I'm afraid I have made a mistake. Mother, it is not like your son to do such a thing, to ask a girl's love and promise, and when it had been given to find that after all that was not what he wanted."

"You found . . . that you had made a mistake about your feeling for Angela?"

"I found that I had made a mistake. Mother darling, I am ashamed to confess it to you, but at least Angela shall not suffer. When I left here in May and went back to my books I found, little by little, and yet the knowledge came as a terrible shock at last, that it was not Angela's face that was in my dreams, not Angela I thought about, struggle as I would against it. I found that Angela's place had been taken. I used to think her face the most beautiful thing in all the world. Now some one else has pushed her out. Morning, noon, and night, mother, I think of Hetty, little Hetty, for whom I had never more than a brotherly affection. I have tried to fight it, but it is no use. Comfort me, mother. Mother, tell me what I am to do."

Mrs. Reuben took the curly head to her breast an instant and hugged it tight.

"Does Angela suspect?" she asked.

"She shows no sign of suspecting. Of course so many things have been happening. This engagement of her father and Miss Daly is enough to put anything out of her mind. She is the same Angela, always sweet and gentle. Time was I thought Angela's little cold ways the most beautiful thing in all the world. Now I think them cold. I think Hetty would be different."

He tossed back his head with a shamefaced gesture, and turning away from his

mother he went and leant upon the mantelpiece.

"What am I to do?" he asked, almost in a sullen voice. "If Angela cares for me I would do anything in the world to save Angela from the lightest grief. If Hetty cares for me,—mother, I am no fop, but I have sometimes thought that Hetty cared,—what am I to do?"

Mrs. Reuben's heart ached for her son. It was indeed a difficult matter in which to advise him, since one or other of the girls must be sacrificed.

"Give me a few hours to think," she said. "To think and pray. After that, my son, I will advise you."

He knelt with her as she wished him, and with his head bent heard her pray that light might be vouchsafed to them so that they should wrong no one. He went away and left her then; and since he could not endure the quietness of the house and his own thoughts he went out for a long, hard, solitary walk. It took him a good many miles of distance, and in the end he was rather surprised to find that he was hungry. He stopped at a wayside inn and had some lunch, a lunch of bread and cheese and beer, which he enjoyed more than he had been enjoying his excellent meals of late.

Just about the time when he was standing up from his meal, which he had taken in a little rose-covered shed in the inn-garden, another visitor was being announced to his mother in that room of healing and help. It was Angela. She looked disturbed. Mrs. Reuben had not seen her for some weeks, and it seemed to her that there was quite as sad a change in the girl as in her own Willie. Her heart throbbed in quick alarm. Had Angela found out that she had lost her lover, and did the loss mean the loss of her happiness? The mother could not help a certain proud feeling that her Willie was not a lover to be lightly lost.

"I was so glad to hear you were at home, Mrs. Armytage," Angela began, "and I wouldn't let Mary put me in the drawing-room. I came straight in here to you."

"You did quite right, dear. I have not been very well, of late, and as the children had a river picnic to-day I thought I would stay in and rest, and do a number of little things I have long been wanting to do, for instance turning out those drawers."

She indicated the secretaire before which she was sitting.

"Now, I am so glad you have come in," she said. "We haven't had a talk for a long time. And Mary will bring you some tea with cream in it as you always liked it, a nice comfortable tea, and we shall enjoy it all by ourselves."

"I shall like to stay, Mrs. Armytage," said Angela. "But I am sorry that you are not well. You do too much for all those children—for everybody; you take us all too much to heart. Is Willie also on the picnic?"

She asked the question timidly, with downcast eyes. Mrs. Reuben was very fond of Angela. For a moment she said to herself that Angela must not suffer; she could not bear Angela to suffer. Then she resigned herself. The Will would do the best possible for all of them.

"He was here a couple of hours ago," she said. "But Mary has told me that he went for a walk, and said he would not be in to luncheon. Perhaps he will be back before you go; in time to take you home."

"I am in trouble, Mrs. Armytage dear," Angela broke out suddenly, "and it is about Willie. No; you needn't look alarmed. It isn't anything Willie has done. You know Willie never could do anything that wasn't kind and true. It is only that I have made a horrible discovery. Dear Mrs. Armytage, do you think that Willie cares very much for me?"

The mother faltered, began to say how devoted Willie had always been to Angela, broke down in face of the pleading eyes fixed upon her.

"Of course he loves you," she said. "How could he help it, sweet Angela?"

The next instant her conscience was troubling her for a disingenuous answer forced from her by her strong conviction that where Angela loved Angela must be loved.

"I want him not to," said Angela with a sudden burst of tears.

She held a shabby little dog's-eared note-book towards Mrs. Armytage, then drew it back.

"No; I have no right to show it," she said. "I had no right to read it myself, but I surprised its whole secret when I opened it to see what it was. It had been flung into the lake apparently, but perhaps it had not been flung far enough, for I found it just among the long grasses of the little island. Thank God, I found it. It is poor little Hetty's. Hetty cared about Willie, Mrs. Armytage. Oh, what am I to do? Wasn't I a brute, a wretch, to take him from her?"

Mrs. Reuben forgot to be scandalized at the strong language of the modern young woman which even Angela had acquired to some extent.

"My dear," she said. "How much do you care for my Willie?"

Angela turned red and pale.

"It isn't the question, dearest Mrs. Armytage," she said; "the question is how much he cares for me. Don't you think he could love Hetty? That little brown mouse-like thing, how could anyone hurt her? Oh, dear, don't you think Willie will forgive me if I set him free, and in time will come to care for Hetty?"

"I think he will forgive you," Mrs. Armytage said, slowly.

Then she felt that she could not be anything but honest with the girl. Angela's eyes full of trouble were looking straight at her.

"My dear," she said. "I think you have something to forgive Willie, and you must forgive him because he has been in great trouble. I think he will turn to Hetty very soon. I think he suspected the child's fondness for him, and perhaps, perhaps, Angela, it attracted him."

"You mean he cares about Hetty as he was supposed to have cared for me?"

"He has been *very* unhappy, Angela. You must forgive him."

Angela's face lightened in the strangest way.

"He and Hetty have to forgive me," she said. "Do you think they will, dearest Mrs. Armytage?"

A few days later the announcement was made that the engagement between Willie Armytage and Angela Corbett no longer existed.

The Duchess was delighted; but there was a drop of bitter in her cup.

"To think that Godfrey should not have chosen her!" she said. "The little Irish witch is all very well, but I wanted another Angel. And in the general shuffling and cutting for partners the oddest thing of all is that Angela, my girl Angela, should be the one left without a lover."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Sachevarell Returns.

For Anne during these days all was pure felicity.

"You will make an English woman of me," she said laughingly to the crowd of well-wishers, who day after day called at Minster as though they could not see enough of Anne Daly while she was yet in her single estate. "What have I done to deserve such good will?"

Some of her friends, Mrs. Perkins and the Duchess among them, grumbled because there was nothing to do which could add anything to Anne's happiness. What was the good of offering her gifts

when her bridegroom rained upon her all that the heart of woman could desire? Yet the gifts came all the same, gifts over which Anne shook her head in quiet moments, wishing that she might sell them and give the money to the poor.

"You shall be my almoner," said John Corbett. "Armytage, Armytage and Corbett flourishes like the green bay tree. You shall give with both hands and I will not grumble."

The last cloud was removed from Anne's heart. The tenderest intimacy existed between her and her Cousin Brian. Madam knew now of his marriage, and had written to Anne that she rejoiced in the prospect of having John Corbett for a grandson-in-law. About Brian she was taciturn, and that meant she was wounded. In a few days Anne would be by her side to staunch that wound, and win full forgiveness for Brian, before he should return to be welcomed like the prodigal son.

At Culvers there was now inaugurated a day and night nursery of the most luxurious kind. A magnificent head-nurse with an assistant was installed there. Fortunately, behind her proud demeanor, —had not all her babies hitherto been titled?—she had a kind and simple heart, and she thought the baby's mother quite worthy to own the baby.

Lizzie, dressed by the smartest London shops, lived up to her gowns. She was very silent, and sitting in the shadow of Mrs. Perkins as they drove about in the magnificent carriage or called at great houses it was not easy to detect anything wrong with Lizzie. Her smile served in lieu of speech, and her accent covered any small solecisms when she did speak. But soon the solecisms would be no more. Lizzie was learning for her boy's sake, putting all her heart into the work; and Miss May, the old governess from Minster, who had joined the circle at Culvers as nominal companion to Mrs. Perkins, was in love with her gentle pupil.

"She teaches herself," she said to Mrs. Perkins; "and, dear me, she is a charming creature."

Anne had spent her last afternoon at Culvers, and had stood for the last time by the baby's cot, with its curtains of rose silk, to take her last look for some time at the heir to millions. The mother and grandmother stood by her, gloating down on the small, dimpled face,—framed by the real lace of the pillow trimming,—which was their world.

"He will have grown when I see him again," said Anne.

"He grows a great boy," said the grandmother. "He is as beautiful a baby as his father was before him."

Anne left the two women standing together on the gravel sweep in front of the hall-door as she drove away. Looking back she saw Mrs. Perkins put an arm about her daughter-in-law's shoulder to lead her inside. She felt she had left nothing but happiness there, where had been such loneliness. And oh, what happiness, what kindness was in the world!

Only that morning a magnificent pink pearl, set amid opals and diamonds and forming a pendant had come to her as a wedding gift from Ferdinand Olivarez. "Ask Corbett if he will permit me to give you this," said the accompanying script, "and tell him that I would never have given up if I had not known him to be the better man. It is right that the better man should win."

The generosity of it had brought tears to Anne's eyes, and she reproached herself for her old repulsion for the man. Her generous impulse made her write to him impulsively.

"I am proud now," she wrote, "of that I once rejected."

And when Olivarez had smiled over it and held it a moment to his coarse handsome lips he had burnt it with a curious reverence. Anne certainly had a way of drawing the best out of those she came in contact with.

That morning too a weight had been lifted from her heart. There was a letter from Dr. Glenn, which she read aloud joyously at the breakfast table.

"Nurse Mary will be Mrs. Glenn, please God, just about the time that you change your name to Corbett. She's as white as a bit of thistle-down, and as weak as a baby, but every day sees her a little less weak, a little less fragile. At first I trembled even when we had pulled her back from the grave lest a wind should blow her away from me. But she sits smiling, God bless her, and making the house bright as though her face had a light inside it. And the old mother says she'll be ready to depart in peace once Mary is Mrs. Glenn, but we're not going to let her give us the go-by in that way. The grass is beginning to grow on the graves of the dead, and the living are hopeful. They're doing fine on the Inish; and they're growing fat on Hungry Foreland. And 'tis glad of the good news concerning you we all are, Miss Anne."

Meanwhile on that very afternoon in Anne's absence John Corbett received enlightenment on another subject.

Mrs. Mason, the old housekeeper at Minster, had been ill, ill with a mysterious low fever which worried Dr. Pottinger a good deal.

On this afternoon he interviewed Mr. Corbett on the subject.

"There's something on her mind," he said, "and I can't find out what it is. The nurse tells me that it is somehow connected with the young painter who has been working at your chapel. She talks of him when she is not conscious that she is talking aloud, and in her sleep. She raves about angels; I suppose the angels he was painting in the chapel."

"What interest can she have in Vallance and his angels?" Mr. Corbett said in a slightly worried way. He was looking so radiant these days that worry seemed an incongruous thing to associate with him. "Perhaps, perhaps, doctor, it is not the painted angels who are in her mind. She is devoted to the Sachevarells, the original owners of Minster. The last Sachevarell was Miss Angel, from whom my daughter Angela is called. She nursed Miss Angel in her last illness. Tell me what I can do. I have a great esteem for Mrs. Mason and will do anything in my power."

"I have an idea that if you could bring young Vallance to her bedside he would do her more good than all my medicine," said the doctor, unheeding Mr. Corbett's explanation.

"Ah; that is just the thing I can't do," the master of Minster said, and again the little cloud of worry fell over the clear shining of his face. "He is off, Pottinger, with only a word to me to say that his inspiration had deserted him, and that for the present any attempt at painting is sheer waste of time. I found my own cheque to him uncashed in its envelope on the mantel-piece in his own room just where I had left it. As a matter of fact I owe him a great deal more than that. I have had the opinion of experts on the work. They praise it extravagantly. I thought to have given work to a poor artist whom Fate or Something greater, brought to my doorstep. I find I have been enriching myself, playing the art patron with as much glory to myself as did the Medicis and those old fellows long ago; entertaining angels unawares, in fact. The young fellow's future was as-

sured. He was to paint the walls of the Children's Hospital, The House of Hope, for the Duchess, as a commemoration of her son. Once his work becomes known he will, my experts say, command his own prices. There is to be an article on those angels of his in the *Virtuoso* for September."

"Oh, indeed. I had not known the young fellow had so much in him," said the doctor, but faintly interested. "A pity if he's the unsteady, wastrel sort. His going off like that seems rather like it. I wish we could find him for my patient's sake. Will you see her, sir? She seems to have a regard for you; she dries up at the nurse's leading questions. You know how suspicious they are. Never like the nurse either, no matter what is done for them."

"I shall certainly see her," said Mr. Corbett. "I have a great regard for Mason, associations with her too which I would not willingly have broken. When will it be?"

"If you could conveniently spare the time now. I know the patient is awake: and it would be a kindness to set the nurse free for a walk in the garden. Better have the old woman to yourself. She can be tight as an oyster with us, I can tell you."

These were holiday times with Mr. Corbett, and it was a time of year which had usually found him at the sea or at some German spa. But this summer in the happy disturbance of his life the old plans had been all upset. He was to be married quietly in a few weeks time at Witch's Castle. The Abbé was to perform the marriage; Sir Brian Daly was to give his cousin away. In a day or two he was to take Anne over to Ireland. Meanwhile there was a deal to do with lawyers and settlements. As John Corbett said he could not have believed there would be such a to-do about the marriage of a plain middle-class business man, even though the bride was the loveliest and most gracious woman on earth.

A little later he was sitting by Mrs. Mason's bed, his hand laid kindly over the little skinny burning hand of the old woman. The windows were all open and the room full of the soft summer air. The curious, ordered quietness of the sick room was in the atmosphere of the place; the only sounds were the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece, the purring of the housekeeper's cat where it sat, enjoying the unwonted luxury of the little bright fire which burnt in the grate although it was late summer.

"When are you going to get well, Mason?" Mr. Corbett asked. "We all miss you, you know. Why, things are not the same at Minster without you at the head of affairs."

The old woman smiled faintly; she was gratified at the praise.

"You've been a kind master," she said. "I never thought to ha' been so happy under anyone with all the Sachevarells dead and gone. And I hear, sir, you're to marry Miss Anne. I'm sure I wish you joy, sir. A sweeter lady hasn't walked this earth since Miss Angel Sachevarell left it."

She paused a moment as though the length of the speech had tired her; even in health Mason had the habit of taciturnity.

"Miss Angel would have been pleased, too," she said after the pause: "indeed maybe she's pleased where she is, if she knows about it. She was too sweet a lady not to wish you happiness, sir, as other people has it. She was never one to stand in the way of other people."

John Corbett heard her with some wonder. So she had known the love that had been the secret mainspring

of his life all these years, and her words showed that she had understood. This plain, uneducated woman to understand! And how faithfully, how delicately, she had kept silence! The star that was Angel, although it had receded into the misty background of his life before the bewildering human happiness that had suddenly flung its sunshine on his twilit way, had not left him, was not less sacred and less dear, would be always with him, with him and Anne.

He answered her gravely.

"Miss Angel would be glad, I am sure, Mason. Indeed if I believed in dreams I should say that she had come to me in dreams and smiled upon me. I am sure she knows that we remember her, you and I."

Suddenly the old woman clutched him by the sleeve.

"You dreamt of Miss Angel, sir," she said, and her eyes dilated. "May I make so bold as to ask if she spoke to you of Master Humphrey?"

"Master Humphrey!"

Mr. Corbett's face told of his mystification.

"Yes, Master Humphrey, that's been painting your chapel. I knew him the minute I set eyes on him. 'You may call yourself what you like,' says I, 'but Master Humphrey Sachevarell is your name.' I spoke about it to Miss Anne, but she thought I only fancied it. But afterwards when he gave in to me that he was Master Humphrey,—he couldn't hold out long against his old Mason—he bid me to keep his secret, and so I've kept it. But he's out on the world again now, him that should be master of Minster, and if he doesn't come back I'll die of it. I'd grown used to there being never a Sachevarell in the world before he came; and I'd grown fond of you, Mr. Corbett, sir, for what you'd done for Miss Angel, though I couldn't feel for you as I did for them; it isn't likely, is it? But for him to go away again was more than his old Mason could bear. If he were to know as how it was killing me I think he'd come back."

Tears overflowed the old woman's eyes and rolled down her thin cheeks.

"You're sure, Mason, sure?" Mr. Corbett asked, in bewilderment. "You say Mr. Vallance acknowledged to you that he was Humphrey Sachevarell?"

"That he was Mr. Humphrey Sachevarell, Mr. Anthony's son, Miss Angel's first cousin. You'll have heard of Mr. Anthony, sir, that went away after the Squire was married."

"I remember to have heard of him."

Mr. Corbett looked at Mason. There were no delusions in her tear-washed eyes. At this moment she was free of the fever.

"But why did he keep it a secret? Why did he go away?" he burst out after a minute or two of thought.

"He came back to see the old place, sir, and to paint bits of it for himself. And it wasn't likely, being poor as he was, that he'd tell his name in a place where the Sachevarells were like kings. As for his going away, sir, I humbly ask your pardon. Master Humphrey went away because he fell in love with Miss Angela. I knew how 'twould be,—a dear, sweet, pretty young lady, as like Miss Angel as if she'd been her own daughter—the minute he set eyes on her. The Sachevarells were always like that. Into love in a minute and never out of it again. Look at his own father!"

"And Angela?" said John Corbett, rather to himself than to her. He had had a conversation with Angela that morning which had somewhat perturbed, while not wholly displeasing him. Was this why Angela had broken her engagement with Willie Armytage? It seemed likely enough.

"Miss Angela, sir? I think Miss Angela is as fond of him as him of her. But then there was Mr. Willie Armytage. Indeed, sir, 'tis all of a tangle; and I've thought of it till my old head has ached, many a time. Why I had every one of your children in my arms, sir, before it was an hour old. It takes away the liberty, in a manner, of speaking. Mr. Corbett, sir, if Mr. Willie Armytage and Miss Hetty were to marry 'twould be more of a love match. I often wondered Miss Angela didn't see it."

Once again Mr. Corbett took the old servant's hand in his.

"There can be no question of a liberty, Mason," he said kindly, "between you and any member of my family. I may tell you that Miss Angela has broken her engagement; and I know I can trust you to be silent about the affairs of all those children."

Mrs. Mason's eyes were lifted in thanksgiving.

"And Mr. Humphrey, sir?" she asked.

"I owe a great deal to the Sachevarells, as no one knows better than you, Mason. I shall seek out Mr. Humphrey. I should say that his future was my affair if it were not that his future is safe without me. They tell me he is going to be a great man. But anything I can add to his success will be done."

"If you bring him back, sir, it will mean giving him Miss Angela."

The old woman lifted herself on her elbow in her eagerness.

"I will bring him back. Isn't that enough for the present, Mason? Get well, and believe that Mr. Humphrey is coming back. If things are as you say, if the last of the Sachevarells is what I hope and trust he is, I shall put no difficulties in the way."

He left old Mason smiling on her pillow as though she saw Heaven opened. Dr. Pottinger's prescription for his patient had been incredibly successful.

After leaving her he had an interview with Angela, and learned all he wanted to know. Then he arranged for a few days' absence; there was just enough time before he need escort Anne to Ireland; and set out on the search for the lost Sachevarell.

He had not so very far to go. The cheque which Humphrey Sachevarell had left unopened on the mantel-piece of his room would have carried him out of John Corbett's reach perhaps. As it was, by the time he had emptied out his purse to Mrs. Thrapston at the Sachevarell Arms he had little enough left to travel on.

Indeed when Mr. Corbett came up with him on the third day of his search, he was standing on a couple of planks set up on supports which rested upon a table, painting the sign-board of an inn to pay for his supper and bed. A row of swallows sat on a window-sill of the gable above his head. He was hatless, and Mr. Corbett, looking at him unobserved, saw all of a sudden a likeness to Miss Angel in the uplifted face. It gave him the sharpest thrill, although he was Anne Daly's affianced husband, and, as he said gratefully, the proudest and happiest man on earth.

"When you have quite finished, Mr. Humphrey Sachevarell," he called up in his quiet way.

The painter left the nose of the victor of Culloden but half-mellowed and came down looking rather shamefaced.

"You've given me a pretty chase after you," said John Corbett eyeing him keenly. He did not like the lad the less for the traces of trouble and pain that had sharpened the beauty of his young face since last they had met.

"You said . . . Humphrey Sache-

varell," the young fellow said, stammering.

"That is your name, is it not?"

"I did not mean you to know, but that is my name."

He stood with the dripping palette and brush in his hand, his eyes lowered with a shyness that became him.

"You had better finish the Duke," said John Corbett, "while I order some food and drink. You are coming back with me?"

"I had not meant to, sir."

"Well, you will come all the same. And first, after you have finished your job, you will come in and talk to me. I have some questions to ask you."

The questions presumably were answered to John Corbett's satisfaction for after the conversation was over, while the two sat amicably over cold roast beef and beer, the last cloud was lifted from the young man's face.

"I may tell you," said John Corbett, "that Angela bid me tell you you were to come and finish the angels."

"Sir," said the young man, in great agitation, "you know what that message involves."

"I know something of it," said John Corbett, quietly cutting himself another slice of the excellent beef. "And I may tell you that Angela and young Armytage have come to the conclusion that they acted rather hastily. When we know you better,—and I have no doubt that you will prove as good a fellow as you seem to me,—there will be no objection on my part if you and Angela should care for each other. I owe a deal to your family, Mr. Humphrey Sachevarell."

The young artist was not long in proving himself, for not quite six months later Mrs. Mason, with her own hands, cooked the wedding breakfast for Mr. Humphrey's wedding.

And so another Angel Sachevarell reigns at Minster, for Minster was Mr. Corbett's magnificent wedding-gift to his daughter. As he said, with all the marriages among his young people, he hardly required a great place like Minster; and then his wife's heart was in her own beautiful, desolate country. A smaller house near Elsdon, and an Irish estate, best suited them.

So far all the marriages have turned out happily. The Duchess has taken Lady Godfrey and her black-eyed baby to her heart of hearts, and has been heard to say that she would not exchange her even for Angela. There never was any doubt about John and Arthur Corbett and Rachel and Miriam Armytage since Mrs. Reuben's daughters are bound to make exquisite wives. Willie Armytage has won his little wife's forgiveness long ago for having at one time preferred her sister. As for John Corbett and Anne it would seem indeed as though Miss Angel looked down on them out of Heaven and prayed for their happiness, so full and so complete is it. It remains only to be said that Madam Daly took Brian's marriage in the most unexpected way.

"Sure," she said, "like seeks like. And weren't his fathers kings long ago? And is there anything wonderful in his picking up a queen for a wife?"

She even talks of a voyage to Aloa, since by the laws of her Kingdom Queen Amaua may not leave it. The most gratifying thing of all is that the heir apparent has as fine a red head, as fine a pair of blue eyes as ever a baby was blessed with.

"He'll be talking Irish next," says his delighted great-grandmother.

THE END.

THE FORGIVEN TRESPASS.

BY EDWARD F. HARKINS.

"Venite adoremus, venite adoremus,
Venite adore-e"—

Brother John was loth to stop, but the clangor in the hall outside the chapel was startling. He was loth to leave the joyful chorus, but what he had heard was more like a summons than a call. Now that the doorbell called him—so imperatively, so strangely—he felt more than ever before the pious delight of the midnight Mass of Christmas; the altar was so warm with lights—so sweet with the flowers that he had plucked from plants on many a window-sill—so heavenly, it seemed to him, through the Sacrifice that was being accomplished upon it. He was loth to go, but another ring like the one he had heard would wreck the bell. Tucking his beads into the pocket of his cassock, he slipped outside and went down the corridor, which ran parallel with the walk outside the building. By looking out of the window he could see anyone standing at the bell. So before he reached the stairs leading to the lower floor he opened a window and peered out. No one was on the steps.

"The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born
On Christmas night."

Brother John had previously thought of the good old hymn, for the stars were as brilliant as jewels, and, besides, the moonlight made it seem as if a hundred arc-lights were casting their glow upon the seminary grounds.

Brother John looked, but everything remained the same—a broad expanse of snow extending from the buildings round about to the distant white-topped fence, and illuminated, here palely and there flashingly, with the beams from on high. All was as still as a tomb save for the returning chant of the chorus—

"Venite adoremus Dominum."

The brother, who was quite as simple and innocent as a child, crossed himself. The occasion, the hour, the environment, his own spirits—all combined to awe him, and he had recourse to a breath of prayer. Then, resolutely, he shut the window and went down to the door, ready to greet angel or imp. But what he found was a bundle of white; the same white bundle which has so often been found, the swaddled fruit of shame or poverty—the pitiable gift of a cold or aching heart to the overburdened but still all-welcoming world. Oh, the depth of the faith or of the inhumanity that entrusts this most precious possessions to the arms of the unknown!

Two little blue eyes looked up into Brother John's two big blue eyes.

"God help us!" said the brother, gazing across the snow again, to see if by chance he might catch sight of the errant one. Then, with a sigh, he closed the door. "And what will we do with you? Sure, there's no one here can help you at all—at all."

They gave the deodand—as the learned senior professor of philosophy called it—to a poor woman who sometimes worked at little odds and ends in the nearby parish church—a devout soul who took her crosses patiently and her blessings much the same, and who accepted the infant as part one and part the other, and they requested the parish priest to christen him Nicholas. To them—particularly to the seminarians—he was the child of Christmas night; and the parish priest,

responding to their feelings put down in his baptismal record the name of Nicholas Noël.

. . . . . .

Years and years afterward one who had grown up in the seminary parish, who had served as acolyte in the parish church, who had been a devoted and loving son to his widowed mother, Mrs. White who, after taking his degree at college, had been sent to Rome to win more rewards by his piety and learning—years and years afterward the Rev. Nicholas White, D.D., was installed as head of the seminary at whose door Brother John (Requiescat in pace!) had found the babe that far-away Christmas night. The incident in which Brother John had figured so prominently was now a part of the misty traditions of the community. With the exception of the woman who had taken the child into her home all the participants in that sweet and sad event were either scattered or gone. When, on Sundays, the widow and the ecclesiastic met, his salutation, "Mother, dear," bridged the space between their visibly remote stations in life. Now and then she would demur gently, and in such a wise as to suggest that he was carrying his devotion too far, but he would reply that the tie that bound them was dear and strong, or he would smile at her ever so kindly and pat her knotted hand as much as to say that she was all too humble. To the seminarians he was at once a font of knowledge and a source of virtue. It was a witty and worthy student, whose income had suddenly been withdrawn and whom he had insisted upon supporting until his ordination—it was this one, whose gratitude overwhelmed his pride, who gave him the name of "Saint Nicholas." And if saintliness be nothing more than perfect charity and humility and goodness, then was the title a truth spoken in jest.

. . . . . .

It was Christmas eve again, and the sky was bright, just as it had been on that long-gone night when Brother John went to the door of the seminary in wonder, and took in his arms the deodand. Father White was in his room reading his prayers. He heard a knock.

"Who is it?"

"There's a woman, Father, has called to see you."

"Who is it?" Father White opened the door.

"I don't know, father," the brother answered. "I never saw her before and she wouldn't give me her name. Some poor woman, Father. You'll excuse me; but she insisted, and—well, it being Christmas-night I thought perhaps you would see her."

"Well, yes, Brother Jerome. 'Tis a rare night and it may be a rare call."

No one saw them greet each other; no one saw them for three hours or heard a word they spoke. Brother Jerome, urged by the vice-president, approached the half-closed door timidly and inquired whether Father White would be out soon.

"Yes, soon—soon," was the answer.

At last, when it was nearly time to robe for the Mass, the vice-president himself knocked.

"Father White?"

"Yes—yes. Come in."

"Excuse my interruption. I simply wished—"

"Come in, please."

The vice-president entered. The aged woman was sitting on the rusty haircloth sofa, her face almost hidden in her handkerchief. Father White was standing before her with wan countenance and melting eyes.

"Father," said he, "this is my mother."

She looked up but made no sign of recognition. The vice-president bowed solemnly, mechanically, like one astonished and unbelieving. The calmest of the three was Father White—Father Nicholas. "These last few hours," he went on, "have been the most thrilling in all my life. Think of it! I have found my mother. I have been living under an alias, you might say; and here is my mother to tell me who I really am." The woman continued her sobbing, but her son, who seemed to have been made impassive by the shock he had received, resumed: "I have had a premonition that some day I would hear this story. And now I have heard it. Forty years ago to-night my mother brought me here. Yes," as he saw his associate lift his eyes wonderingly, "she brought me here and left me here and went away. She was desperate—a stranger—deserted by her husband; she was young, and without friends or advisers. It is not for me to blame her. I thank God, Who, I now believe more firmly than ever, watches over even the most unworthy of his creatures,—I thank God it has turned out in this way. Forty years ago this blessed night I was left here on the steps. Marvellous is the providence of the Almighty! 'How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!' A few years ago my mother returned—on Christmas-night—on the anniversary of her greatest tribulation; and then she learned all."

"Poor woman," remarked the vice-president, more to himself than to either of the others.

"Without seeking advice, in fear and in humility, she went away again," Father White continued; "but she has returned every Christmas-night. To-night she had the courage to come to me, for she felt that she might never be able to come again. My dear, long-suffering mother!" He stopped and took her by the hand. "What a glorious night this will be for us! A night of praise and thanksgiving! And she has kept the faith, Father!" He turned to his colleague. "I pray that all our misfortunes may end so happily." Again he stooped and this time he kissed the withered brow. "I think, mother, the place for you is Mrs. White's. There, some day, perhaps, we'll tell each other all that we remember of the past.

"I couldn't express all my feelings to her this holy night," he said to the other priest, when she had gone, escorted by one of the brothers. "I am not sure, after all, that I ever shall. It might be cruel,—for, poor woman, she has not been to blame. Oh, these tragedies of the world! You and I can only witness them. What a different thing it is to experience them."

"Yes, that is it," said the vice-president. "To err is human, and we are human enough, God knows. But we must be the comforters. The world needs comforters. It seems to have a surplus of all other sorts of men. . . . . Shall we go to the chapel now?"

"Yes; and say a prayer for my mother."

He himself prayed especially for two—for his penitent mother, and for an erring one whom he had not known in the flesh, but whom, he begged, he might know in Heaven. "Et dimitte nobis debita nostra," he repeated, "sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris"—"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." It was a sad prayer, and the tears dropped upon his cheeks.

To all the others it was simply Christmas-night—the most joyous night of the year—the night of the most joyful song, beginning

"Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte Regem Angelorum.
Venite adoremus, venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum."

HOMESPUN DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The month of November saw the usual number of failures among current plays. These failures stole away quietly, folding their tents like the Arabs, and never let on. In other days the noise of collapse shook the neighborhood. Now, the manager with a poor play dins into the public ear its wonderful success, and under cover of the uproar either withdraw it or sends it on the road. Only the inner circle hears of failure. Metropolitan failures often become profitable to the rest of the country; while successes elsewhere sometimes meet with a terrible frost on Broadway. But there are at times failures so marked and calamitous that no manager has the heart to face any audience with them again. Such a fate befell a Clyde Fitch play lately, and a western drama built up on the cartoons of a popular artist. Above the clamors of the arena and the election cyclone one clear sound has been heard; the success this season of the native drama. While the imported plays have been having the usual ups and downs financially, and none of them were interesting, the contrast in favor of homespun drama was brilliant and remarkable.

George Ade, the humorist, scored a second time in comedy with his play *The College Widow,* in which he performed the feat of dramatizing a football game, as in a former play he dramatized a county election. Formerly it was supposed that the stage had limitations in its realism. Discussing the ability and willingness of the modern playwright to turn all things into plays, the editor of *Munsey's* said wittily not long ago that the playwright would yet dramatize Heinze's 57 Varieties. We laughed at the satire, but the laugh was really on us; the 57 Varieties has been on the stage for some time. Mr. Ade's success with a football game has been eminent. The big city buys its seats four weeks ahead, and this piece of dramatic property is easily worth a half million to its owners. The scene is laid in a small college town of the West, the chief incident is a football game with a rival college town, and the characters are found in the officials and students of the college, and the townspeople. This theme is not in itself unusual, the characters are neither peculiar nor striking, but the method of presenting both theme and characters is skilful and novel.

The play begins with the opening of the college in September, and the chief characters are deeply interested in the formation of the football team. The coach and manager are not pleased with its present quality, although Murphy has been secured, Murphy the blacksmith, six foot high and weighing two hundred, whose eyes have taken him from severer studies and limited him to a course in art in this Atwater college. Mr. Billy Bolton, famous half-back, doomed by his millionaire father to take his fourth freshman year at the rival college, wanders into the Atwater circle, finds Jane Witherspoon, daughter of the college president, very charming, and elects to stay at her side, as a student of Atwater, half-back on the team, and devoted ad-

mirer of Jane. This young lady is known as the college widow, because the graduating class falls in love with her each year, and is as regularly dismissed by the rather particular maid. The dramatist in his first act succeeds in securing the interest of his audience for the football game of the third act. It is not a fictitious interest at all, but the real thing, such as sets the average American crowd howling. Here you have a true dramatic achievement. The play disappears, and there remains only the palpitating curiosity to learn how the game resulted. Mr. Ade is therefore left quite free to present his characters with characteristic humor.

It can be said without reserve that they are charming. Three of them in particular illustrate clearly the method of Mr. Ade: Mr. Peter Witherspoon, A.M., Ph.D., the college president; Bub Hicks, freshman, from Squantumville, and Flora Wiggins, waitress for her mother in a college boarding-house. The dramatist may be unaware of his own ability for fixing conditions in this concrete form. Nevertheless in these three characters he summarizes the forces at work in the college town. The good old president, idealist and optimist, forced into college athletics in spite of his better judgment, carried away even by the popular enthusiasm for the home team, looked upon somewhat as an old fogy by the up-to-date moderns, is really the hinge of progress and culture for Atwater. His leisurely and sonorous expression, his high standard of living, his firm belief in Baptist Christianity, and his sincere affection for his students and for all men, are distinctly suggested by the dramatist, and reach the audience with emphatic touch.

At the other extreme of life in Atwater is funny, determined, pathetic Flora Wiggins, who wrestles with the financial problems of student life in the town. The poorest students, and often the least honest, are inflicted on her and her mother. Intimacy with the hard side of life has made her skeptical, shrewd, sarcastic. She can overwhelm the wittiest and sauciest student in repartee and abuse, and break his brass with her steel in every encounter. She accepts in marriage every green boy that offers himself, but finally has to put up with marriage to the college trainer. Her heart is as soft towards the unfortunate as it is hard to the insolent successful. She is the Arab of Atwater, ready to fight any comer, and hostile to all. The new boy sits alone and disconsolate at the first reception of the faculty, afraid to trust his awkward legs among the dashing students and lovely ladies.

"I wish I was to home again," he sighs aloud.

"Where do you come from?" the waitress asks tenderly.

"From Squantumville."

"That was an awful wish," she replied after a little reflection.

This lonely and gawkish boy, Bob Hicks, is the delight of the play, a real creation. A fond parent has made sacrifices to give him the benefit of Dr. Witherspoon's training, and fortune consigns him to the spare board of Mrs. Wiggins. His first appearance is in a suit much too small for him, with a gait and a manner all his own, in which feet and hands play too prominent a part. His second appearance, at the reception of the faculty, illustrates keenly the painful process of adaptation to the new life. He has to enter the reception hall, shake hands with the officers, and talk to the nearest lady. At the first chance he crawls into a corner, and is discovered by a senior student.

"Why aren't you dancing?" demands the senior.

A SCENE FROM THE "COLLEGE WIDOW."

"Reckon I dunno how," answers Bub humbly.

"Ah, butt in," cries the senior, taking the youth by his slim jacket and sending him headlong into the ball-room. Thus Bub begins life, and the effect of this forcible treatment becomes strikingly apparent in three months; when Bub stands forth once more as a typical freshman, dressed in the latest college style, unafraid of the gentle sex, able to yell with the loudest, and courageous enough to break his engagement with Flora Wiggins. The astonishment of his father, The Hon. Elam Hicks, at the sudden development of his son, is equaled only by his joy at the change.

It would be quite impossible to chronicle the good points of the play, the singular depth of feeling, the power of characterization, the revelation of conditions, often pathetic beyond immediate comprehension. Mr. Ade seems to be unconscious at times of the wide scope of his lines. For example, when the wounded player, listening to the sounds of battle on the football field, murmurs:

"I wish I had not forgotten how to pray,"

the audience laughs; but well-informed people are rather struck by the truth of the scene, by its unconscious satire, for this boy who has forgotten how to pray, is a student of a Baptist college. There are ten millions like him in America at this moment, who after the same training have forgotten how to pray, because they have forgotten God. The wave of agnosticism is rising!

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch has been translated to the stage with great success. The author of the books which introduced Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary to the world is Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, and the dramatist who placed these characters on the stage is Mrs. Flexner, unknown but capable, as the drama bears witness. It is a story of the simplest lives, poor people of a good sort, warm-

MRS. GILBERT.

hearted and industrious, for whom life has only one problem; getting enough food and clothes to pass through it decently. America should be the field for plays of this texture, if democracy is as popular as supposed; yet strangely enough scenes from the average life are much rarer than plays of high life and the slums. A glance at the list of plays now running in this city shows that *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is the only thing of its kind on the boards. A very good thing it is, pathetic to the last degree, and illustrative of that lowest circle in modern industrialism, to which the money-kings have brought a respectable and self-respecting multitude. Mr. Upton Sinclair, novelist and socialist, tells us in a recent number of *Collier's* that the average weekly wage of the garment-workers of Chicago, five hundred thousand in number, is two and a half dollars; that the highest wage is seven and a half dollars and the lowest forty cents for sixty hours of labor; and he adds good-naturedly that everyone admits a condition of this kind cannot and must not continue. But it does continue, and Mrs. Wiggs with her environment fairly illustrates how it may continue for an indefinite length of time.

The industry and patience of this good woman are of the highest order. Her house is full of children, her husband has deserted her for a freer life in the west, her interest in her neighbors has brought the whole Patch to her trim home, her energy and good sense provide them everyone with sympathy, advice and help at the right moment. Consequently you meet with all the citizens of the lowest circle of our social life; Hiram Stubbins, lazy veteran of the Civil War, lean and humorous, living on his friends while he struggles to marry property and secure a pension; Miss Hazy, romantic, ugly, and nervous, who marries him amid mirth-provoking incidents; Lovey Mary, the servant who ran away from the orphan asylum with a baby boy about to be claimed by a relative; the matrimonial agent who brings about the union of Hiram and Miss

Hazy; the lively gamin with the wooden leg; the children of Mrs. Wiggs; the good-for-nothing Wiggs himself; the gossips; and finally Mrs. Wiggs, philosopher for this circle, who explains the ways of Providence, the meaning of life, the pressing problems, how to make a living, how to be good, how to meet temptation and overcome, how to love all men, keep the peace, submit in patience to misfortune, and confide in the love and mercy of God.

JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET.

It is a most amusing play, through the diversity of character and oddity of incident, the wit, humor, and novelty of the three scenes. Its strength, however, is not from these qualities, but rather from the minute and instructive view which it provides of the largest section of our American life. Mr. Carnegie, founding his libraries, should sit out this play. It would benefit the ravenous money-kings more than a liberal education to get this close glimpse of the lives of the poor. To this condition, almost like the poverty of Europe, have forty millions of our people come. The energy, the virtues which would have been spent on more enduring things, for lack of channels run to waste. The highest opportunity offered to these poor souls is a wage of two dollars a day for the expenditure of their highest energy. The strange merit of this play is that you actually live with Mrs. Wiggs for three hours, and see and hear in concentration the minutiæ of an entire year. It is hardly a play in the ordinary sense. The critics found, after their usual hasty examination of it the first night, that the leading characters were Miss Hazy and Hiram, because the humorous interest centred in them. Their mistake was unpardonable. In this case the Play's the thing, and Mrs. Wiggs is the incarnation of the play. You can find Miss Hazy and her Hiram on any variety stage any day of the year; but thoughtful and energetic Mrs. Wiggs, the pious mother and kindly neighbor, furnished the point of cohesion, the hub, just as her kind

forms the breakwater against a violent Socialism. Carnegie had done more with his money, now spent on truck libraries, had he directed its flow towards the development of the innumerable struggling women like Mrs. Wiggs.

The most remarkable dramatic success of the season has been won by Mr. David Warfield in a play by Mr. Charles Klein called *The Music Master*. The dramatist is not unknown, and his latest play has singular merit. Mr. Warfield made his name as a portrayer of the East Side Jew, dealer in clothes and somewhat repulsive. It remained for Mr. David Belasco to discover in this actor a man of true dramatic talent and power. His presentation of the character of Herr Anton Von Barwig, composer and director is the most vigorous, the most remarkable piece of acting that has been seen in twenty years. For the most part the dramatic productions of a season in New York, whatever be their financial success, are about as valuable and enduring as last year's foam of the ocean. As has often been remarked in these pages they have no emotional power, no feeling. The glitter, the laugh, the high color are as frequent as they are cheap, and it would seem that our dramatists have lost the power to portray deeply emotional characters. Mr. Klein has done well with the character of the old professor of music. Mr. Belasco has staged the play with a finish that Daly himself could not surpass, and Mr. Warfield has risen from one grade of art to the very highest at a jump.

The story is simple: Anton Von Barwig has been sixteen years in America looking for his wife and his child, and has not found them. The wife eloped with his friend from Leipsic, the very night his great Mendelssohn symphony had been performed with success in the theatre. He did not blame her but himself for her fall. He had been too wrapped up in his music to be a devoted husband and father, yet he loved wife and child most tenderly. He gave up his career at home, and settled in America to find his loved ones. Poverty came upon him, then misfortune. He was about to return to Leipsic when his daughter entered to arrange for lessons in music for a talented child of the slums. He knew her from her resemblance to her mother, made no outcry, simply chatted with her as a father might, and detained her as long as he could; until he had roused her interest sufficiently to secure her as his pupil. He was then perfectly happy. He visited her house regularly, without revealing himself. The man who had wronged him he did not seek. He had forgiven him in the joy of finding his child. This man's fear led to the expulsion of the professor from the household. Whereupon Herr Von Barwig turned upon his enemy, smote him hip and thigh, and finally reclaimed his child.

It is not easy to make an old man, with a German brogue and a simple way, the center of interest for a metropolitan play. Only genius can do these things. The playgoer of New York is said to be frivolous, caught rather by glitter than by substance. Mr. Warfield has proved this a calumny. More tears are shed over his portrayal of Herr Von Barwig than have been drawn by all the dramas of the past ten years, with the exception of Modjeska's *Mary Stuart* and Mrs. Fiske's pathetic *Tess*. Without a dissenting voice the critics agreed that Mr. Warfield had achieved the height that up to this moment belonged to Richard Mansfield. These three plays just described are purely American dramas, in theme and treatment. They are enjoying remarkable and well-deserved success, and they do not belong to the Syndicate. That remarkable institution would have

produced none of them. It tried to put a collar on David Warfield and hold him to his single character of the East Side Jew. It has shut David Belasco out of Washington, and the easy citizens of the Capital will not be permitted to view Belasco's plays unless on a visit to New York. It has scored four or five expansive failures with its European importations. Charles Frohman's insult to the Catholics of this country by presenting Sothern. Nothing could be more excellent than the interpretation given to Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and Much Ado About Nothing by these well-known and capable artists, along the familiar lines. Sothern will never make a great actor, but his desire to be one has led him into notable ventures. Miss Marlowe has more of the artist in her temperament. She has had no luck since her unfortunate attempt with Catulle Mendes'

"THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

Sardou's *Sorceress* was scored by one daily paper of this city, and thereupon he withdrew his advertising patronage from the venturesome journal. The Syndicate will have its collar on every neck that's willing.

Frohman has had two successes, old Mrs. Gilbert in a Clyde Fitch play called *Granny,* and the Shaksperean company headed by Julia Marlowe and Edward dirty and offensive play, *Queen Fiammetta,* which so grossly insulted the Catholic nuns. A pity the same fruitful penance does not fall upon Mrs. Campbell with the vile *Sorceress!*

Mrs. Gilbert at the age of eighty-four appeared as a star, and also in her farewell tour. When this season ends, with its profits she will retire to private life, and enjoy a leisure that deserves to last

MRS. GILBERT AS "GRANNY."

until the year 1920, when her century will be complete. So long was she a member of Daly's company that the whole country is her friend, and her appearance as a star brought out the old contingent to wish her good luck in the venture. Her career has been long and honorable. She has played everything up to Juliet with success; but her greatest triumph is the hold which her personality has taken upon the general public. Her tour ought to be a triumph, regardless of her play and her acting, both of which were of excellent character and engaging interest. Frohman at times does interesting things. He is exploiting the Barrymore children at present. If the thrall of the Syndicate were not upon him, he might rise to heights attained by Henry Savage. But with all his artistic ambitions, the sight of another dollar is enough to make him forget art. And Art, which is vindictive, will one day swat him with her fatal buskin! Amen!

(Photograph by Hogg, Belfast.)

A COUNTRY POST-MISTRESS.

THE IRISH COUNTRY POST-OFFICE.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

(Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Donegal Fairy Tales," "Through the Turf Smoke.")

Next to the country chapel and the country school-house, the country post-office is, I suppose, the most valued possession in Ireland. To many, many thousands of our poor people in distress, it is the only door of worldly hope; and one or more times during each year it gladdens the hearts of some millions of them, for a letter in the post-office means for nearly all of them a communication from a dear one—a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister,—far away, a communication all the more welcomed because of its rarity. Our boys and our girls are not yet infected with the correspondence habit, and so, if they write letters home, one in each quarter of a year, they think they have done well.

A great many send half-yearly letters, and a vast number of the exiles there are, who with much toil, mental and physical, contrive to send one letter every twelve months.

In their letters home from our boys and girls in America (for, sure, that is where all our boys and girls are, and "a letter in the post-office" always means an American letter) they never manage to cover with ink more than four pages of notepaper, and all of these four pages too, do not contain news of themselves, and their doings, and their whereabouts. The first page is taken up with the announcement that they are going to write a letter, and then a prayer of thanks to God for the health they are in, be the latter good, bad or indifferent; and a prayer to God also, for the present and future good health and prosperity of the addressee. The last page and a half is devoted to messages of love and affection that are to be conveyed to all neighbors

THE POST-MISTRESS, ACHILL.

and friends, each of these being individually indicated. A page, or a page and a half, in the centre of the letter, constitutes the kernel—tells what sum of money is to be found enclosed; informs the home ones that the writer is still in the same place (a place about which there has always been a grand indefiniteness); that the master or the mistress is very kind indeed; that the subscriber saw Mary Ellen McHugh, Paddy McHugh's daughter of Trummon, last week, and that she looked well and was doing well, tell her people; and also saw an uncle of Michael Hegarty's of Dhrimagra, who has been in America forty years, who is in the Express business (there is grand scope for country-side speculation as to what this is) and who does not know his own wealth —tell Michael's people of Dhrimagra. That, plus the cheque that fell out on being opened, is the American letter. It is not written in a copper-plate hand; the orthography might be improved upon, and it is probable that an irritable grammarian might carp at some of the forms of expression. Yet, that letter is dear to the hearts that have for months yearned for it, and every word of the prayer with which it opens, and every syllable of the message with which it closes, are laboriously and lovingly spelled out as if they were the key to the finding of a hidden crock of gold; and the letter is spelled and read over again and again for the benefit of everyone whose name, or friend's name, is mentioned in it, and for the benefit of neighbors and friends who, simply because they are neighbors and friends, have a right to hear the full contents of it. And if there had been no cheque in the letter it would have been welcomed and read, and reread, and read over again, as longingly and as carefully, and treasured as dearly as if the wealth of the Indies had been transmitted with it; and the writer, would, at night, in the course of the trimmings that always succeed the Rosary, be mentioned with a renewed fervor, and prayed for with a renewed energy and heartiness that would rouse a jaded recording angel and cause him to

speed his stubby quill, and spread ink with a zest that he had seldom known since, on the first day of Adam, he, with many a bold stroke and many a wanton flourish and curly-cue (begot by novelty in the blood of youth) initialled his title-page.

Here is a specimen of "a letter home," which I take from my novel, "A Lad of the O'Friels." The writer of it is Toal a-Gallagher the Younger, more familiarly and more widely known as the Vagabone, who after many mischievous pranks played upon long-suffering neighbors, blew up the little cabin of Corney Hegarty, the pensioner, and to escape the wrath, not merely of Corney, but chiefly of a stern father, fled far from home. The letter has been delivered by Pat the Pedlar, to the elder Toal a-Gallagher, as he sat upon his work bench. The letter is being read by the elder Toal to his wife, Susie; to Billy Brogan, his big-hearted apprentice (Toal is a shoemaker), and to Pat the Pedlar. Here it is just as Toal reads it:—

POSTING A LETTER TO AMERICA.

"Dear father and mother," Toal began, "'I take up my pen and ink to write you these few lines, hoping it will find you in the same state of health, thank God, it leaves me, and wants to say I have hired on board of the 'Lizabeth Jane as a cabin boy to go out to the States, and sails this evening with God's help, and wants to say I forgive both of yous for all old scores, and wants to say to Corney Hagerty I forgive him, too, and goes away without no grudge against him or against anybody, and wants to say, too, that I'm going to settle down in the States when I reach them, and make my fortune, and please God, I'll send yous lots and leavings of money, and I'll send my mother the best dhress of all silk and satin that money can buy, and a blue cloak with a hood down to her heels—"

A tear blabbed right down upon the very line Toal was reading. "Woman," said he, stamping his foot and looking up to where Susie bent above him, "will ye houl' your tongue, I say?"

Poor Susie had not spoken, and did not speak—perhaps could not.

Toal, after a moment's hesitation, during which he drew a long breath, resumed—

"and a bonnet like Father Dan's flower-garden, and I'll send you a prayer-

A COUNTRY POST-OFFICE.

book and a castor hat, and Billy Brogan—"

"God bliss him," Billy blurted.

"a watch and a chain that'll go eight days like Matthew McCourt's clock—"

"May the Lord bliss the ginerous poor fellow," Billy said, in a voice that trembled.

"and a castor hat like yours to Father Dan, and a history book of all the great wars of the world to Corney (who I forgive), and a parrot that can speak the seven languages to the Widow's Pat, and another castor hat and a book of the most wonderful prophecies to be had for money to John Burns, and presents of all kinds to every one else, tell them all, and when I come back, a gentleman, with a gold watch and chain and a nice black suit and grand talk, like Pathrick Brogan of Ardban, they'll be music at Knockagar, I tell you, and isn't it yous'll be glad and proud to see me, and I'm praying for everybody, and I forgive and forget everything and everybody with all my heart and soul, and tell them that, and tell Corney, and God bless yous all, and now I must lay down my pen and finish your affecting son, Toal. P.S—And don't forget to tell Corney I forgive and forget him and everybody, and I'll write soon and send yous plenty of money when I land."

From the nearest big town (of 750 inhabitants) the mail is borne out to the country post-office, by Pat the Post, twice a week. Pat employs no horse or car for the purpose, but carries the mails in a water-proof bag on his back, and seldom hurts his back thereby. Sometimes there are thirteen letters for the country post-office; and on extraordinary occasions, eighteen and even twenty letters have been known to be delivered. There is a tradition that Pat brought thirty letters in one mail; but this legend is related only when, as at wakes, men are telling of ghosts and other wonders, and a certain latitude of speech is allowed them that would not be tolerated on more matter-of-fact occasions. The country post-office is usually run by a post-mistress, who receives for her services the dazzling salary of five pounds, or twenty-five dollars, per year. The post-mistress, besides providing the country-side with letters, sells sugar and tea, and starch, and matches, and stamps; and when Pat the Post arrives at her office with a mail she is all flurry and excitement. She leaves her little daughter, Nora, to attend to the three customers who are sitting gossiping around the fire, preparatory to delivering their orders for a box of matches and an ounce of tea; while she herself retires to the best done-up bed-

room in her house, which is the post-office department, and empties out the letters, and stamps them, and reads the superscription and post-marks on each, and speculates who they are from, and what they are about, and how many of them contain cheques. When, after a long and careful study of all the evidence to be gathered from the outsides of the letters, she emerges again from the bed-room and post-office, she imparts to what neighbors and customers may be in the kitchen the exciting intelligence regarding all in the parish for whom letters have come; what country, state and city each letter has come from; who is likely to have sent it and what is likely to be in it. She asks her customers (who have a mile or two miles to travel home) to call round by John Doherty's of the Alt, and inform him that there is a letter waiting him from young Johnny; and by Una Brogan's of Dhrimnaherk, and tell her that her husband Patrick, out in Iowa, has not forgotten her, but has sent a letter for her, and it is waiting for her here, and it is more than likely there is a cheque in it, for it is thick; and by the Widow MacCailin's of the Long Brae to say that there is a curious kind of a long blue letter for her, and that there is a Dublin post-mark on it, and that the post-mistress does not know what it means, nor who it is from, nor what it is about.

Of course, when the happy individuals come for their letters, they never have the ill-taste to take these from the post-mistress's hand, and merely say "thank you" and walk out. The smallest return they can give her for her kindness in presenting them with a letter is that they should there and then also ask her to open it and see what is in it, and read it for them — a very congenial task which the post-mistress always graciously performs. And again, when they return to the post-office, to post a letter in reply, it is always good etiquette to inform the post-mistress, as she serves a stamp for the letter

A POST-OFFICE NEAR CORK.

and even licks it and puts it on, what the contents are; and if there is anything particularly private in the letter, it should be whispered in the post-mistress's ear. He would be a very rude fellow indeed (a woman would be incapable of doing the trick) who would come to the post-office, purchase a stamp, lick it and stick it, go outside and drop the letter into the little slot of the window, say "Good-day Mrs. MacGroarty," and walk off! He would be a very rude, ill-bred fellow, indeed, and it is little wonder that the insulted and highly offended Mrs. MacGroarty should complain bitterly of him to every customer that came into her house for a week after; and it is little wonder that Mrs. MacGroarty would, when a letter came for this ill-bred individual, hold it over undelivered for a fortnight; and when eventually he got it, give him a snub along with it. "Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it."

The post-mistress is, indeed, as a rule, most gracious, and accepts without remonstrance almost any, and every, letter given to her for transmission elsewhere. She never looks upon this as any trouble and would be very angry indeed with her customers if they protested that they were thereby pestering her. They promise not to offend again for months, and she assures them that it will only be a pleasure to her to send off another letter for them even on the following week—at which preposterous idea they laugh an apologetic laugh, and thank her, and praise her patience and good temper, and obliging disposition.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

The only instance in which she refuses, or rather perhaps threatens to refuse to transmit letters, is when the subject is

the universal passion. "I don't like" she will reprove the blushing one, "to see people making fools of themselves; and any silly fellow or silly girl that comes to me with a foolish blatherskitin letter about love and that sort of humbug, I will put the letter behind the fire. Let them not think that my post-office is to be used for *nadiums* of that sort. If they must make fools of themselves, let them choose some other way of doing it than through me, or my post-office, for I will not knowingly be made the *maidium* or *mains* of any such tomfoolery." In this way the country post-mistress is a capital check upon the impetuous youths and lasses, who, if there was no vigilant post-mistress on the alert, would commit themselves on paper to sentiments that, twelve months later, they would be heartily ashamed to acknowledge.

One time it came to pass that the post-office of Mrs. MacGroarty, to whom I have referred, needed a letter carrier. The brilliant idea struck Mrs. MacGroarty (for she was an ingenious woman) that her own young single sister, Shiela, should make a capital postman. Of course such a thing as a girl carrying the post had never before been heard of there. But Mrs. MacGroarty was a woman of high mind and could not be bound down by the conventions; so Mrs. MacGroarty caused Shiela to apply for the post, discreetly holding her sex from the authorities in Dublin, and signing herself simply "S. MacCafferty." After references and recommendations had been sent, and after the post-office authorities in Dublin had generally satisfied themselves that "S. MacCafferty" was a fit and proper person for the post, they wrote down appointing the aforesaid S. MacCafferty to carry the mails from Donegal to Mrs. MacGroarty's post-office, twice a week, at the magnificent salary of eight pounds a year. The heart of S. MacCafferty as well as that of Mrs. MacGroarty was rejoiced. After a little time there came to Mrs. MacGroarty's post-office, for the new postman, a full postman's uniform, with a request that in accordance with the new regulations, the postman "Mr. S. MacCafferty," as they innocently styled Shiela, should when carrying the post, wear the full uniform. Shiela smiled, and Mrs. MacGroarty said that the uniform would suit Mickey Haran (the parish fool), and that they would give it to the creature in the course of a week or so, when he came that way.

Some wag in the parish (for there were many of them) wrote to the authorities to say that the new postman was not wearing the uniform as required by the regulations. So, by return of post Mrs. MacGroarty was startled to receive the following communication:—

"G. P. O., Dublin,
"March 20th, 18—.

"Madam:

"If I am rightly informed that, notwithstanding my communication of the 1st inst., your district postman, Mr. S. MacCafferty, has not adopted the uniform provided, in going his daily rounds, I beg to notify you that this is very irregular, meriting severe censure; and I beg to insist that Mr. S. MacCafferty will, for the time to come, adopt the uniform provided.

I have the honor to be, madam,
Your obedient servant,
The Secretary."

Mrs. MacGroarty and Shiela both thought the authorities too punctilious; talked over the whole matter for the length of a winter's night, and in the end it was agreed that Shiela should wear the postman's cape and cap, and Mrs. MacGroarty accordingly wrote to the secretary of the General Post-office, that S. MacCafferty would, in compliance with the request, wear the cap and cape.

Immediately there came another letter from Dublin—a sharper one—saying that their order must be complied with and the complete uniform worn by the postman, Mr. S. MacCafferty. Poor Shiela was very much distressed at this, and after long consultation, she and Mrs. MacGroarty conceded another point to the red-tapists in Dublin, namely, that she would wear jacket and vest also, so Mrs. MacGroarty wrote them to this effect, and hoped they would be pleased now anyhow, if pleasing them was possible. By return of mail, she had a further and still sharper reply, saying that in accordance with the regulations, *complete uniform must be worn.* The Secretary added, that he trusted to hear at once, that his third-time repeated order was complied with. Mrs. MacGroarty again replied promptly that "S. MacCafferty" had sincere conscientious objections to wearing the complete uniform; that she considered "S. MacCafferty's" objections valid and proper, and that she believed the authorities should not press "S. MacCafferty" to do anything contrary to conscience. The Secretary of the General Post-office wrote back demanding what were the possible conscientious objections S. MacCafferty could have to wearing the trousers. The post-mistress replied that she could not state the objections, but asked the authorities to take her word as post-mistress, that the objections of S. MacCafferty were valid and sufficient. The authorities, irritated and puzzled beyond measure, instead of replying sent down an inspector to inquire into the circumstances, and when the inspector stepped into Mrs. MacGroarty's post-office and asked to see the postman, and when Shiela MacCafferty, bowing and blushing, was ushered into his presence, he was amazed and the scales fell from his eyes, and he went back to Dublin again, and promptly there came down a letter to the post-mistress, from the Secretary of the General Post-office, to the effect that S. MacCafferty was, under special circumstances, absolved from wearing complete uniform, and that though the precedent never had been established before S. MacCafferty was, though a female, confirmed in her office as postman.

So, even over the great chief authorities in Dublin, the country post-mistress triumphed.

"ON THE WINGS OF SONG."

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Father Grant was worried. His usual cheery smile had given place to a troubled expression, especially evident at this season of Christmas. Mrs. Maxwell noticed it immediately when she came to him to get the names of the poor whom she was to make glad at this joyous time.

"You look worried, Father," she said, as she was about to go on her errand of mercy.

"Dear me, and is it so evident? Indeed I am worried, and yet to you it may seem a trivial matter. It's about our Christmas music. You know the pride I have taken in the music always—this may be my punishment—and how hard we worked at it, and here at the last moment most of the singers are sick, and it's too late to get others, and so on. And that's my trouble; not as bad as a fire or an earthquake, but bad enough, and the people are so used to a beautiful programme at Christmas."

Mrs. Maxwell smiled. "I'm so glad that no greater trouble is impending. But about your music. Do you know an idea has entered my head this instant to make your musical programme the best in the city. You know Dr. Fulton of Larned Street? Of course not, he came here only a month ago. His wife is a beautiful singer, in fact a star of the first magnitude up to three years ago when he married her. Possibly you know her as the famous Alice Lavarnie."

"The queen of song?" Father Grant trembled at the prospect.

"The same, known in all the civilized world."

"And you think she would sing for us?"

"Undoubtedly, if I ask her. She and I were classmates at Notre Dame, and bosom friends for years. We have exchanged calls since her coming here."

"She is a Catholic, then?"

"Nominally so. I fear the practical faith is weak. Dr. Fulton—enormously wealthy you know—is an avowed atheist, a sort of iconoclast, an anti-everything, and I fear that Alice has borrowed many of his ideas."

"Hardly a suitable person to sing at the Mass—do you think so?"

"I know, Father, but then—it may stir up old memories. Who knows?"

"True Mrs. Maxwell. Dear me what a providential body you are! Always ready when you are needed most. See Mrs. Fulton if you will. We'll have the finest music in the city."

And so it was agreed that Mrs. Maxwell would ask the celebrated singer to assist in saving from destruction the musical efforts of a poor parish priest. She felt that she had a good cause to plead, and without a fear of defeat she drove immediately to the grand home which the doctor had built for the happiness of his celebrated wife. As she sat in the reception room awaiting the entrance of her old friend she could not help contrasting the oriental magnificence about her with the humble little cottage in which Alice Lavarnie had grown to maidenhood, and the simple rooms of the convent of their school days. In the wildest dreams neither had imagined an ending so romantic, so luxurious, and to-night, when her mind was upon music, Mrs. Maxwell could fancy the rich room transformed into the exhibition hall on that fair graduation

day when Alice had sung like an angel and won the plaudits of an outside world. She remembered how happy Alice had declared herself, and how she manifested her intention of returning after vacation to enter the novitiate. The dear Sister smiling at her impulsiveness had said: "It may be different when you see the world, poor child. Sometimes I tremble for you--you are so beautiful, so talented." Alice had laughed at the Sister's fears, and then—Mrs. Fulton entered the room.

"Martha! You have returned my call at last! One feels doubly a stranger when one's friends are almost next door and remain there."

"A thousand reasons, Alice, for such apparent neglect. And yet I wonder what you will say when you know my errand."

"Charity, of course. They tell me you are the busiest woman in town, and all for others. Compared to you I am a useless butterfly."

"I should rather call you a humming bird, especially to-night, when I come to ask you to sing for charity."

"That request is readily granted. I sang for money so long, it is only right that I should do something for pure charity. You are going to have a concert for the poor, I presume."

"No, not exactly. I want you to sing at the High Mass on Christmas."

Mrs. Fulton blushed and looked startled.

"That is different, Martha, I am afraid I cannot. You see—Mr. Fulton—well I should have to consult him."

"Why, Alice, you do not mean that you must ask him for such a service as that? To sing in your own church?"

"My own church, yes, but not *our* church, and there is all the difficulty. I am so glad you came to-night, Martha. I have been doubly unhappy this evening, and it is a comfort to me to have a friend of the old days to confide in."

There were tears in her eyes as she arose and brought her chair close to Mrs. Maxwell.

"Why are you so unhappy, Alice? You have everything to live for."

"Yes, and still nothing to live for. I have fame, wealth, a devoted husband, and yet unhappiness. Your presence intensifies it, by contrasting the present with the old convent days. Dear Sister —how often she told me that she had fears for me on account of my voice; but God gave me that voice, and when I saw how people were charmed by it my soul was fired with an ambition to make the whole world listen. You do not know what ambition is, Martha. To me it was wealth, fame, everything earth can give, and it inspired me to study hard. You remember when I went to Europe to study with Lustrini. A dear friend of my father made it possible. Another pupil was Mrs. Fulton, my husband's first wife, a beautiful amiable woman who took a deep interest in me, and made her husband also interest himself. You know my leap to fame, my debut, my laurels everywhere. The Fultons were as pleased as I. Mrs. Fulton died the next season, when I sang at Covent Garden. Two years after, he asked me to marry him, and I did willingly for I had come to love him dearly. But there was a cloud over my happiness for I had married out of the Church. I did not mind it then, my heart was in the world. He was an atheist, I practically a pervert. But when our child was born and he refused to have it baptized my slumbering faith began to rebel. One night I came from the theatre, after a grand success, to find my child dead—and unbaptized! That was my last appearance. I became ill; he would not

let me return to the stage—and here I am."

"But does he not relent?"

"On the contrary he is more insistent. I argued at first, finally gave it up, and am now settled down into an obedient, loving wife."

"But your soul, Alice."

"Never at peace, Martha, and that is why I am going back to the stage. My voice is better than ever, and it will give me something to think about. But I detain you. I will ask my husband, though I fear he will refuse."

She ascended the stairs slowly, thinking deeply and formulating her argument. Dr. Fulton was reading when she entered his study, but quickly laid aside his book as if to conceal it.

"Oh, it's you, Alice. You startled me."

"And now I will startle you still more. Mrs. Maxwell, my old convent companion—you remember our charming hostess at Naples—comes to press me to sing."

"Sing where, Alice?"

"At St. John's Church."

"Roman Catholic, of course."

"Yes."

"You know, dear, I do not approve of such things. How can you desire to mingle with such people?"

"You are so proud, Herbert, and this is the season of humility."

"Of humility?"

"Yes, it is the season of the Babe of Bethlehem." She wondered at her boldness as she spoke. "It is Christmas, when all differences should be forgotten. You have given me many gifts, Herbert, may I not ask a small favor from you now?"

He was silent for a moment, as if meditating.

"For this once, Alice, yes. I see you are still sighing for Egypt. You may tell Mrs. Maxwell yes."

She could scarcely believe her ears. Was he relenting? Or was it the presence in his house of Mrs. Maxwell and the fear that he would seem bigoted? She could not tell. She only knew that hitherto he had railed at God and religion as hypocrisies, and now—she could not explain it, but a smile was forced upon her face as she rejoined Mrs. Maxwell.

. . . . . .

To Alice Fulton it was the most beautiful Christmas morning she had seen for many years. She was in feeling a girl again as she stood waiting for the carriage to take her to church. It seemed to Dr. Fulton as he came down the stairs that she had never looked so beautiful, so happy, since the gala night at the Metropolitan when a great city gave homage to the American nightingale.

"I wish you a great success this morning Alice. The revelation will come from the wrong part of the church to-day."

"Thank you, Herbert, but revelations do not come from sinners."

"I do not so classify you."

"But I do, a Catholic who is false to her conscience can hardly be called a saint."

He laughed, but there was no ring of merriment in the sound.

"These are serious thoughts for a merry Christmas, Alice. But really your voice will astonish them to-day. I'd like to be there to see your triumph."

"Why not come, then?" she asked, timidly.

"It's against my principles, dear. But here's your carriage. Good-bye."

He stood at the door till the carriage disappeared down the long driveway. Then he returned to his study, and again

took up the book that had fascinated him. It was Faber's "Bethlehem."

"Whatever Marx told me to read this for, it beats me," he said to himself, "yet I confess I am interested. What would she say if she knew that two atheists like Marx and myself were reading pious literature. Well, it's peculiar." He read on from where he had stopped when his wife came to make her strange request, but his heart was running after a carriage, bearing to a despised temple all that he held dear. In vain he tried to be interested in the book, and after a little while he dropped it and summoning a servant, asked, "Has Jones returned from the church yet? Yes? Well, tell him to drive around for me. 'Adeste fideles' "—unconsciously he sang the old hymn as he prepared to go out.

"To St. John's Church. Yes," he repeated to the man who stood amazed, doubting if he heard aright. "Can't a man go to church if he wants to?" But he was forced to smile when he entered the carriage, as he recalled the expression on the coachman's face.

No one noticed the wealthy Dr. Fulton as he took a seat in the last pew; he did not come to court notice, and besides he would have a better vantage ground to observe the effect of his wife's solo. He sat stolidly while all others knelt, an unintentionally cynical smile upon his handsome face at all this apparent mummery and hypocrisy. He smiled as he heard the unmusical voice of the priest—poor Father Grant was never noted for his musical attainments—he sneered at the efforts of the small choir to render Gounod's great Mass, he thought the sermon long and tedious, yet he was conscious of little till the offertory, and then he was all attention for *she* was singing.

It was the "Holy Night," with the Latin words which old Lustrini had arranged to the beautiful melody. It was her voice, beautifully sweet as ever, and yet so unlike. There was a sentiment in it, a passion there he had never heard before. He had heard her in opera, on the concert stage, and he had wondered at her talent. Then it was the voice of an artist, but here in the little church it seemed like the voice of an angel, with a joy, a pathos beyond description. A sigh escaped from him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he knew not why. Her voice had gone down into his soul with a pleading, a touch of heartbreak in it that filled him with a dread, a fear lest he had been unjust to her, unjust to himself, unjust to their dead child, in all his pride of life, in his disdain of such common notions as the existence of a Creator and the responsibility of a creature. He smiled at his thoughts, but there was no longer a sneer upon his lips as the bell of the Sanctus sounded, and he knelt with the others to await the great Mystery.

Dr. Fulton paced up and down the vestibule of the church after the congregation had dispersed. He had been oblivious of the glances of the happy throng that had passed him as he sat in that last pew, wondering at his own heart and all that had transpired there within the last hour. He was waiting for her, as impatient to see her as if they had been separated for years. Yet she did not come. She had not gone home for the carriage was still outside. He would go for her and surprise her. He ascended the dark stairway quietly. Yes, she was there. She was kneeling with her head bowed on her hands, and—it smote his heart to see it—she was weeping.

"Alice."

The woman started at the half-whispered sound, and looked in astonishment at her husband, who came nearer and took her trembling hand in his.

"Alice!" There was an inexpressible tenderness in his voice. "You are weeping—why?"

"For all the past, Herbert, for the peace of Christ. He has brought me here to-day. He demands my heart. You won't take away this peace from me?"

"God forbid, Alice, for that peace is mine, too. Do not question me. I can't explain it. I only know that I was blind and now I see. Come let us thank Him for it."

And, united indeed, a man and a woman knelt in the place where but a few moments before a woman had sung like an angel.

O CHRISTMAS MORN.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

O Christmas morn, white roses fair,
From mem'ry, flake the snowy air,
  They tinsel bright the dear bell old,
  Believing it, a hive of gold,
Stored with their honeys, June-songs rare.

The holly red hangs ev'rywhere!
That 'tis love's spark, hearts do declare,
  Flaming the earth, a long year cold—
    O Christmas morn!

The yule-log's pictures faint, compare
With those that childhood fancied there.
  Its rockets Bethlehem's stars hold,
  They fade to snowdrops manifold,
And thought doth of their sweetness share.
    O Christmas morn!

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD (Continued.)

BY THE REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXIII.

We have already seen that the Catholic priesthood is invested with the greatest power ever bestowed by God on man, and hence the obligation of the priest to consecrate himself entirely to God. He will, without doubt, receive sufficient grace to enable him to discharge his sacred duties for his is a state of perfection instituted by our Divine Lord to be the light of the world and the salt of the earth.

We have also seen that the priesthood of the Catholic Church is one, and that every priest shares in it because he partakes in the priesthood of the Incarnate Son through the divine conformity which impresses an indelible character upon the soul. This divine relationship demands the perfection of purity, charity. and humility. All these are comprised in his duties to his Divine Master, to His sacramental presence on the altar, and to the members of His mystical Body over whom He exercises a jurisdiction of life or death. What sanctity can be conceived greater than that of the priesthood of the Catholic Church?

I.

It is theologically certain that interior spiritual perfection is a necessary condition to the proper receiving of sacred orders. This is the judgment of all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. St. Gregory of Nazianzan is a good example. He describes the spiritual perfection required before ordination to the priesthood, in these words:

"I then knowing these things, and that no one is worthy of the great God and of the sacrifice and of the High Priest who has not first offered himself to God a living and holy sacrifice, and shown forth the reasonable and acceptable service, and offered to God the sacrifice of praise and a contrite heart, which is the only sacrifice demanded of us by the giver of all things, how should I (without these things) dare to offer to Him the outward antitype of these great mysteries, or how put on the name and habit of a priest before my hands be consecrated by good works; before my eyes are accustomed to behold the creature and to worship the Creator alone . . . before my feet be planted upon the rock perfect as the hart's, and all my ways be directed according to God, neither deviating in any degree from Him; before every member become a weapon of justice, all dead works being cast off, swallowed up of life and giving place to the spirit." (Orat. ii. xciv, 1. p. 56.)

There are two classes of men called by our Blessed Lord to be priests. The first are the innocent, who, like St. John, St. Philip, and St. Charles, grew up from their earliest consciousness in sanctifying grace and interior perfection. The second class are the penitent like St. Paul, who had persecuted the Christians; St. Augustine, who had wandered for years from the divine law; St. Thomas of Canterbury, who had been occupied with the affairs of the world, and yet remained in God's grace. The antecedents of these two classes of men are widely different, but their end is one and the same. They come up to the altar by paths far apart, but they meet before it in one heart and mind, conformed to the perfection of the great High Priest.

This interior spiritual perfection consists not in a sinless state—for who is without sin?—but in a freedom from the power of sin that they would willingly die rather than commit a mortal sin;

and next in such a fear and aversion from all sin that they would willingly suffer any pain or loss rather than offend God by a wilful venial sin; and lastly, by a glad and deliberate choice of a life in the spirit of poverty, humility, labor and the cross—that is the lot of the Divine Master; so that even if they could enjoy the world and yet be saved they would choose to be conformed to Him in His mental sorrows and in the manifold ways of the cross. Such a state, with a reign of the love of God and of souls, even though the impetuosities of sudden enmity and the indeliberate movements and faults of nature still remain, is the interior spiritual perfection which the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church require of those who come to be ordained to the priesthood.

The Fathers of the Church hold that the state of sanctifying grace is not sufficient for ordination. Union with God, that is, a freedom from mortal sin, is indeed enough for the worthy reception of the Sacrament, but while such a Communion is not bad, it may not be devout, and therefore it cannot suffice for the state of the priest who consecrates the Body and Blood of Christ and distributes the Bread of Life to others. The priest must be above the common level of other good, pious men, who have assumed no such sacred obligations. The ordinary goodness of the good Christian is scarcely the mark of the disciple of the Lord.

The episcopate has been defined as "the order which has spiritual power to rule and propagate the Church of God by the perpetuity of sacred ordination." The chief office, therefore, of the bishop is to select, train and make perfect the youths who are to be admitted to the priesthood. The Council of Trent orders that such youths should be trained from twelve to twenty-four under the eye of the bishop and the care of approved and learned professors. Such youths should grow up in grace and advance to interior spiritual perfection. Those who come at the ninth and eleventh hour must still ascend by the seven steps which lead to the altar. If the time of their training is shorter, not less is required of them, rather more is exacted of them till they reach the same interior perfection. The fervor of conversion and the reparation of penance accomplishes in them in a briefer time what the innocence of those who have never sorrowed for sin more slowly reaches. The fervor of St. Paul and St. Augustine sprang from their wrath against themselves which is the perfection of penance.

St. Gregory says that a soldier who has given way at the beginning of the battle will often return and fight more heroically than those who have never wavered. Both the innocent and the penitent must attain interior spiritual perfection before they receive the character of the eternal priesthood. The priest is ordained not only to be perfect, but by his word and example to impress on others the perfection of his divine Lord. He must be a faithful witness of the truths of faith,—a loving and watchful dispenser of the sacraments of grace, and a careful interpreter, in word and action, of the mind of Christ. "Ye are the light of the world," signifies that the priest must shine by the light of a holy life, revealing a heavenly mind. "Ye are the salt of the earth," signifies the personal possession of sanctity which resists corruption, and communicates sanctity to others. To exercise perfection is to be and to do what is perfect in the personal priestly life. Theologians have disputed whether a priest who is himself imperfect could exercise perfection. Some of them say that any priest may teach others to be good, humble, charitable, pure, and pious ; that if the ground be good and the seed good,

it matters not what may be the hand that sows it. Well, this may be true in a certain sense because our Blessed Lord would not suffer the faithful to be defrauded by imperfect priests who may have lost their interior spiritual perfection. Such a priest cannot give what he does not possess; but the grace and truth which came through Jesus Christ work their own effects through Him. They sanctify others but not themselves. Now this is not the doctrine of the Church. It may be held by theologians for the sake of argument. The priesthood is a sacrament which sanctifies those who receive it, and bestows on them an abundance of sacramental grace which prepares them for its faithful and fruitful exercise. This is beautifully expressed in the ceremony of ordination. The bishop warns the candidates for holy orders that they must ascend to the high honor of the priesthood with fear and trembling, and that they must henceforth possess heavenly wisdom, moral integrity, and a mature observance of justice: he further points out how our Blessed Lord, in selecting His seventy-two disciples, sent them before Him and thus taught us that the ministers of His Church ought to be perfect in their love of God and man, and well-founded in virtue. He charges them to persevere in leading a chaste and holy life. He uses these consoling and strengthening words: "Realize what you are now doing; imitate the sanctity with which you are charged, *that in celebrating the mystery of the Lord's death you may mortify all vices and lusts in your members.* Let your doctrine be the spiritual medicine of the people of God. Let the sanctity of your life be the light of the Church of Christ, that by preaching and by example you may edify the family of God." A little further on, the Bishop prays: "Renew in them the spirit of holiness that they may receive of Thee this holy office, and may by the example of their conversation impose a rule of moral life. May they be prudent fellow workers with us. May the pattern of all justice shine forth in them." (Pontif. Rom.)

The Council of Trent is also to the point. It commands that all clerics shall visibly show in their lives, gravity, modesty, and piety, and that they avoid lighter faults so that their actions shall inspire all with veneration. (Sess. XXII.) These words express the exercise of perfection in its fullest sense. The priest should therefore practice perfect charity in his own life and impress the same law of charity upon others.

The interior spiritual perfection required in a vocation to the priesthood is an essential condition for ordination which is to be persevered in to the end. Happy, therefore, the priest who keeps the resolutions made on his ordination day, and unhappy the priest who fails to do so. The state of the priest requires the nearest approach to perfection possible. St. Paul is to the point. He says to every priest: "Be thou an example to the faithful in words, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity. Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given by prophecy, with the imposition of the hands of the priesthood. Meditate upon these things; that thy growth in sanctity may be manifest to all. Take heed to thyself and to doctrine: be earnest in them, for in doing this thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee." (B. Tim. IV. 12, 16.)

Thus far we have tried to show how stringent are the obligations of a priest to a life of perfection. These are the bonds of Jesus Christ, and not of canons and laws and councils. His law binds all His disciples, but especially His priesthood. Upon them are all the obligations arising from their participation in His eternal office—in the sacerdotal character—in the divine powers of con-

secration—in the consoling doctrine of absolution, and in their personal relations to Jesus in His sacramental life in the Real Presence. If these things do not demand interior spiritual perfection of men aspiring to the holy priesthood, nothing can bind men to perfection. But they do, and this is why priests are, as a rule, such a marvel to the outside world. They practiced interior spiritual perfection long before their hands were anointed for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, and before the yoke of the Lord was laid upon their shoulders, and hence their edification in the midst of a corrupt and sinful world.

II.

Now let us see what are the means given to priests at all times to attain this spiritual perfection. It is of faith that sufficient grace is given to every regenerated soul for salvation. All are called to be saints, but not in the same degree; "for star differeth from star in glory." The vocations of men are beyond all number in their diversities, but to each is given grace adequate to the attainment of the end to which he is called.

Of all those who are conformed to the image of Jesus Christ, the priesthood comes first. They are called to be like Him that they may be the representatives of His person and the images of His mind. To them, therefore, are given all adequate means of the closest conformity to Him. These means are of two kinds: general and special. We will first deal with the general means. They come in the regular order. Sacramental grace of the priesthood comes first and holds the highest place. Every sacrament confers besides sanctifying grace a special grace to obtain the end for which each sacrament was instituted. St. Thomas describes it as follows: "As the virtues and gifts add, beyond the grace commonly so called a certain perfection ordained determinately to the acts proper to the powers of the soul, so the sacramental grace, beyond the grace commonly so called and beyond the virtues and gifts, is a divine help for the attainment of the end of the sacrament." (Summa. Theo. p. III, 9, lxii. a. 2.) This divine help is not given once for all, but at first like the opening spring from which flows a stream that multiplies itself into manifold helps in the times of temptation or danger.

It is therefore of faith that in ordination sanctifying grace is given; and with it a special divine help sufficient to enable the priest at all times to fulfill all his sacred duties.

The Fathers of the Church tell us that the priest has a three-fold character, and therefore that sacramental grace is granted in a three-fold form,—as son, soldier, and priest. These divine helps never fail if manfully co-operated with. St. Paul solves the difficulty in these consoling words: "I can do all things through Him strengthening me." It is of divine faith that God does not command impossibilities, and that to him that uses the grace he has more grace is given. The priesthood is indeed an arduous work. Men may well shrink from it through humility, self-mistrust, and holy fear. But once the indelible character has been impressed, to waver and doubt is like St. Peter walking upon the Sea of Galilee. Our Blessed Lord in rebuking him rebukes our cowardice: "O thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt." These words were intended for us, and ought to be ever sounding in our ears. If we begin to sink it is because we have begun to doubt; and then we begin to seek safety and rest and sanctity here and there and everywhere but where we should—in our own holy vocation. This is simply a want of humble faith. If we would only make use of the grace we have, we should never fail, for our

dear Lord has promised to increase it a hundred-fold when necessary. No man has as many talents as the priest, and no man can therefore lay up a greater reward for himself in the next life.

But here is a consoling thought one should ever cherish. If it should so happen that a man by sin or levity barred the grace of his ordination at the very beginning of his priestly life, by true conversion to God the grace which sin had barred may yet revive. Even if in the course of his life he should lose his fervor or even his sanctity, the sacrament of penance will restore him to grace, and by contrition the sacramental grace may revive. Who then needs to despair? Hope honors our Divine Lord and is the consolation of the fallen.

In the second place, the priesthood itself is a source of sanctification to the priest. It is a shelter against the spirit of the world. It is a motive of noble ideals. It is a constant stimulus to seek a more intimate union with God. The priest is set apart, like the sacred vessels of the Temple, for God's honor and glory. His personal actions ought to be in accord with this ideal. The words of the psalmist beautifully express the thought. "One thing I have asked of the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; that I may see the delight of the Lord, and may visit His temple, for He hath hidden me in His tabernacle. (Ps. XXVI. 4, 6.) The one great desire of a priest's life is to dwell near our Lord on the altar, to be the custodian of the key of the tabernacle and, in a word, to be "another Christ." This title is a joy and consolation to the priest. It causes him to love and serve Him with his whole heart. St. Paul expresses the rapture of this love in these words: "With Christ I am nailed to the cross and live; now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. II, 19, 20.) How sweet and consoling these thoughts! Christ lives in us and we in Him. His presence penetrates throughout our entire being; it pervades the intellect, the will, the affections. He reigns over us leaving us perfect freedom in all our actions. Thus we would be enabled to think His thoughts, to speak His words, to do His acts. This would be a perpetual motive to seek perfection.

Finally, the pastoral office in itself is a great incentive to perfection. It calls for a life of self-denial. A pastor has as many cares to watch over as he has souls to save. The good and the bad, the sick and the well, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the wise and the foolish, the worldly and unworldly, the penitent and unpenitent, the lapsed and the relapsed, the hardened and the defiant,—all must be looked after. Most of the great servants of God had no time of their own. Most of their conversions came to them out of regular office hours and at unseasonable moments. Nothing mortifies the body more than this life of self-abnegation.

The office of pastor is the highest discipline of charity, and charity is the perfection of God and man. It was charity that settled his vocation to the priesthood, and it is charity that binds him to give his life for his flock. From the beginning to the end of his life charity is the motive power of all his actions. Every action from the greatest to the least is elicited by charity. "God is charity and He that abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him." (1 St. John, IV. 16.)

We might develop this thought in a similar manner as to the virtues of humility, purity, piety, obedience, and the like, but mortification and charity include them all. They are the corner-stones of perfection and are called forth by the demands of a priestly life. As to the other means of acquiring perfection it will be enough in this essay to enumerate them.

In the first place we have the law and obligation of chastity, humility, and obedience. These sister virtues are called by the Fathers of the Church the instrumental means of perfection. To them we must add the habit of prayer and meditation; the daily Mass with its preparation and thanksgiving; the consoling work in the confessional, where he is called upon to be as tender and patient as a father, painstaking as a physician, and as just as a judge; the preaching of the word of God in season and out of season; the daily recitation of the Divine Office in which he visits the heavenly courts and finally the rule of life which has become for him a second nature in conforming himself in all things to the will of God.

The priest with such abundant means of confirming himself in the spiritual perfection in which he was ordained, and of conforming more closely to the will and life of the Divine Master cannot fail. God has done more for him than is possible to comprehend. He has chosen him to be His ambassador and to be, like Himself, "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth."

JOHN O'LEARY.

A VETERAN OF TWO REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

BY W. O'LEARY CURTIS.

When James Stephens, the famous chief organizer of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, decided, in 1863, that it would be advisable to establish a weekly newspaper to give voice to the growing revolutionary spirit of the country, and to fan it to a fiercer flame, he had no hesitation as to the man to whom the conduct of such an organ could most safely and most fittingly be entrusted. That man was John O'Leary, of whom I have been asked to write some slight account for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The historic county of Tipperary, which has given so many gallant and distinguished sons to Ireland, can claim the honor of being the birthplace of John O'Leary, and of Charles J. Kickham, and

Denis Dowling Mulcahy, two of Mr. O'Leary's principal associates on the editorial staff of the "Irish People," and two of his most devoted and most highly esteemed friends. "The gentle poet of Sliev-na-mon," as Kickham was called, is dead, since August, 1882, and Dr. Dowling Mulcahy died only a few years ago in Newark, New Jersey. Another leading figure in our Fenian movement, and one of the principal political writers on the "Irish People," Thomas Clarke Luby, also died a couple of years ago, in Jersey City, so that Mr. O'Leary is now the sole survivor of the daring and gifted band of writers who constituted the actual editorial staff of the uncompromising Fenian organ. Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, who was manager of the paper and contributed occasional prose and verse to its columns is also, I am glad to say, still very much alive in your great Republic and is less than ever in love, I understand, with English rule in the country of his birth.

In the month of July, 1830, in the town of Tipperary, John O'Leary was born. His parents were people of high standing in the town, where they possessed a considerable amount of property which he inherited. His very early years were passed in the fashion of most boys of his station of life in a country town, without any incident out of the common to record. At the age of sixteen years he first came across James Stephens, who was destined to have such an effect on the course of his life, although neither of them suspected anything of the kind at the time. Stephens, who happened to be engaged in some civil engineering work in Tipperary, was introduced to young O'Leary and found in him an interesting companion with whom to stroll and talk in the evenings when his professional duties had ceased for the day. Both young men were deeply interested in literature, Stephens indeed having a vague idea that he would some day do something notable in a field that if not quite so dangerous is perhaps nearly as difficult as that perilous one to which he afterwards directed his restless energies. At the time of these early talks in Tipperary, Stephens was just twenty-two years old, having been born in 1824, and one would imagine that John O'Leary must have seemed little more than a boy in his eyes. However, they got on very well together until the work Stephens was engaged in was completed, and he took his departure. Young O'Leary continued his studies, just as if no shadow of destiny had fallen across the threshold of his career. He probably felt a little sorry at the discontinuance of those pleasant evening talks; that was all.

In this same year of 1846, during the period of convalescence after a very severe illness, John O'Leary came across the poems and essays of Thomas Davis, and it was the reading of these inspiring productions that first made him think seriously about Ireland, her wrongs, and how they might be remedied. Up to this time as he himself describes in his "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," he "was not strongly Irish," although at the same time "not anti-Irish or West-British." But after reading Davis, to quote his own words: "Now, however, everything was changed. The world was an altered world to me. I felt in quite a new sense that I was an Irishman, and that for weal or woe my fate must be linked with that of my country." The process of "conversion" indicated in these words was certainly thorough for from that time down to the present day John O'Leary has never wavered or faltered in his devotion and services to the Irish cause. The spirit breathed into him by Davis' writings led him to make further excursions into Irish national literature, and to take a keen interest in the course of political events, so that when he left Carlow College in 1847, and came to Dublin to enter Trinity College, he at once

set about getting into touch with our Nationalist Party. In the struggle between the decadent "moral force" party and the Young Irelanders, the sympathies of John O'Leary went entirely with the latter. He accordingly became a member of the Irish Confederation, joining the Grattan Club, which was presided over by the gifted orator, Thomas Francis Meagher. At the meetings of this club he was most assiduous in attendance and was an interested if somewhat critical listener to the discussions. At the head offices of the Confederation he also met and heard such leading orators as O'Gorman, Doheny and McGee, yet confesses that he was more moved by the political atmosphere of the Confederation than by its oratory.

Almost from the very start of his connection with Irish politics John O'Leary was impressed by the strenuous character of John Mitchell, so that when, towards the end of '47, that stalwart patriot announced that he had lost every shred of hope in attaining any good for Ireland by constitutional methods alone, and that for the future he would advocate a policy of action, young O'Leary went with him heart and soul. The arrest and transportation of Mitchell in '48 was of course a heavy blow to the revolutionary movement, and many of the younger and more daring spirits felt that the most fitting response that Ireland could make under the circumstances would be to summon the country at once to arms and fight out the issue between the two countries. John O'Leary was amongst the supporters of this warlike policy, but more moderate counsels prevailed in the Confederation and it was resolved that no attempt at insurrection should be made until after the year's harvest had been gathered in. "Naturally," writes John O'Leary in his Recollections, "we felt depressed and irritated, and were but moderately (if at all) impressed by the counsels of our elders."

In the month of July, 1848, as is well-known, the Confederates made their abortive attempt at insurrection. The story of the failure at Ballingarry has been so often told that there is no need to dwell on it here, nor is it necessary that I should deal with the causes of that failure, beyond saying that the men, exhausted by three years of famine, had practically no arms, and had the great influence of their priests against an insurrectionary policy. Nor did Smith O'Brien, high-souled patriot as he undoubtedly was, possess any of the qualifications essential to an insurgent leader. We need not marvel then that the insurrection of '48 was so complete a failure. It could not possibly have been otherwise under the circumstances, but if it did nothing else it at least proved that there were men of character and position in Ireland who were willing to risk everything in the cause of national independence. To his native Tipperary John O'Leary betook himself in the revolutionary crisis, and was much disappointed to find that the Confederates there were almost wholly unprepared for anything in the nature of serious warfare. After a few days spent amongst his townsmen he heard of the collapse at Ballingarry and like Smith O'Brien and some other leaders was compelled to go "on his keeping," as the Crown authorities were naturally very suspicious of any young men of his stamp who were amongst the people at the time. However, he continued to evade their vigilance for some weeks, when hearing that an attempt was about to be made to rescue O'Brien and some of the other leaders who were immured in Clonmel jail, he went to Clonmel to take a hand in the contemplated rescue. The only result of this daring attempt was the capture of young O'Leary and his comrades by a party of soldiers who lodged them safely within the jail they had hoped to enter as the liberators of their imprisoned leaders. They were released, however, after

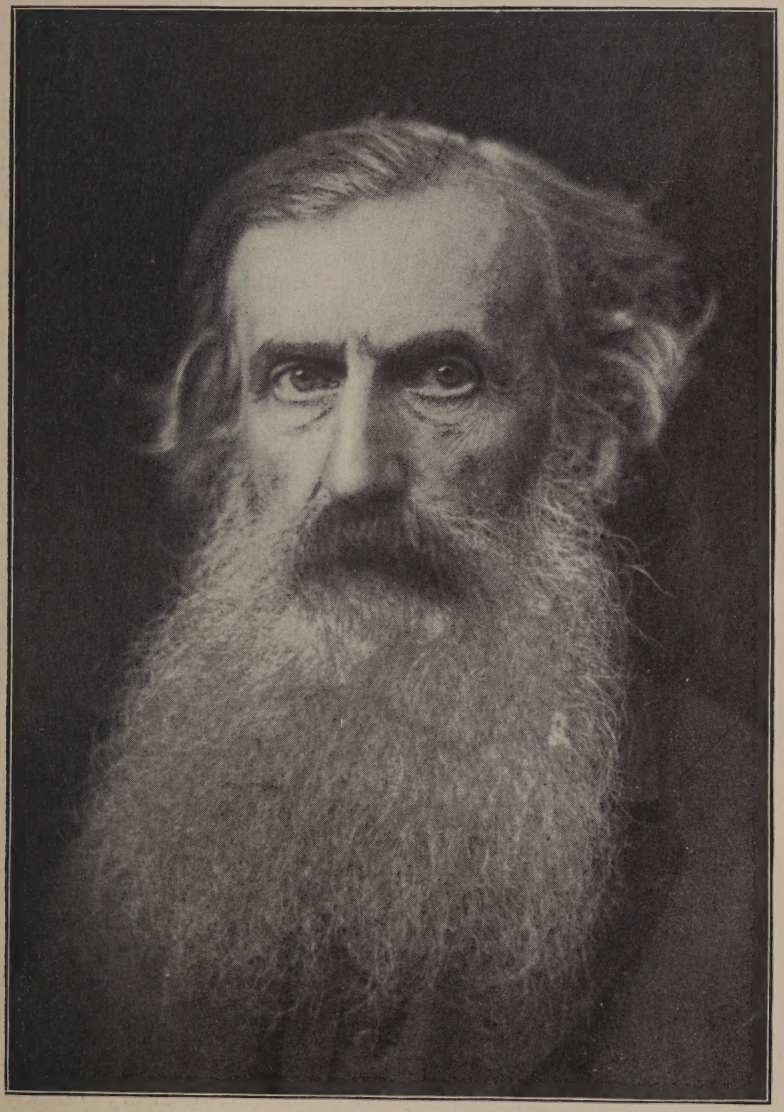
a few weeks imprisonment, when O'Leary undaunted by the failure of his dearest hopes immediately set to work to form a new revolutionary organization, this time on secret lines. He won some of the best of the young men about Clonmel into the new organization and early in '49 returned to Dublin, from which city he had heard rumors of revolutionary activity in certain quarters. He was also desirous of resuming his collegiate studies which the doings of the previous exciting if disappointing year had considerably disturbed.

When he arrived in Dublin in '49, O'Leary was not long in discovering that the centre of revolutionary affairs in that city was the house in Capel Street where James Fintan Lalor was lodging. Lalor was a most remarkable personality and his writings on the Irish Land question were undoubtedly the origin and inspiration of the fierce agrarian struggle which convulsed Ireland for many years after his frail body had been laid to rest. At his lodgings in Capel Street, John O'Leary first met Thomas Clarke Luby and Joseph Brennan, the poet, both of whom were leading figures in a group of intellectual young men who looked to Lalor for light and leading in still another effort for Irish freedom. But the issue of the new conspiracy was no more successful than that of '48, and there is no need to dwell on it here at any length beyond recording that these enthusiastic and possibly desperate young men dispersed themselves about Tipperary and Waterford and strove with might and main to organize material for another insurrection. O'Leary naturally directed his attention to Tipperary where he had already formed the nucleus of an organization. Lalor's plan was to attack the barracks in Cashel on a certain night, doubtless hoping that in the event of the attack being successful the news of his victory would bring a sufficient number of young men into the ranks to enable him to undertake a more extensive and formidable operation. But the men did not turn out in the expected numbers and such as did come were badly armed. John O'Leary's contingent was to assemble at Garnacarty, and perhaps I cannot do better than quote here his own account of the proceedings of that disheartening night, as given in his "Recollections."

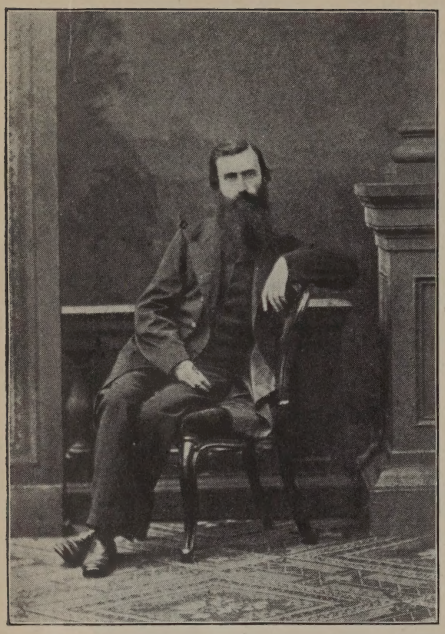
"It was arranged that the Tipperary men should meet at a place called Garnacarty, about a mile outside the town, on the Cashel road. When I got there about ten or eleven o'clock in the night, I found but few people—never I think more than forty or fifty—and mostly unarmed. After waiting until one or two in the morning, without any increase in the number of my followers, I decided that it would be worse than useless to bring such a body with me into Cashel, so I let them go back to their homes, setting out myself, accompanied by two other young men for the City of the Kings—naturally in no pleasant frame of mind, but still hoping, if not hopeful, that I should find a different state of things there. It was substantially, however, the same story nearly everywhere. From Clonoulty alone—a place in the Thurles direction—had any considerable body (some hundred or hundred and fifty men, and not badly armed) turned up. These men after lying for most of the night in the vicinity of the town were at last dismissed by Lalor and found their way safely home, and I suppose with satisfied consciences, in that they and they alone might be said to have come up to the scratch."

I do not of course record these youthful doings of John O'Leary with any sense of their importance so far as Ireland is concerned, indeed he himself does not regard them as important, but they are undoubtedly of interest, as showing the revolutionary drift of his temperament or character in these early years. After this second disappointment he took no part in political affairs for several years, but

quietly pursued his medical studies in Dublin, Galway, and London. Towards the end of 1855 he went to Paris in the hope of meeting Stephens, of whom he had heard some tidings, and was disappointed on reaching the French capital to learn that Stephens had gone back to Ireland. He, however, spent an agreeable year in the congenial society of Kevin Izod O'Doherty and his gifted wife, "Eva" of "The Nation," who were then staying in Paris, and also met for the first time John Martin, J. P. Leonard, and John O'Hagan, another of the "Nation" poets. In 1857 he returned to Dublin, where his acquaintance with Stephens



JOHN O'LEARY.



JOHN O'LEARY.
An Early Portrait.

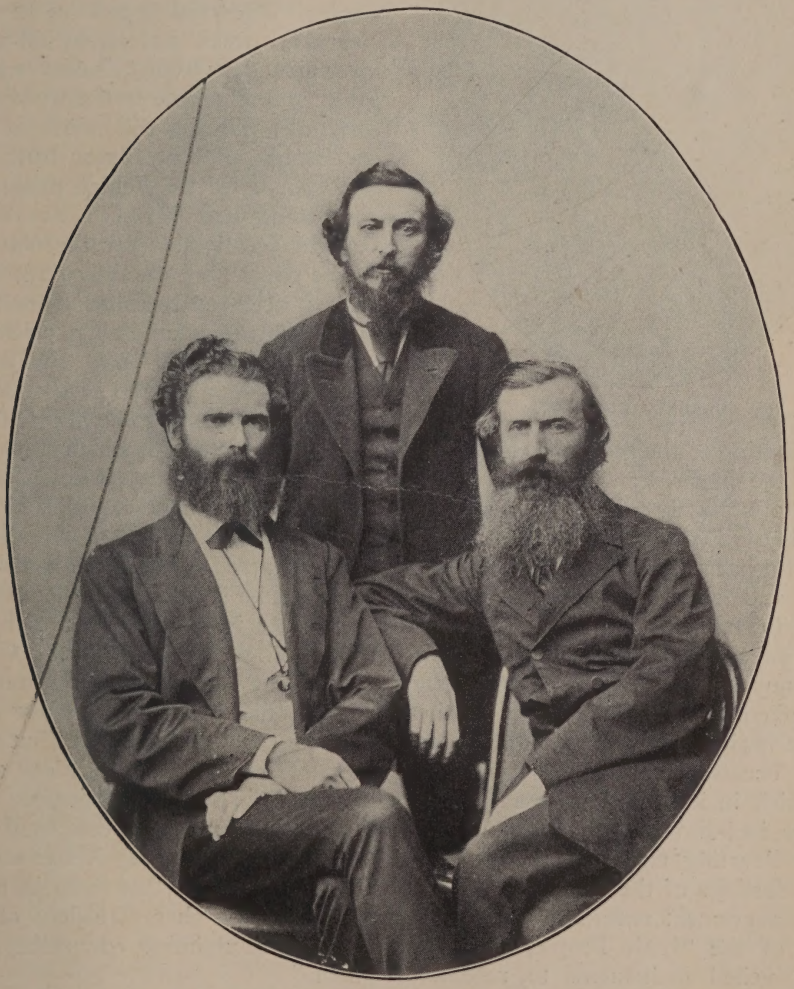
ELLEN O'LEARY.

was renewed. At this time Stephens was already beginning to evolve the idea of a great secret organization to crush English power in Ireland and spoke to O'Leary on the subject, whom he found naturally sympathetic, but not altogether so easy to convince on the practical side of the business.

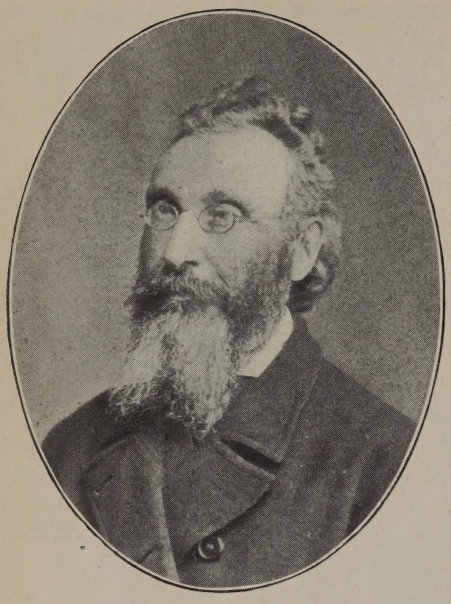
In 1859, however, John O'Leary began to take an active share in the work which Stephens had in hand, and in that year he and Stephens had a conference over some financial matters of importance to the new organization. Later in the same year he undertook a mission to the United States, arriving in New York on the first of May of that year. In that city he came into touch with John O'Mahony of whose character he formed the highest opinion, and during his mission, which lasted to September, he also met and formed friendships with John Mitchell, Michael Doheny, and General Corcoran. Mitchell he had of course seen and heard in '48, but it was in America at this time that he first became on terms of friendship with that great Irishman. In September, '59, he returned to Paris and lived with Stephens for some time in the Rue Montaigne, where they had many long and anxious discussions on the new movement and its possibilities. In '61 John O'Leary was summoned back to Ireland to say farewell to a favorite brother, Arthur, who died in June of that year, and from this time up to the establishment of the "Irish People" on the 28th November, 1863, he lived chiefly in Dublin, taking a leading place in the councils of the Fenian organization which by this time had grown to formidable proportions.

The "Irish People" under the editorship of Mr. O'Leary quickly attained popularity and its bold statement of the national position and policy appealed strongly to the sturdy race of young men then growing up in Ireland. Week after week Ireland's indefeasible claim to separate national existence was insisted on

with rare ability, while the various current problems then engrossing men's minds were also dealt with in a vigorous and illuminating style. The editor of course had something to say every week and his articles were chiefly notable for their terse method of statement, totally devoid of that rhetorical and flowery strain so dearly beloved of most Irish political writers and speakers, while they never failed to convey a deep lesson in patriotism, or to criticise with trenchant scorn the doings of the English enemy. Stephens wrote little for the paper, and that little not of an impressive character as the chief organizer's talents did not lie in the journalistic direction. Luby was perhaps the most voluminous writer on the staff, and his articles were nearly always distinguished by eloquence of statement, and were of course invariably of an uncompromising national character. Kickham also wrote a good deal of editorial matter in an admirable vein as well



THE FIGURE IN THE CENTRE IS THOMAS CLARKE LUBEY; ON HIS RIGHT IS DENIS DOWLING MULCAHY, AND ON HIS LEFT JOHN O'LEARY.



CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

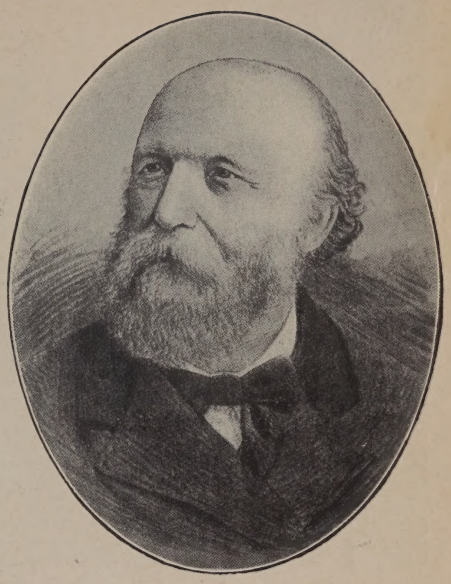
as contributing to the more purely literary side of the paper by occasional essays. The editor's highly gifted and patriotic sister, Ellen O'Leary, contributed occasional graceful poems over the nom de plume "Eily," and such true poets as John Francis O'Donnell ("Caviare"), Robert Dwyer Joyce, Thomas Caulfield Irwin and Fanny Parnell were amongst the verse-makers of the rebel organ. Other foremost writers of the time also contributed occasionally to the "Irish People," which in its less than two years of existence had a very considerable influence in elevating and strengthening the national feelings of the people.

The Government naturally was not enamored of the "Irish People," with its scarcely veiled incitements to rebellion, and on the 14th September, '65, a force of police entered the office, seized everything they could lay hands on, rather roughly distributed the type and arrested several members of the staff. John O'Leary was not on the premises at the time the Government coup was effected, but he was arrested later in the evening at his lodgings in Palmerston Place and brought off to prison. After some formal preliminary proceedings at the police courts he was committed for trial on a charge of high treason which was afterwards changed to the more convenient (for the Government) charge of treason-felony. The trial began on the first of February, 1866, and lasted till the sixth on which day John O'Leary was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years penal servitude. During the course of the trial the famous advocate, Isaac Butt, who defended most of the Fenian prisoners, was contending that Mr. O'Leary could not be held accountable for the management of the paper and was only responsible for such articles as he himself had written with whatever "credit or discredit" attached thereto. At this point in his advocate's speech John O'Leary stood up in the dock and asked to be allowed to speak for a moment. To which Butt replied, "No, if you do I must sit down." Whereupon O'Leary characteristically said, "I wish simply to say that I object to its being considered a discredit, or at least that it should be supposed for a moment that I consider it any discredit to have been connected with that paper." Of course Isaac Butt was doing his utmost in his professional capacity to make the best possible case for his client, but when he heard this noble and fearless statement his patriotic feelings overcame those of the professional advocate and he answered, "I did not say it was a discredit. I honor the man that even in that dock would not purchase freedom at the expense of disclaiming connection with the paper."

When asked in the usual form if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him John O'Leary made a very pointed and brief speech from which I may be permitted to quote the concluding characteristic sentences. "I have been found guilty of treason-felony. Treason is a foul crime. The poet Dante

consigned traitors to, I believe, the ninth circle of hell, but what kind of traitors? Traitors against king, against country, against friends, and benefactors. England is not my country; I have betayed no friend, no benefactor. Sydney and Emmet were loyal traitors. Jeffreys was a loyal man and so was Norbury. I leave the matter there."

As a result of the amnesty movement John O'Leary was liberated in 1870 after five years hard labor in a convict prison of England. And he was only set free on the express condition that he was not to return to Ireland until the remaining fifteen years of his sentence had expired. The greater part of this enforced exile was passed by him in Paris where he made many friends in literary and artistic circles. During all this time he never lost his interest in Irish affairs, as was amply evidenced by the numerous able letters contributed by him from Paris to various Irish and Irish-American journals. When he returned to Ireland in 1885 his home-coming aroused considerable enthusiasm in the grateful hearts of his countrymen, who marked the occasion by a striking demonstration of welcome. Irish Nationalists in England and Scotland also showed their appreciation of Mr. O'Leary's services to the cause by holding meetings in his honor and presenting him with addresses of hearty welcome. For many years past Mr. O'Leary has lived a life of literary seclusion in Dublin, but his interest in Ireland's fortunes is as keen as ever and on the rare occasions on which he feels called on to publicly address his countrymen, he shows clearly and unmistakably that the passing years have not weakened those robust patriotic views for which England consigned him to a convict's cell. In 1896 he published his "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," in two volumes which attracted a good deal of attention, and his lectures "What Irishmen Should Read," and "How Irishmen Should Feel"



JAMES STEPHENS

have also been printed in pamphlets, and read with interest by thousands of his country people. At the time of the death of his life-long friend, Luby, John O'Leary was also stricken down with a serious illness which caused his friends much anxiety, but he fortunately recovered and has enjoyed fairly good health since. His chief delight now, as ever, is in the company of his books of which he has a fine collection of more than five thousand volumes. Few men have devoted themselves more unremittingly to the cause of Ireland and none has taught a loftier creed of nationality than John O'Leary. He has even set himself sternly against all methods for advancing Ireland's cause except when informed by the spirit of truth and honor, believing firmly that the fight for Ireland's freedom is a sacred one only to be waged by honorable means. His creed indeed is to be found in these lines of the great exemplar of his life's conduct, Thomas Davis:

"Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again."

TO A LITTLE MAID.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Do you know, my little maid!
What your name means,—Margaret?
Margarita is a pearl.
Ah! one day, may it be set
In the Great King's coronet!

Marguérite,—it is a flower.
"C'est douce est la Marguérite!"
Ah! one day, in heavenly bower,
May our daisy nestle sweet,
Pure as snow, at Jesus' feet!

Margaret,—she was a saint,—
Virgin,—martyr,—long ago.
So, my darling, no complaint!
Bear all trials here below;
Then to heaven, my Margaret, go!

Margaret,—she was a saint,—
Queen of Scotland,—mother,—wife.
Ah! that life so free from taint!
Just as holy be your life;
Yours her glory, after strife!

"MARGARET, MY MARGARET."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Find the Pearl of priceless price!
  Seek the Fairest Flower of flowers!
Never count the sacrifice,
  Howe'er weary be the hours,
  E'en though cloud of battle lowers!

You the martyr's palm may win,
  You the saint's crown yet may wear,
If you triumph over sin,
  Trusting wholly in Christ's care,
  O my Pearl, my Floweret fair!

Guard, then, guard this little maid,
  Sweet St. Margaret, virgin blest!
Margaret, Queen of Scotland, aid,
  While she journeys to her rest,
  Where the Great King waits His guest!

There His pure pearl may He wear
  In His radiant coronet!
Ever there, His floweret fair
  Very near Him may He set,
Margaret, my Margaret!

Dwells one darling, undefiled,
  There already through the years,—
Margaret's sister,—happy child!—
  Where there shall be no more tears,
  No more partings, no more fears.

If thy life-path long must be,
  Sharp with thorns, my Margaret!
Safe in heaven, to plead for thee,
  Evermore that child is set,
  Margaret, my Margaret!

There at last, may we all come,
  Gathered unto perfect rest,
In our Heavenly Father's Home,
  Where all mysteries stand confest,
  In the glory of the Blest.

On this happy Christmas night,
  Though with tears our eyes are wet,
Yet one child, in heaven's delight,
  Glad we see; and, with us yet,
  Here on earth, our Margaret!

A SECTION OF THE SEWING SCHOOL.

ST. ROSE'S SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Five times in its brief span of life have loving hearts and willing hands hung upon Christmas boughs the tempting sweets and longed-for toys that have delighted the little folk of St. Rose's Settlement, the boys and girls of many different nationalities, who live in the tenements round about. And even now are they busy once more with the early preparations, planning and fashioning while the young minds are already questioning what the coming Christmastide will bring forth. Three hundred children shared in the season's festivities last year, a Christmas play given by chosen ones of their number being a feature second in attraction only to the heavily-laden tree. The number will be a larger one this year so great has been the increase in the membership of the Sunday School and the various clubs and classes. The few from the homes of thrifty toilers, the many from abodes where poverty presses or destitution pinches, come these Christmas guests of the Settlement.

The kind offices of St. Rose's extended out in two directions last year. For a year or more a few of the Settlement

THE RESIDENT MANAGER OF THE SETTLEMENT WITH THE CRIPPLED CHILDREN FROM THE DARRACH HOME ON THEIR FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

FATHER THUENTE, O. P., AND SOME OF THE SETTLEMENT WORKERS.

workers had been among the Italian children of the once famous "Five Points" district and had gathered up more than fifty little girls, absolutely neglected in their religious instruction. Very carefully were they instructed after this, twice a week and even oftener, their teachers meeting them in the class-rooms of Transfiguration Parish School. Several during the year made their first Holy Communion.

And further away, a half-hour's sail out, on Staten Island, an earnest worker, Miss Rose V. Packer, had gathered together more than a hundred Italian children, boys and girls, on Sundays and week-days, too. Soon other young ladies helped in the Sunday work and shared in its blessings. For both of these groups St. Rose's Settlement furnished the delights of a Christmas tree last year.

Nor was it only the children here and there who were made merry. One year through the generosity of a friend, one hundred Christmas dinners were given to the adult poor; last year through appeals made to other friends a large number of basket dinners were distributed to fami-

THE "STRAY LAMBS."

A CLASS IN BASKET WEAVING.

lies, and this year, even though outside help be not forthcoming, the very poor, known to the Settlement workers, will not go unprovided for.

The loving service of heart and hand does not end with the Christmas season of good cheer; all the year round the Settlement workers dwell among those to whom they would be truest neighbors, making their joys and sorrows their own, to uplift and assuage, and their spiritual needs the object of their highest ministry.

Since the removal of St. Rose's Settlement, a year ago, into its permanent home, 257-259 East Seventy-first street, a rare opportunity has been offered zealous women amongst the laity to go for awhile from the social surroundings of their ordinary daily life, to come into a closer touch with God's poor and with those who are more constantly laboring amongst them for their spiritual and moral well-being. An opportunity is this none-the-less of self uplifting, for the examples of poverty cheerfully borne, of faith in God illuminating darksome places, abound amidst the abodes of the poor. The visitor who finds in one apartment, in the reading matter scattered about, evidences of positive anarchism, meets in another just across the corridor, the shrine of the Madonna with artistic decorations bespeaking the simplicity of Catholic faith, uninstructed yet unwavering; while midst both of these she meets yet others, who, in their intercourse with their companions of the workroom are veritable apostles and in their personal lives are striving for sanctity.

It seems scarcely necessary to dilate upon the meaning of the word "Settlement," as applied to the work here under consideration. Suffice to say that what it suggests is this: Men or women of refinement and education alive to the physical, moral and spiritual needs of others less favored, and imbued with a deep realization of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of humanity, go out of their ordinary surroundings and take up their abode in some densely-populated locality.

"How true and how loving the welcome will be
Of the dear little Infant of Bethlehem."

The giving of material help is not so much considered; the mite to be bestowed is that of loving personal service. They reach out the hand of friendship to the people as they meet with them in the Settlement or in the tenements; they study their needs and exert every possible endeavor to fill them. The Settlement worker does not become the patron of the poor but rather a friend who confidently and with good effect speaks the word of counsel that often, one, united by the ties of family relationship, cannot speak, or would speak unavailingly. The residents of a settlement are assisted by visiting workers, who give what they may of time and talent, in a similar spirit of devotion.

In a very special way does the Settlement worker enter into the life of the children of the neighborhood. The clubs and classes are made cheery by songs and games even though their chief object may be something in the way of practical in-

struction. The solid work and the amusements all fit in with various ages and aptitudes. These children will be the future men and women of the country, the voters and mothers, the upbuilders of home and nation a few years hence. This fact is never forgotten by Settlement workers.

Non-Catholic settlements, which exist in many places to-day, strive to be non-sectarian in the fullest sense of the word, hence they must debar religious teaching or stand the charge of proselytism. The Catholic Church, holding, by right divine, a commission to teach all nations, is fearless in face of this charge, hence a settlement under its auspices openly proclaims itself as existing above all for the spiritual, hence the religious welfare of those amongst whom it labors.

St. Rose's Settlement, the first under Catholic auspices in the country, grew out of a positive need. It was not founded at all for the hundreds of parents and children that are, and would be under any circumstances, faithful to their Catholic birthright; but rather for the neglected and neglectful amongst our own people, and for the stranger in the strange land, all of whom need a friendly hand to make plain the path of duty. Its primary mission is the salvation of souls, effected through the office of a double apostolate; first seeking the straying adults and the neglected children, in every way that suggests itself, now visiting their homes, again stopping for a cheery word with a group of girls or boys at play; and secondly, teaching the truths of religion privately, or in classes to those thus gathered in.

There can be no rigid rules made for such a field of labor. While a few workers are resident others come from a distance, each to give just what he or she has of what is helpful; for the well-being of body and heart and brain are considered with that of the soul, and are all three made to serve the cause of the latter. Then, too, the free time of those to be instructed must be considered, so hours must be arranged to suit the pupils and the teachers; and attractions determined upon according to the needs of the former and the talent or generosity of the latter. Hence we find Father Anastasi, O. P., who has the spiritual charge of the Italian portion of the parish, patiently teaching the rudiments of the English language and other necessary things to classes of Italian men, three evenings of the week. Perhaps some of them have been years from Mass and the Sacraments. God helping, they will be won to fidelity before long. A student for the priesthood, from St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, comes regularly not only to teach Christian doctrine, but to conduct a class in the gymnasium. The boys from public school, factory and street, boys of all nationalities, to whom the study of the catechism is a very irksome task, will be won to faithful endeavor, unconsciously, by this proof of interest in their pleasure as well as in their spiritual welfare.

Two seminarians and several visiting workers come always to serve as catechists at the Settlement Sunday School. There were last year three hundred and eighty-seven children attending its various sessions. These children were not drawn at all from neighboring Catholic Sunday Schools. They were gathered in, or led in one by another. It isn't hard to awaken in them the apostolic spirit. All neglected, a large number of these young people had never been trained at all in the knowledge or love of God, children of indifferent Catholic parents, or the fruit, in several cases, of mixed marriages. Many were to be found week days or evenings in one or more of the Settlement classes and clubs; and we

know that all have been visited in their homes. The record of three months shows that 414 visits were paid by resident and 200 by visiting workers, 407 religious papers or magazines in English, German, Italian and Bohemian were distributed, while the library, a branch of the Cathedral Free Circulating one, was open several days and evenings of the week. Classes were held in English language for the Italian men and women, and for all, a choice in dress-making, drawing, book-keeping, stenography, telegraphy, singing, basket-weaving, bead-chain work, crocheting, rag-carpet weaving and cooking; there was a class of "Little Housekeepers," while more largely attended than all were the Saturday morning sewing school and the classes in the gymnasium.

An hour of high and holy joy for the Settlement worker comes when she has won back to the faith some soul who in early youth, wilfully or through the persuasion that human love can exercise so effectively, left the Church of her baptism, and having married outside its pale, brought up her little ones outside likewise, perhaps in some denominational Sunday school, perhaps without religious faith of any kind. One worker had the happiness of bringing back many like these, of winning the parent to the sacred tribunal, and of leading the little flock to baptism.

The "Stray Lambs" is the name bestowed on a special group of children like unto these, bereft of their birthright of the faith through no fault of their own; bereft, not always, through means of their parents' mixed marriage, but through the wilful, woful neglect of father and mother, both Catholic, both unfaithful to Mass and Sacraments. Beginning with four or five gathered up on the street and formed into a singing-class, the "Stray Lambs" grew soon to sixty-five, in age ranging from four to twenty years.

The writer saw nine of these children receiving the sacrament of baptism after a most careful preparation. Some have made their first confession, several are preparing for first Holy Communion. The mother of one of these children, a boy of ten, says he would sooner go without breakfast than miss Mass. Another, aged fifteen, is studying earnestly and looking forward to the happy day of his first Holy Communion. He is now a trusted employee of a Catholic business house.

The latter case is one typical indeed of Catholic Settlement work. The parents of the boy, an only child, both abandoned the practices of the Catholic religion eighteen years ago. When the Settlement worker first visited the house the mother assailed the Church, but frequent visits and kindly counsel have effected a change, and the example of her child perhaps more than all.

Twelve of the boys of this class so absolutely neglected in spiritual ways are between twelve and eighteen years of age. It is cheering indeed to see these boys, who not long ago knew nothing of God and His teaching, who never uttered His name perhaps save in disrespect, coming regularly to the Settlement House, their hearts eagerly responsive to its kindly counsels and submissive to its needed reproofs, and proud and happy to be known as the Junior Holy Name Boys.

How true and how loving the welcome will be
Of the dear little Infant of Bethlehem
When kneeling around His poor crib He will see
The "stray lambs." How fondly He'll reach unto them
Wee hands overflowing with blessings untold.
Of such is the kingdom of Heaven, we know!
Oh, let us gather them into the fold,
The lambs we find straying wherever we go.

The aim of the Settlement in drawing the boys and girls to its rooms is not to hold them there as the main point of attraction in God's service, but rather to draw them on by its attractions to the parish church. Hence, though no doubt there will be a Christmas Crib there, and the workers will tell by its side the sweet Bethlehem story, it will be that they may the better illustrate the constant dwelling among us of Him Who first dwelt visibly in Bethlehem. And from the Settlement Crib they will go to the altar of St. Catherine's.

"The poor are not grateful, the foreign child, especially the Italian, is always looking out for what he can get;" thus say many. It is not so. The writer remembers seeing four pairs of hands hidden or shut tightly against a little money offering for a service of work rendered. "Take pay from anybody at the Settlement!" exclaimed the spokesman of the group of boys. "I guess not. Everybody here does too much for us. We couldn't be so mean as not to do something for them." And this was not at all a rare occurrence.

Although Settlement workers have seen wonders of grace worked out amongst those born in the faith, yet fruit even more unlooked-for has followed their visits, when non-Catholics, weary of the unsettled state of Protestantism, or touched solely by divine grace, have followed the leading hand held out to the lapsed Catholic, and have sought and found entrance into the true fold.

A beautiful thought came to the Spiritual Director of the Eucharistic League of St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, the Rev. E. A. Wilson, O. P. Out of it has grown a valuable adjunct of St. Rose's Settlement, the Diet Kitchen. He would have those who in the enjoyment of health come to God's altar, to bear forth, as it were, therefrom, gifts of His charity to the sick and helpless. At the expense of this organization various kinds of nourishment are prepared in the Settlement, and carried to the sick poor by a band of visitors—members of the Eucharistic League. This will be more than ever of value now in view of the fact that under the present manager, Dr. Bertha A. Rosenfeld, the Settlement enters upon a new departure, that of free medical attendance upon the sick poor, to be furnished by a staff of seven physicians, specialists in their various lines.

The residents of the Settlement now share in the work of giving religious instruction to the Catholics at the House of Refuge, Randall's Island, while another new field, very dear to the workers assigned to it, is that of instructing in their religion the little ones in the Darrach Home for Crippled Children. Five made their first Holy Communion upon the Feast of the Sacred Heart of this year, when for the first time in its history the Holy Sacrifice was offered in the Settlement.

To give a little of the Settlement's history we go back a few years.

In 1897, Rev. Clement M. Thuente, O. P., was assigned to the work of forming a congregation under the patronage of St. Catherine of Siena, within the northeast limits of St. Vincent Ferrer's Dominican parish. Within a few years this location had become a densely-populated tenement district, representing several different nationalities. He found parents neglectful and children neglected, great numbers of the latter being in daily attendance at non-Catholic missionary centres for the temporal benefit or youthful amusements to be obtained at such places. He could not work single-handed. The help of devoted Catholic women was needed. There were hours of study and prayer, then St. Rose's Settlement was

decided upon. Mrs. William A. Arnold became its chief supporter; Miss Marion F. Gurney, its resident manager. A small house being rented, the neighborhood was visited; classes of instruction were scheduled, the invitations given thereto were accepted. The work has steadily advanced on its blessed way, possessing the warm approval of the late Archbishop Corrigan and of his successor, His Grace Archbishop Farley, and fostered ever by its founder, now prior of St. Vincent Ferrer's, Very Rev. Clement M. Thuente, O. P.

Three times has the Settlement outgrown its quarters. Happily it closed its fifth year of existence, October, 1903, in possession of a permanent home, a four-storied dwelling combining two houses which affords more generous and comfortable quarters than the work ever before enjoyed. At this juncture its first change in management took place. Miss Gurney's name will ever be associated with the laying of the deep, broad foundations of one of New York's most sacred missions entrusted to the zeal and devotion of the Catholic laity, and with five completed years of its blessed history.

In June, 1904, Dr. Bertha A. Rosenfeld became resident manager, the interim being filled by Miss Edith R. Wilson. Dr. Rosenfeld was born a Catholic, and has always been an earnest worker along Catholic lines. She is a member of the Children of Mary attached to the Sacred Heart Convent, West Seventeenth street. As she confines herself to office practice, she can easily combine professional with Settlement life.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Dr. Rosenfeld has made a deep study for years of all matters bearing upon the well-being of those who are mentally afflicted. Her interest resulted, in 1901, in the formation of the "International Guild for the Benefit of the Insane," which holds quarterly meetings in the homes of the members.

The Settlement opened its sixth year, in October, 1904, with eight earnest-hearted resident workers and a good staff of non-resident assistants.

Mrs. Arnold still remains not only the greatest benefactor of the Settlement but a tireless worker along many of its missionary lines. She is also president of the Catholic Social Union, composed of a body of influential Catholics who second her efforts and those of the board of directors, in behalf of everything which pertains to the good of the cause.

Its magnificent work is, however, still hampered by the financial burden which it carries in the shape of a heavy mortgage, and in the large expense entailed by carrying on the work. The splendidly equipped settlements that are non-sectarian, and mission houses that are pronouncedly Protestant, are open to our Catholic little ones at all times. Their parents, too many of them, are blind or indifferent to the spiritual interests of their offspring. We must be up and doing for their souls' sake and God's glory, and, too, for the well-being of Church, and country, and home. The bad Catholic will never make a good Protestant, and rarely, if ever, does he make the model citizen or the dauntless patriot.

And so there must needs be fresh-air excursions in summer, and Christmas trees in mid-winter, and May parties in May, and music and games at all times, to win the child to the higher and more serious things for which a love has never been inculcated in him.

But you may ask,—and with reason, if you have not labored in this portion of the Master's field,—why the need of these things all so trifling compared with the object in view? Ah! go back to the

pathways of Judea and the shores of Galilee, and ask Christ the Master, Who could have done all things without nature's aid, why the melody of song was evoked to awaken the Judean shepherds, and the star to guide the Kings of the East. Why He pointed to the lilies of the field, the birds of the air, and the barren fig tree when He would impress His divine truths upon the multitude which hitherto had known Him not: why He drew those, once gathered, yet closer to Him by the blessed acts of His charity healing the sick, multiplying the loaves and fishes, aye, and promising eternal reward, as if done to Himself, for good deeds done to the least of His. With faith's beautiful simplicity ask: "Why, Lord?" and in His own sweet way of speaking deep down in human hearts He will make plain the need of all those lesser and material things that can be so easily made to lead onward and upward from Nature to Nature's God.

MARY IN BETHLEHEM.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I did not think to stray so lone so far from home;
But since we come I know He wished me thus to roam.

I did not think to lay Him in a manger chill;
But since 'tis done I know it is His holy will.

I did not think to see the rough kine at His head.
But since they watch I know He loves them near His bed.

Not any dream, forsooth, that made my long delight,
Comes true with mystic pow'r upon this wondrous night,

Save one alone—the Word at last made flesh for me;
But since He lives, my Son, what other joy may be!

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

I have yet one entire county to deal with, County Donegal. I have reserved it till the last. In my estimation it stands alone, it is unique. We gave several missions in that part of Ireland. I have always regarded the people of Donegal as the finest in Ireland and the Catholics as the best representatives of the imperishable faith of the children of St. Patrick. Many are accustomed to regard the Tipperary people as holding the premier position, but I think the inhabitants of Donegal, who are nearly all Catholics surpass them in many particulars. Those of Donegal are as stanch as the "Tips," but they are less impulsive and less resentful, and bear their wrongs with greater patience and more Christian charity, and Heaven knows they have had to suffer from some of the worst specimens of landlordism in all Ireland, including the ruthless Adair, and the Earl of Leitrim. Our first mission was at Ardara on the coast. On our way thither we stopped to dine with the Right Reverend Bishop of Raphoe, who was afterwards Archbishop of Armagh. This noble specimen of an Irishman, Dr. McGettigan, was considerably more than six feet in height and eminently handsome. On one occasion when the Viceroy, or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was present at some public function at Armagh, when both the Protestant Primate, who was a Beresford, and the Catholic Primate, McGettigan, were present, he said to a nobleman who was escorting him "Show me the two primates, if you please, for I don't know either of them." And the other replied "I will do so presently when we come near them. In the meantime, if you take the finest and handsomest man in the hall you may put him down for the Catholic Primate, and if you then select the meanest looking man here, that's the Protestant Primate." At the time of our entry into Donegal as missionaries, the episcopal see was at Ballyshannon in the south, but was afterwards removed to Letterkenny in the north. Even though it were not necessary to stop at Ballyshannon, the Bishop wished us to do so that he might prompt us about the needs of the parish to which we were invited. It had been a sadly neglected one, the pastor being too devoted to looking after a large number of actual sheep, to pay sufficient attention to his flock of spiritual sheep. It was, therefore, by the Bishop's orders that Ardara was to receive us as missionaries. The Bishop had, moreover, ordered this eccentric parish priest to meet us at Enniskillen, which was then the terminus of the railway. He was then told to take us to a hotel there and give us a substantial lunch after our long drive from Dublin. This the good man neglected doing and told me as his excuse that it would cost him too much. So we shifted for ourselves, and perhaps lost nothing by his parsimony. He accompanied us afterwards, first, as far as Ballyshannon, where we dined at the Bishop's, and then to Donegal town where we were to sleep and say our Masses in the morning. The parish priest of Donegal received us most kindly and took us over the ruins of the fine old castle there. He had received his instructions as to what he was to do with us.

After breakfast, he, with one of his curates, accompanied us to Ardara. We had three tandems, that is to say three jaunting cars, each one having two horses one before the other. It was more like a wild race than an ordinary drive, the leader of one or another of our vehicles often taking it into its head to leap over a hedge

or fence and to stop there only when it found it could not drag us over after it. I must confess that I did not enjoy that drive at all. We did not reach our destination until well nigh two o'clock, and then we found thousands of people waiting to receive us and to enter heart and soul into the mission which was opened for them on that day. We did not commence hearing confessions until Tuesday to give the good people time to listen to a few sermons. We had the assistance of ten or twelve priests from the neighborhood, and that of the zealous curate of the parish. Finding that in spite of long hours in the confessional we seemed to be making but little diminution in the crowds that were pressing around us I sent word to the Bishop, as he had directed me, and on the next day he came with two priests to help us. It had been pouring rain all the way from Donegal but the zealous Bishop did not seem to mind that. Immediately on his arrival he went to the gallery which was opposite to my confessional and sat down to hear those who crowded around him.

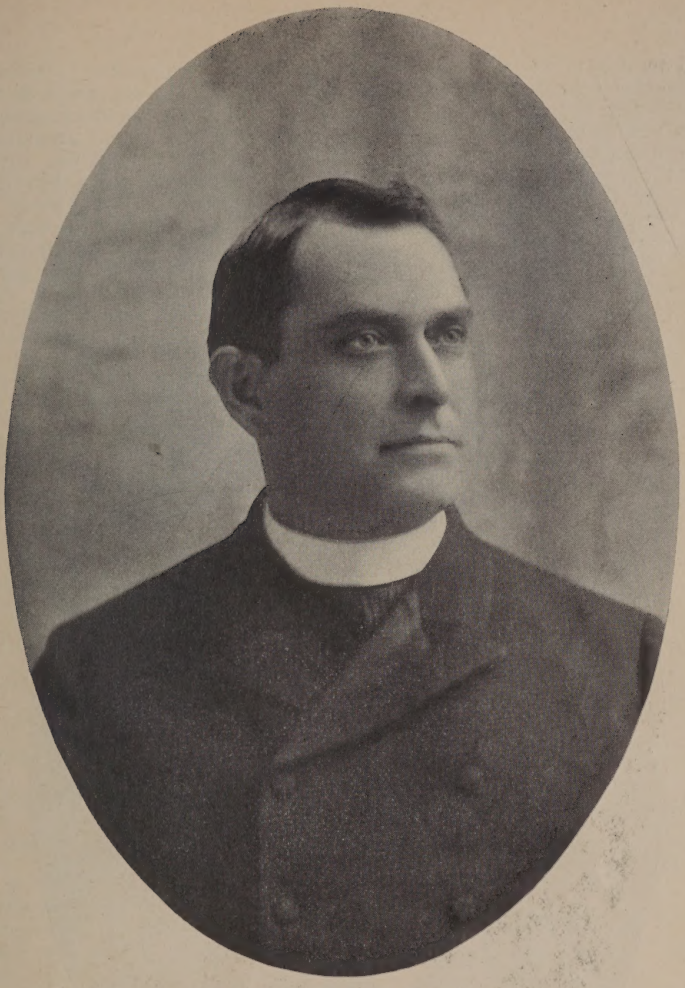
The fasting powers of the Donegal Catholics are something marvelous. Holy Communion was given by the curate at every hour during the day up to seven o'clock in the evening to those who succeeded in getting to confession. Those who were disappointed in being heard at the close of a day would return to their perhaps distant homes and though fasting all day they would not think of eating or drinking anything lest they should be prevented from receiving Holy Communion. Even the children participated in the same hardship. During the last week of the mission, the Bishop was to administer the sacrament of confirmation and some of the youthful candidates had to walk nearly twenty miles for the daily instruction. I found that they were coming this long distance without breaking their fast, and had considerable difficulty in persuading them that this was altogether unnecessary. As for those who were older I ascertained that many of them did not break their fast for three days. Assuredly the faith is living in such Catholics as these.

We took our meals at our hotel,—there was but one in the town,—and when we happened to be in our rooms—which was rarely enough by day, except on Sundays, —we saw crowds of people passing by on their way to the chapel from the comparatively populous neighborhood of the Glenties. On Sundays we saw some well dressed young ladies whom we were informed were convent bred in some other town sitting down on the bench opposite our house to put on their shoes and stockings which had hitherto been carried in their hands. As soon as this operation was completed they would rise, open their parasols, and march with all dignity to the chapel, for the mission. These, of course, belonged to what were considered as strong farmers who lived in or near the Glenties, for there were none such at Ardara. During the mission, there were, of course, many who tried in vain to get to one or another of the Fathers for confession. After breakfast one morning, the curate came to me and asked me if I would be so good as to hear the confession of a man who was in the pay of a company which was interested in the lobster fishery on the coast. He had been trying to get to confession during three days, but his time not being his own he had failed in his attempt. He had to examine the baskets at the turning of the tides and would lose his situation if he failed to be at his post at the proper moment. I begged Father D. to place the good man next to the confessional on the men's side and it was not long before he had finished with me. He then asked me whether he could receive Holy Communion soon as he was in a hurry to get back to his lobster pots near the island.

I directed him to go round to the sacristy where Father D. was hearing confessions and there as he had succeeded in getting him to confession, I was sure he would give him Communion. The altar was raised up nearly twenty steps so as to be visible to the whole congregation when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered, and I soon saw Father D. opening the door of the tabernacle to satisfy the cravings of those who were ready to receive the Bread of Life. I knew that my poor lobster man was not disappointed. There happened to be one solitary bench about the centre of the chapel, for old or infirm people who could not stand any longer, and in about a quarter of an hour after that which I have just narrated happened my man mounted upon this bench and waving his cap which had a piece of gold lace about it as a token of his appointment, he shouted out in a loud voice, "Good bye, Father Fox, good bye, and may God bless you! I am going now to examine my lobster pots, but I will be back about six o'clock, and will bring you the largest lobster I can find for your supper." I was more mortified than I can explain by this untoward manifestation of gratitude. I never saw my friend again, but when we returned to the hotel that evening, after the service was over, I found one of the finest lobsters I ever saw, and was told by the hotel keeper that it had been left with him for me. Though I did not come across the lobster man myself I never met the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan after that, whether as Bishop of Raphoe, or as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, without his teasing me about the lobsters.

We were determined not to leave the neighborhood of Ardara without paying a visit to the Caves which are a few miles distant, and which have added a thrilling page to the history of persecution in Donegal.

(To be continued.)



REV. THOMAS A. THORNTON.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rev. Thomas A. Thornton, superintendent of the parochial schools of the New York archdiocese, writing to the New York Times, shows in figures what the Church is doing for elementary education through the schools maintained without a cent of expense to the city.

"When our public schools reopened their doors to the city's children," says the reverend superintendent, "sixty-six Catholic parish schools were also opened to the Catholic children in the Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx, and about fifty in the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. In these 116 school buildings more than 75,000 children of the city were enrolled. These children are distributed in about 1,400 grades and are taught by 1,400 teachers.

"The situation, then is this: The Catholic Church in New York City is providing 75,000 Catholic children—children citizens of the city—with an elementary education up to the requirements of the Board of Education of the city without a cent of cost to the city, thereby immeasurably relieving and assisting the Board of Education in its desperate efforts to fulfill the promises of the city's present administration to give every boy and girl of school age in the city a seat in the schools for a full school day.

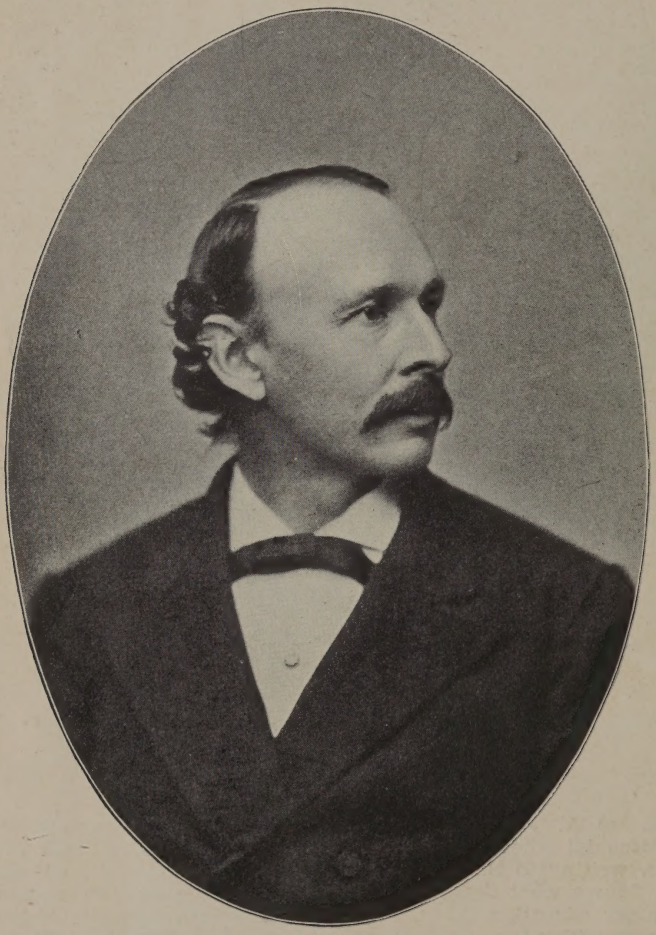
"And since it actually costs the City of New York $40 a year to educate each boy and girl in our public schools, it follows that the Catholic parish school is saving the city annually in education $3,000,000. When the value of the Catholic school building

itself is added to this great sum the figures of profit to the city taxpayer by our Catholic school assumes enormous proportions.

"I appeal to you to present this corrected statement of the school question in our city to the readers of your paper. Our great State of New York is the most liberal of all the states in our free and imperishable Republic. Its citizens, as a body, are fair-minded and they love justice. Relying on their high sense of justice, I am convinced the time will soon come when they will vote to appropriate some yearly recompense from the public school taxes for the Catholic schools of our city and state for the unselfish help they are giving in the noble work of the education of all the children so dear alike to church and state."

A touching story,—illustrating the love of Pius X for his mother,—that appeared in recent publications, recalls to Mr. James R. Randall, the composer of "Maryland, My Maryland," an incident of his own school days. For the benefit of those who may not have read these tributes of filial affection we reprint both from Mr. Randall's letter to the press:

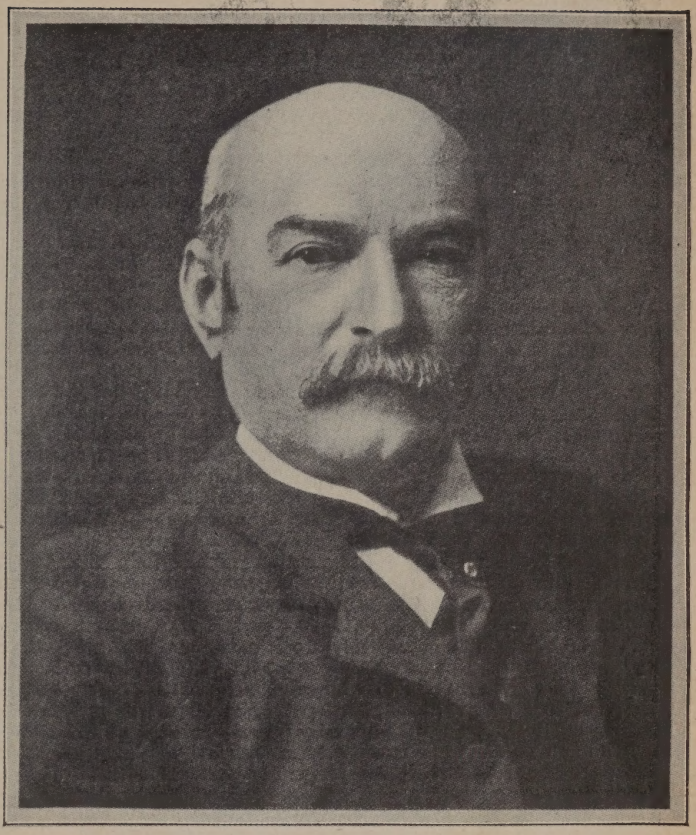
"One of the Cardinals was at the Vatican recently, and while talking with the Pope, Pius took his watch from his pocket to see what time it was. The Cardinal noticed that the timepiece was a cheap nickel affair with an old shoestring attached to it in place of a chain. The Cardinal drew his own costly chronometer from his pocket and asked the Pope to take it as a gift, and give him the nickel one. Then the Pope's face lit up with one of those smiles which, if one has been fortunate enough to see, can never be forgotten and said that the old watch



JAMES R. RANDALL.

was quite good enough for him. He added that it was given to him when a lad by his mother, who saved up her hard-earned coppers until she could buy it, but there was no money left for a chain. One of his sisters gave him the shoestring for that, and he was so pleased with his gift that he promised his mother he would carry it as long as it kept time. The Pope has never had another watch, and says that he never will.

"When I was about fifteen years old, at Georgetown, D. C., College," continues Mr. Randall, "the silver medal for excellence in English composition, prose and poetry was awarded to me. I was probably, at that period, the youngest student who ever won the prize. My dear mother was in the audience at commencement, and well do I remember how proud she was of her little boy. She gave me an expensive gold watch which I wore through all vicissitudes of peace and war. No privation or poverty ever induced me to pawn or sell it. I took for granted that it would outlast me, but, some years ago, its mechanical motion was pronounced beyond repair, and so I outlasted it, in that way. I replaced it with an old and tough silver timepiece, hoping some day to get new modern works for my mother's gift, retaining the case. But I have never done so, for one reason or another. So, I can understand how the Holy Father clings to his mother's watch, and I trust that, more fortunate than myself, in this and in other things, he may never have to lament its silence and decrepitude."

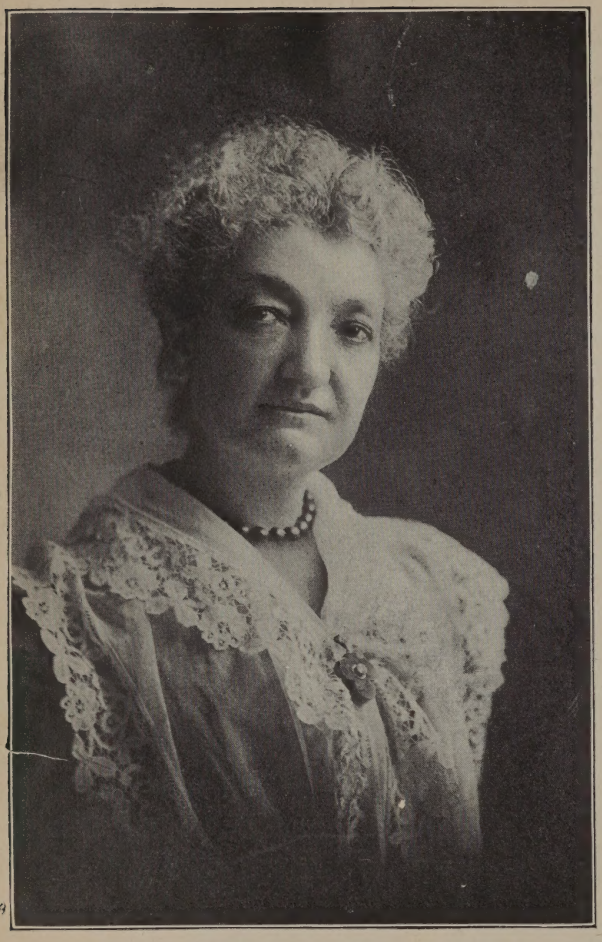


Photograph by Pach Bros.

JOHN B. McDONALD.

Young men have a practical lesson set before them in the case of Mr. John F. McDonald, the builder of New York's $50,000,000 subway. He started in life with nothing but his own brains, pluck, and sterling honesty. Leaving nothing to chance he worked his way upward, establishing a reputation that won him wealth, friends, and success.

John B. McDonald was born in Fermoy, Cork, Ireland, in 1844, and was brought to this country three years later. His father came to New York as an immigrant seeking work. He left his family behind him and he got work in the rock cut of the Hudson River Railroad, where he earned seventy-five cents a day. He sent for his brother and the two worked together. They lived frugally and saved money. Then they sent for their relatives in Ireland. That was how the builder of the rapid-transit subway reached New York. The family lived in a little frame house at Fort Washington. Young John learned to read and write in the Hamilton Free school, a wooden shanty supported by private benevolence; when old enough he went to a public school. He wasn't satisfied with the progress he made and walked every night two miles to a night school. What he learned there was all the educational preparation he had for his future career as the foremost contractor in the United States, probably in the world. He was eighteen years old when he earned



MISS MARY M. SOLARI.

his first money as a copyist in the office of the Register of Deeds, a place obtained for him by a friend of his father. While the boy was growing up, his father and uncle had flourished in a small way; from doing laborer's work they had taken on some little contracts. The son put in his spare time helping his father. The work in the Registery office was uncongenial, it was too easy. Young McDonald looked for a future. His father had just been made general foreman on the Highbridge reservoir construction, and the firm that employed him, sent young McDonald to be time-keeper on the Croton dam at Boyd's Corners in Putnam County. The salary he was getting there was less than he had earned at his office work, but he felt that he was learning something and was satisfied. He stuck to the place until he had become valuable to his employers, and they appointed him general superintendent of the work with $200 a month pay. His rise thereafter was rapid. Now he is absolutely at the top in his calling.

Miss Mary M. Solari was born in Italy, but has been in Memphis, (Tenn.) since she was one year of age. With her talents, Miss Solari could find a home and profitable return for her labors in any of the large cities in this country, but she prefers to remain in Memphis.

Miss Solari was highly honored by being appointed one of the fifty-six jurors on the jury of awards in the Fine Arts building at St. Louis. By virtue of her membership of this jury of awards, she occupies the unique distinction of being the only woman on the jury of award and being the only artist selected from the South, this jury of award having been selected from all over the world on account of their acknowledged ability as artists. This present honor is not the first which has been conferred on Miss Solari as a recognition of her ability as an artist. In 1894 she was selected to form one of the board of judges in the Art Department of the Columbian World's Exposition, Chicago, and, as she was the only person elected from the Southern States, as in this case, much interest was felt in her work. She was selected by Mrs. Potter Palmer to exhibit pictures in the Woman's building, and she was given space on the walls of the Atlanta Exposition, receiving the silver medal for water color, and the gold medal for her collection of antique tapestries and curios.

In the Tennessee Centennial she was awarded a previously unheard-of honor, being given first prize for oil painting, second for water color, first for crayon, first for landscape and first for collection.

Despite her large part in matters of public interest, Miss Solari is thoroughly domestic in her tastes, and is an ardent lover of nature. She is an earnest follower of the teachings of the Church, and has for her motto, "In whatever work you do let your aim be the highest."

HERALDS OF CHRISTMAS HARMONY.

BY MARY WEST.

The joy bells chime with thrilling voice,
The gentle altar flowers rejoice,
While incense floats with prayerful breath,
What paeans of praise the organ saith!
Yet dearer to the new-born Lord
Than chime of bells or organ chord,
Incense or flower offering
Or any gift that earth can bring,
Is the glad greeting of the heart,
Which calls Him even from Heaven apart.

Sing sweetly, heart, proclaim His ways,
The greatness of this Day of days,
Sing of His mother's glory too,
The honor which to her is due,
The Christmas song of peace on earth
Oh, gladly sing—the Saviour's birth;
O heart, a herald angel be!
Of Heaven's eternal harmony.

GETTING READY.

Juvenile Spendthrifts.

BY

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

READY.

Two little children were brought by their mother to pay a duty visit to a cousin, who presented each child with a brand new dime. Immediately the infants threw on their lace hoods and darted towards the street door.

" 'Pend it," said the younger, in an explanatory tone, as her brief skirts whisked out of sight.

" 'Tarlet roof," murmured the elder as she disappeared.

"Charlotte russe," interpreted their

SHOPPING IN PURITAN DAYS

young mother, with an indulgent smile. "There never were such children to spend money—every cent they get hold of!"

The pride in her voice roused a maternal aunt to protest against her training, and to assert that children of other generations did not have such improvident ways.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY.

And this notwithstanding the testimony of writers who found the child as interesting a study as do writers of the present day! Take for instance Hawthorne's Ned Higgins, with the insatiable appetite for Jim Crows. Who, having read it, can forget the scene in the little cent shop, on the morning when Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon broke through the traditions of her kind and descended to trade in the dusky old House of the Seven Gables! Beset by conflicting emotions she stood irresolute, urged on by dire necessity and yet held back by the force of an antiquated gentility.

THE END OF THE DAY

"At this instant" the novelist tells us, "the door-bell right over her head tinkled as if it were bewitched—The door, which moved with difficulty, was forced quite open, and a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple,—he was clad rather shabbily in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat

out at the toes, and a chip hat, with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices. A book and a small slate under his arm indicated that he was on his way to school. He stared at Hepzibah a moment, as an elder customer than himself would have been likely to do, not knowing what to make of the tragic attitude and queer scowl wherewith she regarded him."

Taking heart at the sight of a personage so harmless the elderly gentlewoman asked, "Well, child, what did you wish for?"

"That Jim Crow there in the window," answered the boy, pointing to a gingerbread figure, and holding out a cent, "the one that hasn't a broken foot."

"No matter for the money," said Miss Hepzibah, gently pushing her customer towards the door as she gave him the figure: "No matter about the cent, you are welcome to the Jim Crow."

What wonder that scarcely had another Jim Crow been placed in the window when the bell rang again, and again the same small boy presented himself, with the crumbs and discoloration of the gingerbread feast exceedingly visible about his mouth.

"What is it now, child?" asked the

"IN CUSTODY OF AN ELDER."

maiden lady, somewhat impatiently, "did you come back to close the door?"

"No," said the boy, "I want that other Jim Crow."

It is very gratifying to note the awakening in Miss Hepzibah of a subtle consciousness of imposition, an awakening hastened by the fear that her voracious customer would eat up the contents of her little shop unless she exacted payment. There is a marked business tone in her query, as she reached out the coveted Jim Crow, "Where is the cent?"

Looking somewhat chagrined he put the coin into Hepzibah's hand and departed, sending the Jim Crow in quest of the first one. The shopkeeper dropped the first solid result of her commercial enterprise into the till, and with the coin fell the barrier of ancient aristocracy that had stood between her and the world of commerce.

"So wholesome is effort!" comments Hawthorne. "The healthiest glow that Hepzibah had known for years came now —when, for the first time she put forth her hand to help herself. The little circle of the schoolboy's copper coin had proved a talisman, fragrant with good, and worthy to be set in gold and worn next her heart."

So much for one juvenile spendthrift of an earlier New England day. Who could frown upon his improvident ways, or feel anything but admiration for his appetite when he returned again and invested in a gingerbread elephant?

Ned Higgins as the patron of the faded gentlewoman stands out in relief against the sombre background of Miss Hepzibah's shopkeeping experiences. Not that Ned in himself is an attractive personality, but his inordinate passion for gingerbread animals provided a market for the spinster's wares, and stimulated a wholesome interest. One wonders where he got the pennies in those days of small earning and smaller spending. At the close of the day Miss Pyncheon huddled the little customer out of the shop, with the last of her natural history collection in his sticky fingers.

"Children's Diligence" is the title of a chapter in Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "Child-Life in Colonial Days" that makes rather distressing reading. The boys of that period were expected "never to be reluctant and not often tired," and while they toiled out-of-doors their little sisters stood on stools and guided the wheel or loom, doing a generous share in the family spinning and weaving. Expert spinners aged six were not uncommon, and one twelve-year-old maiden, disabled from sewing by a painful whitlow on her finger, consoles herself with the reflection "It is a nice opportunity, if I do but improve it, to perfect myself in learning to spin flax." There is no record of a cash account to the credit of this industrious child, but mention is made of the "spending money" of one J. T. Buckingham who had ninepence of his own, earned by saving hog-bristles for the brushmaker. There is no clue to what he bought. Let us hope it was something foolish. It certainly was not from personal knowledge of such a pleasurable state of affairs that these children named a certain flower "money-in-both-pockets."

It will be remembered that David Copperfield, wise beyond his years though he was, could not resist the temptation to buy stale pastry offered at half-price in a bake shop that he passed on his way to Murdstone and Grimsby's. "I spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner," he says, excusing his weakness with the plea "I was so young and childish." The two pudding shops also depleted the six or seven shillings that he was allowed for his "board and keep." One was in a court close to St. Martin's church. "The pudding at that

shop was made of currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear, two pennyworth not being larger than a pennyworth of more ordinary pudding." A good shop for this ordinary pudding was kept in the Strand. David's description of the dainty suggests acute indigestion. "It was a stout, pale pudding, heavy and flabby, and with great flat raisins in it, stuck in whole at wide distances apart. It came up hot about my time every day, and many a day did I dine off it." When the boy dined "regularly and handsome" he invested in a "saveloy and a penny loaf, or a fourpenny plate of red beef from a cook's shop, and a glass of beer from the grimy public house near by."

The Micawber twins showed a fine appreciation of pennies as a means of securing toothsome morsels, and on one occasion, at least, goaded their impecunious father to the verge of desperation. Deploring the change wrought in her husband under the influence of Uriah Heep the rather impractical Mrs. Micawber wrote to Traddles: "Last night on being childishly solicited for twopence, to buy 'lemon stunners'—a local sweetmeat—he presented an oyster knife at the twins."

Stephen Crane gives a harrowing picture of other twins, snared into evil ways by an "Angel-Child" with a five dollar bill, a birth-day gift from her papa. "I've got some pennies now," she cried, waving the green bill, "and I'm going to buy some candy." Followed by her intimate coterie of friends she led the way to a small shop and into a little back parlor, where the children clamored shrilly over plates of ice cream of various flavors. With five dollars to spend they ran riot in ordering and consuming a miscellany of sweets from chocolate mice and butter scotch to candy revolvers, rabbits, and bedsteads. Some of the children, going quite daft, were for fighting over the spoils, but the queen of the revels held them in her grasp, and with a fine sense of justice, after satisfying herself, divided, balanced, bestowed, and took away at will.

"Two seventy-three from five leaves two twenty-seven, Miss Cora," said the shopkeeper, with open admiration, as he placed the change in the Angel's tiny palm.

"We must think up some way of spending more money," she said, leading the way into the street—and to the barber's shop, where one by one the spendthrifts mounted into the chair and were shorn of their locks, at the suggestion of the chocolate-stained Angel. The Margate twins with exultant joy saw their golden curls fall to the floor, alike reckless of their mother's poignant grief and of the fact that they had sacrificed their chief qualification for place as show pupils in the front row of the Sunday school. The results of this juvenile orgy are too painful to dwell upon. A few days later the Angel Child was led to the train by her mother in whose heart lurked hatred of Jimmie Trescott, innocent for once, but from force of habit denounced as the guilty one.

The slavish homage paid to Cora by her boon companions has its counterpart in several of Thackeray's child-characters, notably the fawning admirers of Peggy, when the little maid had a penny to spend in fairings.

Josephine Dodge Daskam tells a pretty story of a small boy whose "patternizing" of the theatre wrought a change in the fortunes of a traveling company. The circus was in town, and its stronger charm attracted the fickle public—all but Perry Scott Stafford, better known as "The Imp." He put down his quarter firmly, and walked into the empty theatre, selecting a seat that commanded a full view of the stage. "Take your pick of seats" the man at the door had said, with

grim humor. The Imp proved to be the whole audience, and the discouraged cast refused to appear. With indignation swelling in his breast the small boy interviewed the ticket man, who offered to give him his money back. "There's nobody to play to, you see," he explained.

"There's me!" said the Imp.

"Yes, there's you," agreed the man. "But I'm afraid you won't quite do. The company couldn't be expected to perform, you see, for just one k— person."

The disconsolate Imp threw himself on the floor and burst into stormy grief; but under the sympathy of the ticket man hope revived. "Would you do it for thirty?" the boy asked, after naming ten and twenty in vain.

"That would pay the fares," said the man, and the result was that the child, going back to the hotel, interested all the summer boarders and their friends, and led out a long procession of matinee-goers, who saved the day to the company, and opened up a golden future to the really talented heavy villian.

James Whitcomb Riley gives us a book of "Child Rhymes" and a "Book of Joyous Children," but in neither do we find readily a boy or girl with money, not even when the circus comes to town. "The Run-away Boy" is an exception. The "Hoosier" poet's children are a moneyless set, but resourceful traders.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,—lost in Lexington, and exchanging his five dollar bill, his whole capital, for a lame horse,—can scarcely be classed with the spendthrifts of fiction. His place is, perhaps, with such as Billy Wiggs, the owner of the now famous "Cuby" of "The Cabbage Patch."

Kenneth Graham's young people in "The Golden Age" have the spending habit, down to the small Charlotte. Looking at four half-crowns in her brother's hand she said fervently, referring to the donor: "I didn't think there were such good men in the world. I hope he'll die to-night, for then he'll go straight to heaven." In further approval of such munificence the children named the pie-bald pig after their benefactor, who was also their uncle, and this being done they went into a Committee of Supply.

"Edward was standing ginger beer like a gentleman," explains his brother, while courteously informing the reader of another source of income, the payment of half-a-crown for submitting to the dentist's unwelcome ministrations. Selina, striving to avoid scraps of cork floating in the beer, drinks all too slowly to suit the giver of the feast, who politely wonders: "What you girls are so beastly particular for."

So far we have cited cases of youthful improvidence and indulgence, but instances are not lacking in fiction, as in real life, where children show a pitiful wisdom and forethought in their spending. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Timothy Jessup of Minerva Court is of this class. With the first streak of dawn he steals from his bed and begins his preparations to run away with Lady Gay before "she can be protectioned and relefed and sent to a 'sylum." Groping his way to the mantel-shelf he took down a florid little structure with "The Bank of England" stamped on it, and not daring to jingle it lest it might waken the women in the outer room, who were supposed to watch by the dead, the child added the bank to the little bundle of clothes, the Japanese parasol, and a dozen cookies wrapped in a towel—his entire outfit for the encounter with the world.

"Here little girl, take this," says a benevolent old gentleman to another child, coerced by circumstances into buying

only the practical, "and for heaven's sake buy something that isn't useful."

The child who without suggestion gives pennies to promote pious works appears frequently in fiction, infrequently in real life. I have seen children cling tenaciously to the cent intended for the collection plate, though willing to give with good grace to the Child in the Crib. The purpose of the former is too abstract for the undeveloped mind to grasp, but the Infant's need sinks deep into young hearts.

At the children's Mass in a certain church when a special collection was taken up hundreds of little ones gave their mite willingly, but now and again a gaily-attired worldling would flutter past without making her offering, or a boy with a saving streak would hold back his penny till shamed into giving by the admonitory shaking of the box in the hands of the juvenile collector, as he attempted to slip by. They furnished an intensely interesting study, so closely did they reflect the spirit of their elders. The cheerful giver was in the majority, be it said to the credit of humanity, and the training of Christian parents and teachers who had taught the children to give from their hearts.

In the case of the five unhappy Pardiggles who spent their entire allowance in subscriptions, under their mother's direction, Dickens points a warning against compulsory juvenile contributions to philanthropic works. "There are my five boys," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "You may have seen their names in a printed subscription list—more than once perhaps.—Egbert, my Eldest (twelve), is the boy who sent out his pocket money to the amount of five and three pence to the Tookahoopo Indians; Oswald, my second (ten and a half), is the child who contributed two and ninepence to the Great National Smithers Testimonial. Francis, my third (nine), one and sixpence halfpenny; Felix, my fourth (seven), eighteen pence to the Superannuated Widows; Alfred, my youngest (five), has voluntarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never through life to use tobacco in any form."

It is not surprising to learn that these youthful benefactors "looked absolutely ferocious with discontent."

But this is getting away from the little spendthrifts, the loveable things whose small pockets would burn if a penny remained in them. I saw one the other day,—certainly not more than three years old,—a red head at one extremity, a pair of stubbed shoes at the other, and a cent in her little red fist. With the alertness of the city-born child she looked up and down the street, lest a car be coming, then boldly crossed the track, and disappeared within a candy shop. It was a stolen trip, undertaken, despite its dangers, to avoid the necessity of going shares with a large and importunate circle of relatives and friends of equally tender years.

Another little girl aged six makes a nice distinction between a penny and a nickle. The former is invariably spent in candy, the latter on a little book, but the thought of saving pennies until five are put together never enters her flaxen head.

At this season of the year the spendthrifts are out in thousands, retarding traffic by their presence on the streets, in the cars, and stores, but adding not a little to the total of the Christmas receipts. Their day begins in a whirl of excitement that calms down only when the long lashes come together and the oblivion of sleep shuts out the world and its commercial lures.

BOOK REVIEWS.

An American Missionary. A record of the Work of Rev. William H. Judge, S. J. By a Priest of St. Sulpice. Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore. John Murphy Co. 1904.

The age of heroes has not passed. The bands of earnest men who monthly and annually leave the comforts of civilization in order to win the wandering savage to Christ assure us that the spirit of heroism still flourishes among men. This record of an American missionary is the story of a recent hero. Born in Baltimore on April 28, 1850, William Henry Judge early felt drawn to the religious life. His health compelled him to break his studies at the age of fifteen and he took a clerical position in one of the largest planing mills of Baltimore. But his heart's desire was never lost sight of, and when he was twenty-five he had the joy of enrolling himself in the ranks of Loyola's soldiers. After going through the rigorous training of the Society of Jesus, he was raised to the priesthood on August the 28th, 1886.

A fervent, self-sacrificing nature like that of Father Judge would naturally seek for the field of greatest hardships and hence we are not surprised to learn that he offered himself for the arduous mission of the Rocky Mountains. His petition was granted and he was soon hard at work in the Coeur D' Alène Reservation in the northern part of Idaho. A cry, however, came from distant Alaska for volunteers and for this most trying of all missions the heroic Father Judge was an applicant. Soon he was on his way up the mighty Yukon, along the banks of which the brave missionary began his Alaskan apostolate with the zeal and generosity of a Xavier. When the rush of miners to the Klondike occurred he was sent to that region and he selected Dawson City as the centre of his labors. Here he built a church, a hospital and a residence, doing much of the work with his own hands. The accomplishment of these heavy tasks proved too great a drain upon a naturally weak physical organism and the devoted priest died on January 16, 1899, after a week's illness. An earnest, self-sacrificing, generous, saintly character was Father William Judge. May this touching story of his life spur on many others to journey to distant lands in order to spread the faith of Christ among those who sit desolate in the dark shadows of error and of moral degeneracy.

Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, Duchess of Thuringia. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated by Francis Deming Hoyt. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. $2.50 net.

The research, the genius, the deep religious tone, the sincere affection, and the enthusiasm displayed throughout this work make it one of the most valuable, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, of the lives of the saints. The record of this illustrious woman is surrounded by a halo of romance and by a veil of pathos which must ever arouse the strongest sentiments of respect and admiration. What a tragic life she led! Born in Hungary in 1207, she was promised in marriage at the tender age of four years, in 1211 to Louis, heir-presumptive to the Landgraviate of Thuringia. In 1220, when she was but 13 and Louis but 20 she became his wife and assumed all the burdens of a duchess of an active German principality. Louis died in 1227 on his way to the Holy Land, and his grief-stricken widow was driven out, by her treacherous and dastardly brothers-in-law to seek a refuge among strangers. Restored to her rightful position by the knightly companions of her husband, after their return from Palestine, she retired to the city of Marburg, where she led a wondrous life of mortification, charity and prayer. She passed to her reward on the night of November 19th, 1231, leaving the world a rich legacy of a stainless, courageous life, led amid the pleasures of a court, the horrors of bitter persecution, and the privations of self-imposed retirement. To all, whether rich or poor, lettered or ignorant, powerful or in lowly estate, she affords an example worthy of the highest admiration and of the closest imitation. Would that every woman in Christendom would peruse this noble biography and strive to walk in the footsteps of "dear St. Elizabeth!"

Rome. By Walter Taylor Field. 2 volumes. Illustrated. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1904. Price $2.40.

An exquisite art book gotten up with that taste and finish which mark all the publications of L. C. Page & Co. The story of ancient Rome fills one volume, that of the Rome of the Popes the other. While the author is not, as is evident, a Catholic, nevertheless as a rule he treats his subject in the spirit of an educated, broad-minded man, generally refraining from expressions which would justly give offence. In a few instances he drops from this high standard,

but it is not often. Mr. Field has aimed to give us a work, not as barren as a guide-book nor as discursive as an essay, but yet helpful in showing what is most worthy of appreciation in the monuments, the churches, and the galleries of the most interesting city in the world. In this project he has been singularly successful. The text is lucid in style and the excellent illustrations place everything in its proper setting.

Where Saints Have Trod; Some Studies in Asceticism. By M. D. Petre. With a preface by the Rev. Geo. Tyrrell, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1904. $1.40 net.

There is much in this book to commend, much to blame. The author has a striking way of putting things and an original manner of expression; but her views are not always orthodox. In fact, a practical carrying out of her principles of asceticism would result in religious anarchy. It is to be regretted that a friendly critic did not point out to Miss Petre the hidden rocks she would encounter on her adventuresome voyage.

The Method of the Catholic Sunday School. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1904. Price 40 cents.

Few clergymen in the country have enjoyed so wide and so varied an experience as the learned Father Halpin. His words of advice, consequently, come to us freighted with the wisdom of years and with the experience of a busy life. Never a dreamy theorizer but always a practical worker, Father Halpin traces for us in this brochure, the ideal Sunday school and the means requisite to reach the ideal. Of the importance of the Sunday school at the present time the author writes in vigorous language: "The Sunday school is the most important sacerdotal obligation and function. As Sunday schools are, so will congregations be. Sunday schools are the feeders of churches. As Sunday schools flourish, so do the parishes. They are the foundation of all church growth. They are the promoters of all church success. This prosperity is fostered by the Sunday school, not in material ways only, but in spiritual as well. This latter is of chief moment. Stately structures, magnificent basilicas, and towering cathedrals are indubitable testimonials of active Catholicism. Take away the Catechism class, and they will become empty and desolate for lack of worshippers. They will remain imposing monuments of ecclesiastical insolvency. . . . . There are many reasons why Catholic adults grow lukewarm or fall away altogether. Were one to say that in the majority of cases the defection is due to defect or to imperfection of Catechetical training, he would not be outrageously far from the truth."

Would that all the faithful, both in and out of the sanctuary, might keep these solemn warnings constantly before them! Then our Sunday schools would be perfectly equipped and thoroughly manned by an efficient corps of energetic and capable teachers. Father Halpin's brochure is extremely suggestive and stimulating.

Guide to a Catholic Church—for non-Catholic Visitors. By W. L. Fox. New Edition enlarged by Very Rev. R. A. O'Gorman, O. S. A. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price 40 cents.

This is a handy volume in which the meaning of the various objects of devotion is simply explained, and a short exposition given of the main points of Catholic belief, with the prayers of the chief services in Latin and English. It is so very useful that we should like to see a copy placed in every pew in our churches for the benefit of those outside the fold, who in constantly increasing numbers frequent our churches and our services.

Mary Immaculate. From the Writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church as found in the Roman Breviary. Done into English by John Patrick, Marquess of Bute and compiled by Father John Mary, Capuchin Friar Minor. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price 45 cents.

The publication of this collection at the present time is eminently fitting. Herein we have the praises of Our Lady sung by scholarly men, like St. Bernard, St Tarasius, St. Sophronius, St. John of Damascus, and St. John Chrysostom. These out-pourings of praise enjoy, as is clear, the support of the learned and wise Fathers of the Church. Nor must we overlook the part played by the late Marquess of Bute who rendered the most cumbersome Latin periods into euphonious English sentences.

Hereafter. By Rev. J. Laxenaire, D.D. Adapted from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price 30 cents.

This booklet deals with a subject which must ever occupy the attention of reflecting men. The author presents his views in an able way, but he is so brief at times that his treatment is rather unsatisfactory. The question, for example, of eternal punishment engages the consideration of very many at present, and we regret that the learned author did not give us a full and detailed explanation and proof of this fundamental truth. The Jesuit, Father Richard Clarke,

published several years ago in the Month a series of articles on this point, which might have been consulted and summarized with advantage.

The Catholic's Manual. By Tilmann Pesch, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price 90 cents.

Of the making of prayer-books there is no end. Some of them are good, some poor, some very bad, because they foster a dreamy, languid pietism, hot-house virtues and emotional ravings. The Manual of Prayers, ordered by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, is one of the best we have, though its usefulness is somewhat marred by the breadth of its pages. Father Pesch's Manual is one to which we can give unqualified praise. It is complete, it is solid in tone, it is admirable in its suggestions, and it breathes, above all, a manly spirit of devotion, which is very refreshing in these days when the vigorous and the strenuous appeal so strongly to everyone. It is a prayer-book for men, and we hope that every mother will provide her boys with a copy, and that every Catholic layman will make it his constant companion. A good prayer-book is a powerful addition to our angelic body-guard.

Compromises. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. 1904.

Miss Repplier has won fame as an essayist and literary critic. Her writing gives proof of wide reading, of broad culture, and of great power in the use of finely-chiselled sentences. This volume is a collection of essays upon a variety of topics, as, for example, "The Luxury of Conversation," "The Gayety of Life," "The Point of View," "Marriage in Fiction," etc.

The treatment is original, piquant, and interesting. More would have been gained, we think, if a deeper tone had been sounded, if attempts had been made to plumb the undercurrents of thought, and if the treatment had been more rugged, more virile.

A Short History of England. By Edward P. Cheyney. Boston. Ginn & Co. $1.40

This History of England is intended to supply a want long felt in Colleges and in High Schools, for a text-book between the ordinary school-history and the elaborate work of reference. The author gives us a clear outline of the Early English, their language, government, religion and economic organization wisely avoiding trivialities and unimportant matters, Mr. Cheyney turns all his attention to the leading events and to those details which throw these into their proper setting. The result is a well-balanced view of the whole. The writer has displayed, for the most part, a commendable spirit of fairness when dealing with points of keen controversy. In his account, however, of the founding of Grammar Schools under Edward VI, he fails to note the extraordinary evidence adduced by Mr. A. F. Leach who conclusively proves that this monarch far from deserving the title of Founder and Patron of Grammar Schools should rather be styled the wholesale School-Destroyer. What his regents actually did was to abolish ten schools, for example, and pocket the endowments, out of which one, with a great flare of trumpets, would be established and named after the hapless King. Points similar to these could be improved in a second edition.

The illustrations are splendid and reflect great praise upon the artists. The sketch maps are not sharply enough defined; the other maps are excellent.

American Literary Criticism. Selected and edited by William Morton Payne, LL.D. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Price $1.40 net.

This is one of the volumes of the so-called Wampum Library, a series of books each one of which deals with the development of some special form of literary activity and presents in chronological sequence typical examples chosen from the writings of American authors. Critical introductions are provided, in which the editors outline the history of the special form under consideration as it has been evolved in the literature of the world. The value of such a series is evident, and if the standard manifest in this volume is kept throughout, we shall certainly have a collection of which we may justly boast.

The critical epoch marks an important stage in the development of a nation's literature. It is essentially the sign of maturity. As the editor aptly remarks, "The literature of a nation, in its normal development, is first creative, and then critical . . . . Throughout all the process of development, from the crude folk-song to the finished lyric, or from the popular ballad to the formal epoch, there is practically no criticism in the explicit sense. But the time comes to every people when, finding itself in the possession of a considerable body of works, the bequests of many generations, it turns to the examination of its inheritance, seeking to account to itself for the various kinds of excellence in literature, to analyze, to classify, and to formulate the underlying laws of literary composition." This is a period of reflection, of philosophic activity, of ripe fruitage. A study of the masters of criticism helps much to develop that calm judgment, that

mental equipoise, and that breadth of view without which no one can claim to be a true scholar, while it will effectually banish the intellectual dissipation and shallowness which are the bane of our modern literary life. Mr. Payne has made a judicious selection,—though we regret the omission of Brownson from his list,—and his introduction is extremely instructive.

The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate. By Katherine E. Conway. Thomas J. Flynn & Company, Boston. 1904. 50 cents.

In this latest volume of The Family Sitting Room Series, Miss Conway combines wise counsel, kindly criticism, and apt illustration. The first essay was suggested by a question asked in the intimacy of friendship "Can't we do something to interest this sort of woman (the old-fashioned gentlewoman) in feminine esteem?"

In considering this question the writer's mind goes back to the old days when a Puritan divine "could fearlessly propound a question as to whether or not women should rise again at the last day, as indeed he saw little or no reason for so bold a proceeding on their parts."

Dealing with the contributory causes that led to the development of the woman with a career, Miss Conway proves that many famous women owe their success to the need of providing for the home, and the loved ones in it. "It would be hard," she says, "to find an example of a woman, subsequently famous, who, at the outset, planned with care and deliberation a 'career' for herself."

"Novel-drunkards," and women not yet hopelessly addicted to the "Novel Habit" will profit by reading the pages devoted to this subject. There is advice for the home-maker and for the working girl,—wise counsel that should be hearkened to—and there are practical suggestions on regular reading with a view "to restoring mental health and correcting the false views of life acquired by reading bad or foolish novels."

There are so many things to learn from "The Christian Gentlewoman" that every woman and girl should have a copy of her own to take down at will,—always to the mental and moral betterment of the reader.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers. By Anna T. Sadlier. St. Louis. Herder. 1904. Price $1.00.

A charming story, full of stirring incidents and of striking situations. It is a book which holds throughout, the attention of the reader and conveys in pleasant form wholesome lessons of sterling uprightness.

Li'l' Gal. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated from photographs by L. R. Miner. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1904. $1.50.

This colored poet has all of James Whitcomb Riley's love of simple home scenes. In the holiday volume recently published he has collected more than twenty poems that tell of life in the cabins—the courtships, the fireside groups, the little children,—all the elements that make home a centre for the heart's affections be the color what it may. With an exquisitely sympathetic touch Mr. Dunbar sketches the lover whose "li'l' gal" gives the title to the book; the lonely mortal

"Stannin' at the winder
Feelin' kind of glum;"

the curious pickaninnies climbing to the window to watch their mammy in the kitchen, and the devoted mother "Lizy" who rose in the night to turn the babies in the bed, so

"De little necks won't worry and
the little backs won't break."

The photographer has done some clever work, notably in the illustrations of "When De Co'n Pone' Hot," and "The Plantation Child's Lullaby."

Old Voices. By Howard Weeden. Portraits by the author, decorations by Cora Parker. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. 1904. $1.50 net.

Another volume of poems and pictures descriptive of life among the colored people of the Old South. Miss Weeden's latest book revels in quaint conceits and pretty bits of delineation, and "a love of unforgotten times" is revealed in every line. The "Mammy," "The Angel of the Dark," "Acer Spades" and "A Waif" are familiar types in the South, and will no doubt win many a Northern heart to a better appreciation of the peculiarly strong bond existing between the white people of the South and their colored dependents in former days.

Out To Old Aunt Mary's. By James Whitcomb Riley. Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy. Decorations by Margaret Armstrong. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. 1904. $1.50.

This favorite poem will be doubly welcomed in its holiday dress. And what a handsome dress it is! The illustrations are even more effective than the words in depicting the joyous life boys led out at old Aunt Mary's.

"It all comes back so clear to-day—
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn lot and down by the lane
We patter along in the dust again
Out to old Aunt Mary's."

The landmarks along the road, the glint of the redbird's wings, the song of the bluebird, "the teams we met" and the country men—all are recalled as if by magic. And;

" . . . . at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable end
Of the fine old Huston homestead."

But best of all is the sight of the figure framed in the doorway, home-comfort suggested by even the ample gingham apron.

" . . . . and her face!—Ah me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see."

"Out to Old Aunt Mary's" is a book of fragrant memories and grateful thoughts, a song of the summer-time, and yet a book for the Christmastide, for does it not tell of peace, and love, and goodwill to men?

Sportsman Joe. By Edwin Sandys. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1904. $1.50.

Any boy with a yearning for the life of the woods will read this story with deep interest, and learn from it much of practical value in the way of wood lore. It is not only a story, but a manual of instruction as well, on camping, hunting, fishing, etc. Joe King's questions are just what thousands of boys would like to have answered for them, and no doubt they will listen to Mr. Monroe as attentively as his young companion. The illustrations help out so effectively, particularly on the matter of erecting shelters and building fires, that one can almost catch the fragrance of game stews and coffee simmering on the burning logs.

The Blue Grass Cook Book. Compiled by Minnie C. Fox. Photographs by A. L. Coburn. Fox, Duffield & Company, New York. 1904. $1.50.

A Blue Grass breakfast as set forth in this book is a delectable combination of strawberries, cream, fragrant coffee, broiled ham and chickens, waffles, crisp biscuits, and other things equally good, all served in a splendor of crystal, china and silver, in the dainty breakfast room of a southern mansion. The sumptuous dinner is a daily occasion for a fuller display of Aunt Dinah's culinary triumphs, and housekeepers have reason to be grateful to the compiler of her receipts, who gives in the most intelligible manner both table of ingredients, and instructions for mixing.

There are three hundred and fifty pages, ranging over every department in the preparation of food, from beaten biscuits and Kentucky corn dodgers; through breads, soups, fish, entrees, fowl, game, meats, and other substantial things, to ices, jellies and confections, pastry, puddings, cakes, and various fruit drinks. This Blue Grass Cook Book affords refreshment even in the reading of its receipts.

The Pearl and the Pumpkin. By Paul West and W. W. Denslow. S. W. Dillingham, New York. 1904. $1.25.

A book teeming with enjoyment for little readers who will follow Joe and Pearl through all the scenes of their adventures—and they are numerous. Wonderful things happen in every chapter, and the illustrator ably seconds the author in bringing the situations vividly before the young people. The book is made up in most attractive form, and the rich golden tones of coloring suggest Thanksgiving and Christmas cheer presented together. Mother Carey's Chickens, the Ancient Mariner, the Corn Dodger, the Pieman and Jack o' Lantern have part in the exciting events connected with the pumpkin patch and its enterprising young owner.

Month of Mary. With Prayers and Reflections for each day. Boston. Press of the Angel Guardian. 1904.

The compiler, Henry Coyle, has shown excellent taste in this booklet and he has brought together from approved sources many valuable hints for the practical honoring of Our Lady.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the teaching of the Church regarding the future state of infants who die without Baptism?

The Church teaches that no one will be admitted into Heaven or to the enjoyment of the direct vision of God, unless the person in question has been baptized. The law of Baptism is universal, and consequently, admits of no exception under normal conditions. It is true that if baptism by water is impossible, it may be replaced by the baptism of desire, in the case of adults, or by the baptism of blood, that is by the suffering of martydom for the faith of Christ. But these are the only admitted exceptions. Theologians teach us that the necessity of baptism for infants is established:

(1) By the fact of original sin, from which we are freed by baptism alone. As all, without exception, save the glorious Mother of the Saviour, are born into the world under the taint of the ancestral guilt, so all stand in need of the regenerating waters of baptism.

(2) Our Lord in speaking of the necessity of this sacrament, makes no exception, but enunciates a general law, binding every member of the human family. "Unless a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

(3) By the uninterrupted practice of the Christian Church. The antiquity of this custom, we learn from Origen, who, writing in the third century, says: "The Church received from the Apostles the tradition of baptizing even little ones."

Now since Almighty God has promised Heaven only to those who comply with the condition of baptism, it follows that those who do not receive this sacred pledge are thereby cut off from the possession of this transcendent joy. What, then, will be the fate of children who die without the saving help of baptism? That they will not be admitted among those who enjoy the ineffable privilege of the unveiled vision of God, is clear from what has been said. But will they endure any punishment like to that suffered by those who die with the burden of personal sins weighing down their souls? Certainly not, if we listen to the voice of the greater number of theologians. These learned men assure us that the little ones in question will possess perfect natural happiness, though deprived of all supernatural favors. The eminent Suarez tells us; "After the resurrection, unbaptized children will possess a perfect human body in size, age, and appearance.

"They will not rise again in the bodies of children, but as men capable of guiding themselves by reason and of performing all those operations which belong to adult-life. Health, strength, beauty, stately proportion of limb and of member, will be theirs: neither change nor material decay will work havoc with their attractive fairness, but to the glorious gift of immortality will be added that of incorruptibility, for the present forces of decay will be overcome by the powerful sway of Divine Providence. Hunger and weariness will no longer press upon them and torment them; labor will then be a source not of fatigue, but of keenest pleasure. These happy ones will also be in the possession of perfect peace, for the body will be a ready vassal of the soul and will no longer disturb the serenity of life by violent struggles to claim the mastery. Into this kingdom of perfect natural happiness, none of those things which here disturb our harmony will ever be granted admission. It will, in one word, be a life of absolute natural happiness, for every natural good will be present and every natural evil will be away."

The same erudite theologian is of opinion that these souls will have some knowledge of Our Lord, Whom they will revere as their master, their prince and their benefactor, and to Whom they will render the deepest service of loyalty and of thanksgiving. Where will their abode be? Most probably on this earth which will then have been renewed and purified by the cleansing fires of the last day in the present order. Under new conditions this world will present beauties surpassing those of the first terrestrial paradise.

Moreover, according to some theologians, the angels of heaven,—and why not also their friends and relatives?—will be allowed to visit and to converse familiarly with them. It is true that they will never be numbered among the elect, but either they will be unaware of the real nature of their loss or else they will be completely resigned to their fate, seeing that they have no right to the Beatific Vision, which they have not lost through any fault of their own. Their position will be somewhat similar to those who seeing exalted stations occupied by others do not, on that account, lose their peace of mind, because they know full well that they cannot lay claim to more than a moderate rank in life. During all eternity the unbaptized will be grateful to God for the many blessings they have received, and this gratitude will extend also to their friends and relatives especially to their parents.

If a person makes a sacrilegious confession, ought that to be the first thing mentioned in his next confession?

It is, certainly, the proper course to pursue.

Does a person incur excommunication by attending a marriage-service in a Protestant church, one of the contracting parties being an apostate from the faith?

Since Protestants do not regard marriage as a sacrament, it follows that with them the marriage ceremony is really only a social function. Hence attendance at such a performance would seem to partake of the nature of lending one's presence to the solemn signing of a contract in a lawyer's office. It is a sign of friendship and of social courtesy. It would, of course, be different, if the service was of a distinctively religious nature, as we might suppose possible in some advanced Episcopal church but as a rule, the modern non-Catholic wedding is distinctively non-religious in character. That such ceremonies take place in a church is almost entirely due to the fact that non-Catholic custom makes church weddings more fashionable, as they are certainly more public, than private celebrations. Hence, whenever the service is one that is, in reality, a secular ceremony and there are cogent reasons why one should be present, Archbishop Kenrick and other theologians declare that such attendance, while it is not to be encouraged, may be permitted. With regard to the case in question, the Archbishop says; "Should a Catholic in defiance of the laws of the Church, have the marriage ceremony performed by a Protestant minister, it is *not proper* for Catholics to show any encouragement to the individual, by being present thereat." But there could be no question of incurring excommunication thereby, except in some special case and under special legislation.

What is the meaning of the word *Childe* in Byron's poem?

The word *Childe* or *Child* means in poetical usage, a noble youth, especially one of high rank before admission to knighthood; it also means a knight or a squire. This title is given by Spenser to Prince Arthur. We have *Childe Rolande, Childe Harold, Childe Waters, Childe Tristram, Childe Childers*, &c. Childe Harold is a man sated with the world who roams from place to place, to kill time and to escape from himself. Under this name Byron gives his own experience. He was only twenty-one when he began the poem and it was completed in seven years.

Who was the man of Chios?

The poet Homer, for Chios was one of the seven cities which laid claim to the bard.

THE MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

The great work of the Rev. Michael Henry and his able assistant goes on from year to year, ever growing in usefulness and securing each year even greater results in promoting the welfare of immigrant girls. The last Annual Address from the Mission gives deeply interesting information on emigration conditions during 1904, and the increase caused by the competitive rates of rival steamship companies. During the year ending June, 1904, there arrived in the United States 815,361 emigrants from all parts of the globe, and more than three quarters of this number came through Ellis Island. The Irish percentage was sixth on the list, a fact due not so much to diminished Irish emigration as to abnormally increased emigration from other countries.

"About the beginning of June this year a rate war began between the different trans-Atlantic steamship companies." Father Henry says: "As a result the price of a steerage ticket from Liverpool to New York was reduced from twenty-eight dollars to ten dollars or less. This extraordinary reduction was naturally calculated to induce many to leave Ireland. Unfortunately we have not been able to secure from the United States government statistician the reports of Irish immigration for the months of July and August. We have, however, the report for the month of June, and, considering the conditions, the surprising fact stands out that there was a decrease of 2,029, as compared with the same month's record a year ago. Our observation of the number landing at Ellis Island during the months of July and August leads us reluctantly to believe that the rate war is putting Irish emigration temporarily on the increase. In support of this is the fact that many more girls were guests at the Home during those two months than at the same period in 1903. The comparison is as follows: At the Home, July, 1903, 77; July, 1904, 117; at the Home, August, 1903, 72; August, 1904, 163.

"One remarkable feature of recent Irish immigration is that more girls in their teens are landing to-day than formerly. We have computed the average age of the girls at the Home for the past three months and the result was 20½ years.

"For the past year our agent at Ellis Island, Mr. McCool, has applied himself to collect information concerning the number of prepaid passage tickets sent to Irish girls

in Ireland by relatives and friends in America. The result of his inquiries shows that fifty per cent. of the girls come here on prepaid tickets. It is interesting that his report coincides with that lately issued by the Anti-Emigration Society in Dublin. He claims that in five years there has been an increase in that direction from thirty-five to fifty per cent.

"The height of summer and the depth of winter are very dull times in the labor market here, and no Irish boy or girl should come seeking employment at those seasons.

"What in general does the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary do for the Irish immigrant girl? Without intending to weary by repetition the many who are already acquainted with the Mission, we enumerate the outlines of its work for the sake of those unacquainted with it:

"First. It exercises a moral influence over steamship lines to protect the immigrant on board their vessels. Second. It watches over, guides, and assists at the landing depot those immigrant girls who intend to proceed by rail or steamboat to their destination. Third. It examines the claims and fitness of the relatives or friends who call for the immigrant. Fourth. It provides a Home "free of charge" for those girls whose friends do not call on the day of arrival or who have no friends at all, or who are unable to proceed on their journey. Fifth. It tries to locate relatives of those who bring indefinite addresses. Sixth. It secures positions in good families for those ready to go to work.

"You, dear reader, should send your contribution to help the good work along. Good wishes will not pay bills. Every dollar is welcome and turned to good account 'for the glory of God and the honor of Erin.'

"To reach our friends there has been established since the days of good Father Riordan the Rosary Society. A card of membership in this society is only twenty-five cents a year, and it entitles the member to a share in the Holy Masses said at the Mission. The success of such a society depends upon the good will and energy of those who are Collectors and whose duty it is to induce as many as possible to join. May we not hope that many will be incited by motives of sweet charity to become Collectors.

"Send us the names and addresses of some charitable and reliable people of your acquaintance and we shall send them Collector's lists and cards of membership. We promise you in return a special remembrance in our prayers and in those of our immigrant guests.

By increasing the membership you will increase the revenue of the Mission and enable it to continue the glorious work of protecting the Irish girl on her arrival on our hospitable shores."

A WORD ABOUT MANUSCRIPTS.

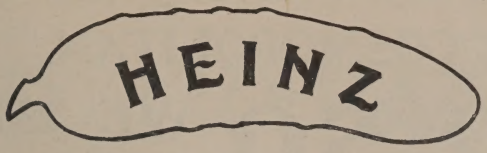
The Monday morning mail brought several packages of manuscript matter of the unavailable order, and unaccompanied by postage for return. In many offices such matter receives no consideration as the editor supposes that the author is indifferent to its fate, and it is promptly consigned to the waste basket. The rule in this office is to hold all packages unaccompanied by postage for three months.

One writer says: "I send addressed envelope for return if necessary. I regret that I haven't sent stamps for same, but I do not think English stamps would be of any use." Another remarks: "I do not enclose return postage as I happen to have no stamps on hand, and I know you won't mind the omission." Why should a perfect stranger expect such a favor? Still another asks courteously to have the story returned promptly, but does not make provision for its return. A foreign package, insufficiently prepaid, makes a claim for twenty cents, double rates being charged, and there is no enclosure for reply. Occasionally a writer introduced by a contributor thinks the introduction sufficient reason for sending no postage, and the office through courtesy to the regular contributor defrays the expense, at times a considerable sum, and at all times a consideration, as, where much mail is received, an aggregate of small sums is an item to be reckoned with. Of late there has been a decided increase of foreign matter insufficiently paid, extra charges running from sixty cents to two dollars on a package. Of course in such cases unless the sender can be identified by the wrapper and there is a good reason for keeping the parcel for examination it is refused.

We have mentioned only a few of the occurrences of this nature. Every mail brings further instances of the carelessness of writers to safeguard their work by ensuring its return.

Very often articles with a number of photographs are sent, and would be very acceptable if the subject had not been presented already in Donahoe's. Thus in one day two travel articles on Belgium, one on Florence, and one on Robert Emmet were received—all interesting, but unavailable, as Donahoe's had taken up the subjects thoroughly quite recently. Trouble and expense to the writers might have been saved by a letter suggesting the articles to the editor, and enclosing postal card for reply.

Intending contributors will kindly bear in mind that we cannot return manuscripts or answer letters of enquiry unless postage for that purpose is enclosed.



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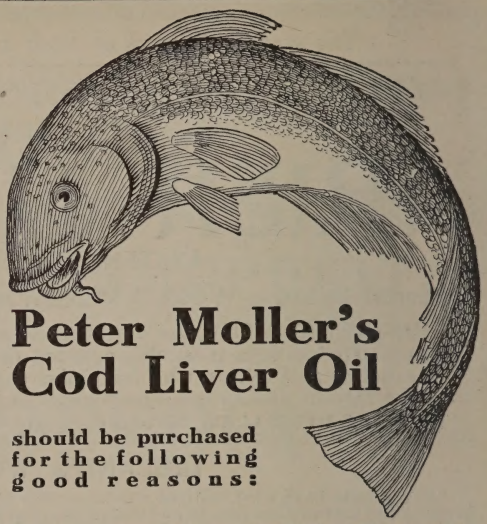

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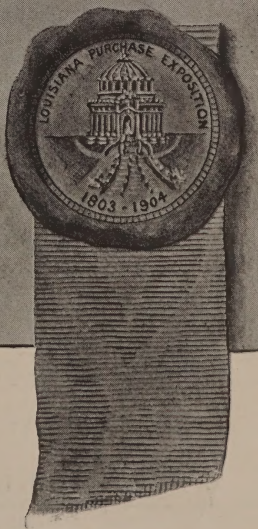

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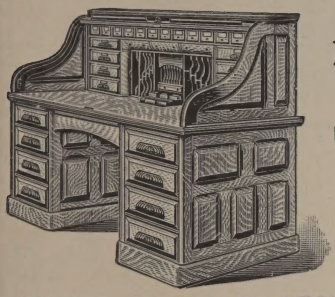

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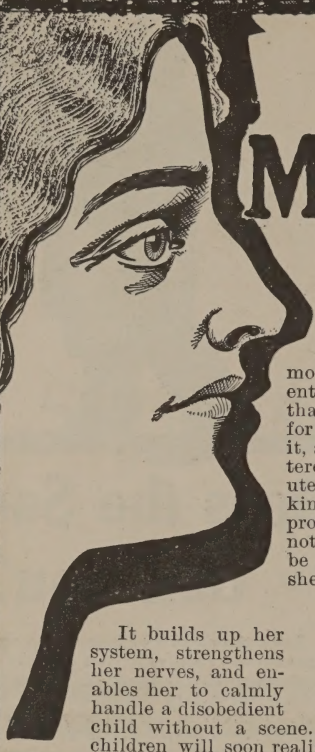

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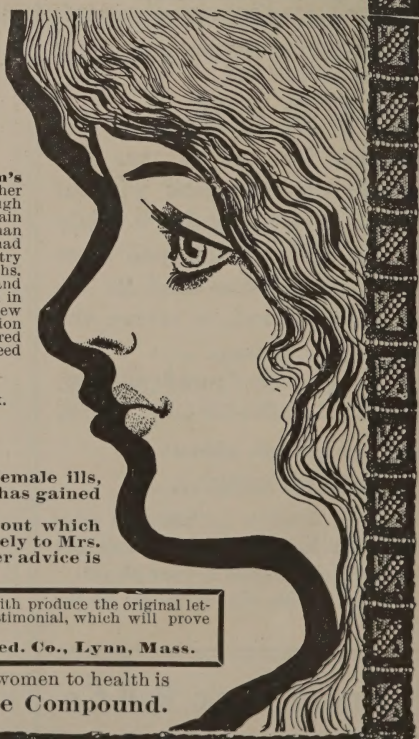

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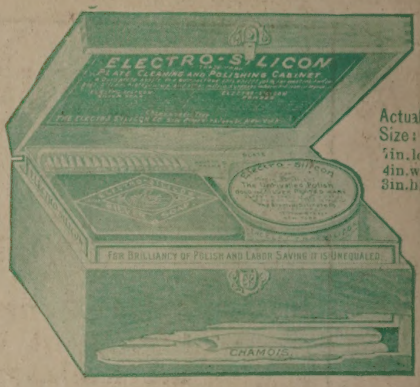
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